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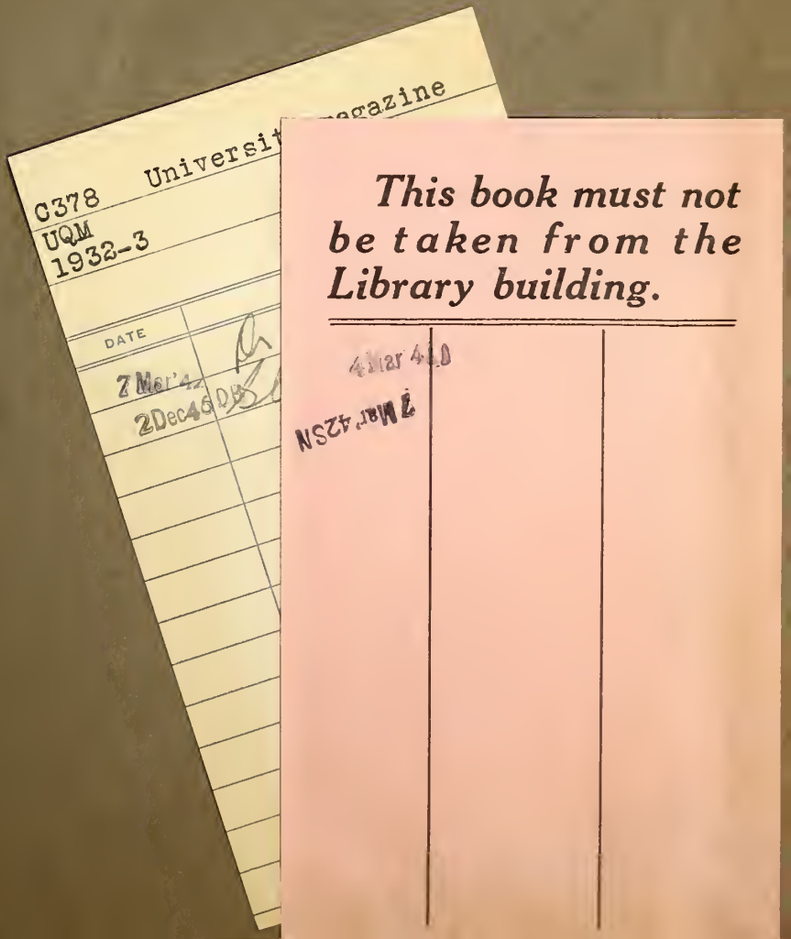
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# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

*Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina*

VOLUME LXII | SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1932 | NUMBER 1

## *I Become a Glenn Martyr*

*By* L. M. Hottenstein

As the four-forty express sped toward Ashland, I sat back and dreamed of boarding school. In spite of a catch in my throat at leaving home for the first time in my scholastic career, my senses were not dimmed to the creations of my imagination. What a carefree life it would be! Qnite a novelty this, to be free from the family discipline to which I had been accustomed! How naughty one could be away from home! What fun to come home Christmas vacation with a new slant on life. How my friends would envy the mondaine look in my eye! Think of the thrill which would be mine upon seeing in the papers, "Eleanore Scott has returned for the holidays from the Misses Mann school, where she is preparing to enter Smith College."

The hour and a half between Columbia, where my tearful family put me on the train, and Ashland, where a tall, stern-looking chaperone met me, sped by with awesome rapidity. In Ashland, accompanied by the chaperone, I boarded a local for Glenn Marr where the school was located. After a few polite words of greeting had been exchanged, Miss Krenshaw told me the rules in no doubtful terms. There were to be classes five days of the week from nine to one o'clock. Compulsory gym from two to three. Study periods from four to six and later, from seven-thirty to nine. Lights out at nine forty-five. No talking after lights. No talking during study hours. It was strictly an honor government. Any violations of the rules were to be reported to the council by the offender. Her penalty would be a week-end "on campus." Members of the faculty deemed it wise to pop up now and then to spy on the student administration. "Dates" were reserved for Sunday afternoon when a chaperone could sit in the room with the couple. If eighteen, the "Glenn Martyrs" as we later called ourselves, could go to the city on Saturday afternoons to shop, unchaperoned. Thank God, I thought. I had just celebrated my eighteenth birthday! I knew the city well. I knew quite a few boys at the University. I would be able to see the football games. I would have dates in the Ritz lobby or in some quiet tea-room. Krenshaw, I believe read my thoughts.

"Of course my child, it is understood that if you go to the city, you must not meet young men. If you see anyone you know, you are on your honor not to speak to them." The words dripped slowly, sharp edged, like her lips. They were cold words. Words that seemed chiselled out of stone as her face seemed to be. My eyes blurred. I wanted to go home. Although I hadn't reached school, I knew I would hate it.

The building itself was attractive. It had been a private home, and was now being used to house twenty-five girls whose minds were to be crammed with facts so that they could pass the College Board

*(Continued on page six)*

## Sonnet

*By* M. F. P.

*So many spots I've seen where I would build—*
*If I could have my way—a house apart:*
*By a calm stream where graceful alders spilled*
*A shadow of cool leaves—where wild things dart.*
*Or I could wish to live beside the sea*
*And feel the call of the horizon's blue,*
*Or in a grove of trees, where silently*
*The hours pass, and birds hold rendezvous.*
*But on a wooded hill, whose edges slope*
*Down to a dusty road, where slow carts pass,*
*(I'd have a garden filled with heliotrope)*
*I'd rather live. I'd lie down in deep grass*
*And watch the hast'ning passers-by to see*
*If they looked up and rightly envied me.*

## *Political Pots*

*By* E. C. Daniel, Jr.

"Politics are dirty," said the college man, assuming an uppish angle with his nose. "We want none of the filth of the political pots and kettles under our nails."

That was last spring. And a controversy ensued. College editorial idealists called for educated youth to purge politics. The national press pronounced a scornful "Oh, yeah" in answer to the college man.

Then somebody stepped into the affray with the assertion that the college man would best practice before he preached, that he needed to polish a few campus political pots before he could with impunity call national political kettles black.

The fight was stopped. But the analogy between campus and professional politics remains, whether or not its implications be flattering to either group.

It is traditional that many of North Carolina's political leaders are University graduates. In *Look Homeward, Angel*, Thomas Wolfe says that these men send their sons to Chapel Hill to study in the same school of practical politics in which they themselves learned the rudiments of vote-winning.

There is no way of knowing whether campus politicians, here and elsewhere, carry their methods with them into the national political arena or whether college politics are patterned after the national plan. On this question only one point is certain: that there are similarities between the two systems.

The geographical arrangement of the average campus, with its dormitories and fraternity houses, provides an excellent training ground for amateur ward-heelers and bosses. Problems involved in organizing a campus political machine are worthy of the abilities of a National Committeeman.

Yet, a National Committeeman would need only to employ his usual methods in managing campus politics. Witness:

During and after the war that did not end war,

*(Continued on page three)*

## *The Troubadour*

*By* Philips Russell

To the white people of his acquaintance Wat Summers was only a banjo-picking nigger who wouldn't work. Only among the ladies of his own race was there genuine appreciation of him as a man and an artist. They recognized in him a troubadour, a lyrist, a minstrel, entitled to tribute and sustenance from the community because of the joy his coming brought. Wherever he went among them the pot was soon bubbling upon the fire and the skillet was popping with fatness.

Consequently when Wat arose from his slumber in a deserted house alongside the road one morning, slung his banjo over his back and headed for the cabin whose blue spiral smoke was visible above the pine tops, he felt fairly certain of what his reception would be.

He was not disappointed. He encountered the mistress of the house down at the branch which crossed the road. She was about to start her day's work of washing clothes. Three children—gobs of black from which protruded glistening eyes—played around her feet. When she recognized the visitor coming through the bushes, she placed her hand on her rolling hip and threw her head back, her teeth gleaming:

"Well, if it aint that Wat Summers!" she cried.

"Dat's me," said Wat. He swept off his cap and bowed. (Troubadours are men of courtesy. They are at their best in presence of ladies.)

"How is you come on and whar is you been lately?" she demanded.

"Round and erbout," said Wat, "I aint complaining none, thanky ma'am."

"Is you had your brekkus yit?"

"I had a little snack. I aint hongry 'tall. I jest stopped to pass the time o'day."

Mandy knew this for what it was—mere diffident falsehood, wiping her eyes on her apron and calling her brood, she led the way without further parley to the house.

There she sat the minstrel down before an oil cloth table, tossed a piece of fat meat on the spider skillet which she inserted among the coals in the fire-place, and got out some dishes. When the meat had browned she threw in a handful of flour, stirred into it a half cup of water, lifted the skillet and with a deft motion emptied its contents of crisp rind and hissing gravy into Wat's plate. This, combined with crackling bread, molasses, and a cup of coffee, made him a breakfast that warmed the roots of his being.

The meal disposed of, Wat reached around for the banjo slung across his shoulder. As pay for his breakfast he played a medley consisting of "Turkey in the Straw," "Possum Trot," and "I Want to be Wid Jesus." Mandy sat near and beamed her satisfaction and gratitude for this diversion from the monotony of washing white folks'

*(Continued on page five)*

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# The Carolina Magazine

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(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1932


## IN THE CRISIS

"Should he (the writer) keep out of or participate in the social crisis?" To this question Granville Hicks replied congently, "It is like asking a man in a lake if he ought to get wet!"

This question and others formed a portion of a questionnaire sent out by the Modern Quarterly to fifteen American writers. The responses from such writers as John Dos Passos, Sherwood Anderson, Henry Haslitt, and others including Granville Hicks, constitute a significant index to the temperature of American literature.

The New Republic's comment on the questionnaire was climaxed by this statement. "The leftward swing of American writers is a reality." Alarmists will throw up their helpless hands in protest and either close their eyes and "holler" or try to denounce literary tendencies with their insidious imprecations.

It is evident that by the "leftward swing" is meant the growing characteristic of writers to consider political, social, and economic actualities in the formation of their personal philosophies. A few of the fifteen writers admitted that communism as a social philosophy might conceivably become an absorbing ideal. Communism as a party stronghold for writers, however, seemed impractical. John Dos Passos went so far as to say that he didn't see how any novelist or historian could give his loyalty to a "party."

American writers were agreed that the social crisis no longer may be regarded as an unimportant circumstance. The writer must come to terms with it or bring it to terms with him. He is immersed in its problems. Dos Passos method of laying an economic basis for his novels, *1919*, for example, is illustration of how the writer has come to face reality.

Contemporary American literature is growing pink. What its tendencies are may be drawn, in part, from the Modern Quarterly's questionnaire. The predominant tendency is to follow the literary routes opened by John Dos Passos and Michael Gold. The other tendency is to recognize the significance of the Robinson Jeffers and Eugene O'Neil and follow the path they are opening up. Among these American writers, Thornton Wilder, James Branch Cabell, and Joseph Hergersheimer are passee. The airy, disassociated beauty of their prose becomes the object of considerable bitterness.

Professor Koch, Mr. Phillips Russell, Mr. Paul Green, and other literary leaders of Chapel Hill have drawn from local sources of reality the subjects that they have written about. This is fundamentally what lies behind the "leftward swing" of America's foremost writers. The attitude of economic, social, political, and psychological realism has been called here the folk movement. The folk drama and the folk novel cannot be sniffed at today as provincial. The literary and philosophic attitude which lies behind it is definitely the vogue. It is not too much to expect that this new general force will give further impetus to the Carolinian movement which is, already, dynamic.

## INSPIRATION

"I think I have the talent to write, but I write in spurts and have to have some immediate inspiration." Every editor has heard this apology.

Eliot D. Hutchinson of the University of Rochester has attempted to explain psychologically this phenomenon. Under the heading of "Technique of Creative Thought" in the May issue of the *American Scholar*, he has sought to describe the process of creative effort.

The logical mind remains through his efforts only the "deliberate craftsman in ideas." But the creative mind, both in the scientific and the æsthetic world, has been known to depend upon momentary insights which suddenly illuminate, or inspire, what his logical deliberate consciousness cannot freely visualize.

Bertrand Russell's experience, in common with many other scientists, is that: "In all creative work that I have done what has come first is a problem, a puzzle, involving discomfort. Then comes a period of concentrated voluntary application involving great effort. After this, a period without conscious thought; and finally a solution. This last stage is usually sudden." Vernon Lee, author and esthetician, describes his experience in creative effort as being like this: "The result of fifty years' experience and of constant introspection on my methods is my conviction that, in people of my type, creation implies a degree of concentration *amounting to automatism*, so that one's thoughts approach spontaneity without efforts. All intense thought which follows upon severe application, is thus objective, automatic."

Mr. Hutchinson has classified the stages in the birth of a creative thought. The first period is that of application, reception, and analysis, logically, of an idea or problem. This is followed by a period of rest for the consciousness, but which, in reality, is a period of subconscious reflection. The final period is reached when the creative urge arises out of an extremely personal integration of the facts absorbed in the first period, following which this new integration or perception must find expression.

Mr. Hutchinson's theory of activity-passivity-activity as the cycle of creative performance is a fairly tenable one. But the vision of young genius buried in eager passivity presents a rather too pathetic spectacle. And yet it is a common sight to find men vaguely awaiting the spark of inspiration, hoping then to produce evidence of superconscious and immortal talent. In young writers the necessity of a first period of concentrated activity has been, rather too frequently overlooked or, at any rate, neglected.

# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

The ruling ladies of American fiction have all published their latest works within the past two months. In *Obscure Destinies*, a volume of short stories, Willa Cather returns to her corn-belt background with studies of characters closely akin to those of her earliest writings. Another page in Ellen Glasgow's social documentation of the South is *The Sheltered Life*, which tells the semi-tragic story of the last celebrated beauty of Virginia.

The relation of marriage to the creative life forms the basis of discussion in Edith Wharton's *The Gods Arrive*, a sequel to *Hudson River Bracketed*. And also a sequel is *Sons*, Pearl Buck's continuation of the fortunes of the family introduced in the enormously successful *The Good Earth*.

* * *

A torrent of publications offering to expose the national government is acompanying the political campaign. Most popular is *More Merry-Go-Round*, which includes most of the somebodies omitted in the previous book by the same gossipy authors. More low-down on the nation's capital is being dispensed in *Washington Swindle Sheet*, *Our Wonderland of Bureauracy*, the view of a former solicitor-general, and *Sons of the Wild Jackass*, an estimate of the more liberal faction in the Senate.

* * *

Unquestionably the most provocative novel of the summer was Charles Morgan's *The Fountain*. With a background of Holland during the late war, the present dramatic critic of the *London Times* constructed a philosophic tale of the struggle between the outer and inner lives of three persons deeply affected by their inter-relationship and the external catastrophe.

Other popular summer reading, more of the hammock type, was: the continued memoirs of Grand Duchess Marie in *A Princess in Exile*. J. B. Priestly's removing the spirit of his London to the South Seas in *Faraway*, and Abbe Dimnet's answer to that eternal perplexity in *What We Live By*.

* * *

Four months ago *Thirty Years in the Golden North* was published. It related the unusual, to say the least, adventures of a Czech, Jan Welzl, in the Arctic regions. This summer European critics ventured the opinion that the book was a figment of the imagination of Karl Capek, noted Czech author. Whereupon the publishers produced tons of evidence to prove that Welzl was a real person and had written the book. There is now talk of bringing him to America for lecture purposes and, incidentally, to establish him as an honest-to-goodness person. Be that as it may, libraries are now listing the book among fiction works.

* * *

As usual, the fall publishing list is staggering in its importance and size. Select publications of the early autumn include Phyllis Bentley's novel of English family life, *Inheritance*, which has *not* been compared to *The Forsyte Saga*; another study of American business by Stuart Chase, *A New Deal*; the titanic correspondence of the late D. H. Lawrence, edited by his close friend, Aldous Huxley, who contributes an illuminating preface; and *The Strange River*, by that strange American, Julian Green, who has his novels translated from the French.

# *Cavillaca's Gift: An Inca Legend*

*By* WALTER M. TERRY, JR.

One evening, the moon goddess, Cavillaca, left her heavenly abode, and borne on a falling star, was brought to the Inca Empire of Tavantinsuyu.

On the following day, in the garden of the Sun Temple, Cavillaca beheld a fair Virgin, Chuqui-llantu, or Shadow-of-a-lance. The moon goddess, who was also queen of love, instilled in the heart of Chuqui-llantu the desire to leave her cloistered retreat, and to explore the outside world.

As the ebon night covered all the land, a small figure clothed in white slipped through the gate of the Sun Temple, and made its way through the outskirts of the City, to the open land beyond. Chuqui-llantu had made her escape unnoticed, and was now wandering through the fruitful valley of Cuzco.

Suddenly the Virgin of the Sun was startled by a voice: "Who art thou, and why do you wander alone in the valley?"

Chuqui-llantu would have fled had not fear prevented her from moving; she replied in a faltering voice: "I am called Chuqui-llantu, and I have come to walk in the night."

"May I walk with you?" asked the boy. "My name is Aroya-napa, and I am a llama-herder."

Chuqui-llantu knew that a Virgin of the Sun should never be touched by any but the Inca; but Cavillaca's power as goddess of love forced her to consent. She clasped the boy's hand, and said, "Lead me where you will."

For a long time the two were together; and as the dawn slowly came over the horizon, Chuqui-llantu hurried back to the Temple of the Sun.

Many evenings the lovers met. No one knew of their love, until Amaru, a brother of the Inca, by chance saw Chuqui-llantu leave the Temple, and hasten through the city. Amaru followed her. He saw the meeting of the lovers, and his heart was filled with wrath that a keeper of llamas should defile one whose life and body were dedicated to the great Sun God.

Amaru retraced his steps to Cuzco, where he gathered some of his followers, and returning to the place, had the lovers seized.

The next day Chuqui-llantu and Aroya-napa were brought before the Inca, Viracocha, who was to mete out his regal justice. The whole assemblage fell on their faces as the Inca appeared, gorgeously dressed in a tunic of turquoise blue, covered with a robe of multi-colored feathers, and wearing about his brow, the sacred fringe that none but the Inca might wear. All were silent when the Inca spoke: "Do you not know, O Aroya-napa, that death is the penalty for him who touches a Virgin of the Sun?"

"Mighty Ruler, I did know it, but my love blinded me, and the evil one possessed my spirit."

Then spoke Inca to Chuqui-llantu: "Why did you leave the Temple of the Sun? Why did you tempt this boy to do wrong?"

"Oh, I do not know," sobbed Chuqui-llantu. "Do not kill him, for he is not to blame. It was I who left the Temple of my own will; and it was I who sought the companionship of the llama-herder."

"You shall both be burned," said the Inca. "You, Chuqui-llantu, for breaking your vows; and you, Aroya-napa, for defiling a Virgin of the Sun. I have spoken."

Suddenly Aroya-napa broke away from the restraining hands of his captors, and seizing Chuqui-llantu, fled from the palace. The place was in great confusion, and several moments passed before the Inca could give the order for the pursuit.

Meanwhile the lovers ran through the city of Cuzco and through the valley toward the mountains, where they hoped to find safety.

The soldiers of the Inca were close behind, when the Virgin of the Sun and the llama-herder reached the top of a cliff. They stopped immediately, for the land dropped off into a deep abyss. To turn back meant capture and death; to jump meant destruction on the rocks below.

"Let us die together," said Chuqui-llantu. Just as the soldiers came running up, the two lovers leaped over the edge. But the goddess Cavillaca pitied them; and with her divine power she changed them both into condors. The two lovers were saved from death, and in the forms of the mightiest of birds, they found freedom together.

# THE RAPE OF THE DRYAD

*By* PHILIP HILL MILHOUS

He called himself a poet, and because he had an appearance that someone somewhere had associated with the madness of song the people let him go his way unharmed. He took all he saw, absorbing the beautiful about him as the tender roots pass through the viscera of a rodent; and those who knew, nor were blinded by the externals with which he surrounded his work, suffered in silence, knowing full well that in the hereafter he must be sufficiently damned for misdeeds that are unpunishable in life.

So it was that they stood by when he seized the little green dryad in his putrid claws and spewed upon her an indelible fluid of over-used similes, crushed her into garbled metres, and mashed her softness upon the virgin white leaves of his book so that the pagan freshness of her was destroyed and the sublimity of her small, firm curves was distorted and spread out in disgusting arcs and strained hyperboles. It was a mercy that he had killed her then.

But time was when she got her revenge. The book was soon relegated to back halls and musty shelves of dark cellars that never saw the light of day. Ancient dust settled and thickened upon its moulded covers and the dryad was given at last, to hide her shame, a decent burial where no vulgar eye might look upon her nakedness nor fingers soil her frame.

## Autumn Air

*By* ROBERT R. LEEPER

*The summer sunsets breathe of life,*
*While autumn ones are sober:*
*And yet I'd trade July away*
*For just a day's October!*

*It's not the brief twilights I love*
*Not the landscapes brown and bare,*
*So much as drinking gulp by gulp,*
*The autumn in the air!*

# POLITICAL POTS

*(Continued from page one)*

Herbert Hoover was a national hero. To the politicians of both major parties, he looked like a valuable man, a personality who had caught the eye of a fickle public, an international figure with a reputation as a super-man, the Great Engineer. There was a scramble for this politically priceless personality. The Democrats got him. He was entered in a Michigan Democratic primary. But he showed no enthusiasm for his new party affiliation and the Republicans snatched him from the Democrats.

In national politics, Herbert Hoover corresponds to the athletic hero who is drafted, because of his popularity, to fill a campus office. The capabilities which made Hoover an efficient food administrator, a fair cabinet officer—and a Great Engineer are not the sum total of qualities which we should demand in our Chief Executive.

A "college-bred candidate." That is what upstate New Yorkers called the young man who dashed about in one of those new-fangled automobiles soliciting votes in his first political campaign. Even though he smoked cigarettes, Franklin D. Roosevelt won that first election and was sent to the state legislature by the good people of Dutchess County.

In spirit, Roosevelt is still a college man, the prototype of the fraternity favorite. Although he comes of wealthy, aristocratic lineage, nothing would have pleased him more than for every farmer in the Middle West to have called him "Frank." Being a shrewd politician, he hopes to back-slap his way to victory over the stolid Hoover.

An anonymous writer in Washington, author of the *Mirrors of 1932*, declares, "Franklin Roosevelt has been pushed into almost everything he has ever done. He has the heart, he has the head—with some reservations—but he lacks guts . . . .He has listed with every political wind that has blown within the last twenty years."

That description fits many a hail-fellow-well-met fraternity protege whom his brothers boost to political pinnacles.

Roosevelt is the Don Quixote who set out to purge politics and now plays the gallant knight to his own advantage. For years a pacifist, he traded his principles for a job in the Navy Department during the war. Though personally a dry, he nominated Al Smith as a wet candidate in 1924. As late as 1930, he was still uttering prohibition platitudes. But, to their surprise, the repealists at the Democratic convention in Chicago found him astride their bandwagon.

On the political chess-board, he is the pawn of expediency. His liberalism is displayed only for the sake of sure gain. He is careful to conceal it before the eyes of Wall Street. All of the other tricks in his bag he skillfully uses in the same way: now you see it and now you don't. Presto. "Just another poli-magician."

So much for the candidates of the two major parties: Hoover is the hero. Roosevelt is the good fellow. Every reader has his own opinion as to the comparative campus category into which Socialist Norman Thomas and Communist William Z. Foster should be put. If the parallel which the author draws between campus and national politics is exact, Thomas and Foster would be no more or less inconsiderable here than they are in the nation.

*(Continued on page eight)*

# *Fifty Lives*

R. W. B.

". . . and when the gendarmes let us go we went to a little show. It was on a back street. Tickets were a dime. From the gallery we shot spit balls and watched the naked women hop . . . Oh hell, that was mild. Say you don't know what you missed! That was *the* romance. By the way what did you do this summer?"

Jim leaned back and lit his cigarette. It seemed to me that he lit it was a touch of ostentation, a touch of conscious world-weariness. And I thought "so that is *the* romance" and replied quietly to him.

"I didn't do much. Met a few people. That's all."

Jim was unimpressed and waved his cigarette at me as he said he hoped to see me soon.

Jim had gone and I was alone. "Met a few people!" I had told him that and it hadn't mattered to him. How could a few people hold any of the elements of "*the* romance" that Jim was talking about? And while I reflected I was conscious of the fact that I, too, had enjoyed a summer of romance, different perhaps from Jim's, but none the less romantic. Jim had seen Paris. I had seen more. "A few people!" I had lived their fifty lives this summer and that was romance.

I met these people at Cradle Lodge, buried in the mouth of a great fertile valley in the mountains. The Lodge was empty for weeks. Then the first of the *people* arrived. She was a simpering, benign little Jewess. Her stumpy brown body was bent in an attitude of fawning helplessness. She touched and then caressed with her flabby wrinkled hands every man or woman who came within her reach. Her hands hung with senile flesh somehow retained a quality of sensuality. Her caresses were revolting. Mrs. Scholl, for that was her name, was lonely and in her mind she played with the past, finding that in retrospect her life had been glamourous. She tried to tell anyone who would listen about it, but her words seemed sadly flat. Sensing this faint touch of ennui in her auditors she would continually and inevitably gurgle to each newcomer that she was sure at first that the new one was a member of her family because they looked so much alike. Then she would cock her face to one side, blink her dull black eyes, and champ her teeth nervously, while her mouth would become twisted in a quizzical smile. Mrs. Scholl felt that the comparison of any new comer to her daughter Mrs. Ginsberg was so obviously flattering that they should thank her—and they usually did ever so perfunctorily, only to hurry quickly out of her reach. Mrs. Scholl, eighty years old, and trying hopelessly to find the warmth and color of her youth in these flimsy, deliberate self-deceptions!

When Mrs. Burch whirled up the drive to the Lodge in her great grey Packard, she met Mrs. Scholl first who forthwith thought she was her dear friend Mrs. Coen. The impertinent intimacy of her greeting was offensive and Mrs. Burch drew away. I met Mrs. Burch at that point and we were talking in a moment about the masseurs of Juan le Pins, the Parisien Italian counts, the silver birches of Siberia, and child psychology. The collapse of Wall Street had brought her back from Algiers where she had been spending the year as a change from the civilized furore of Paris. She was charming. I tried to make myself believe that she was younger. The hours I spent with her drew us together. I was protesting against—it wasn't until one night when I was driving her through the Gorge that I discovered that she was aware of the thing that I was vaguely refusing to admit—that she was old enough to be my mother. For her to say this was an exaggeration, but when people are drunk they exaggerate. Mrs. Burch was drunk. There were four of us in the car at the time driving in search of excitement, whiskey, and noise. We passed a noisy garage where music oozed out through the windows but so did the smells and so we drove on. An hour before dawn we were wading barefoot in an icy mountain stream and trying to scoop up the trembling reflection of the moon. The next morning the mail brought a letter from her banker. She deposited five thousand dollars at noon and the cashier fainted. But Mrs. Burch possessed in spite of her money the charm of manifest democracy. She had a cultivated taste for clothes, food, and entertainment and a brilliant gift of conversation. I will never forget her description of a Head Waiter's Ball she once attended in New York, nor the time she spent the night locked up in a room of an opium den in Marseilles while her friends doped themselves, nor the stories of her amours with foolish gold digging nobility on the Reviera. Mrs. Burch adored her husband. He died ten years ago. She adored him. Yet now she was wild with the hunger for hollow passions and passing excitements. I distrusted her love for him. I didn't see how it could have been profound. Then one morning at her eleven o'clock breakfast I sat down to talk to her. We had played ten rubbers of bridge the night before and talked for two or three hours afterward. She said to me that she was unable to say what she wanted the night before. "Marriage was more than the union of bodies or the sympathy of minds; there had to exist a deep spiritual bond . . ." and then she broke off to continue in a moment. "Before Allen died he would turn to me every night before he went to sleep kiss my lips and then our engagement ring." There were tears in her eyes when she recalled it. I felt strangely embarrassed. I didn't understand her feeling, and yet I vaguely sensed a force there which was passionate and sacred. I remember I lit a cigarette and waited for it to burn down. Neither of us spoke a word.

Mrs. Burch's gallant beau arrived a month later. He was—simply said—"no heavyweight." Suffering from the vain delusion that all people were painfully "fond" of him, he fitted his manner to this hallucination. His sweetness of conduct could only be matched by the fragrance of his body. He used a delicate flavour of lavender, I believe. It was hardly a continental fragrance. No, it was the fragrance that naturally blended into the fragrance of his gentle manners. People were not fond of him. They teased him tenderly and watched him smile, just as strangers sometimes tease clean, sweet-smelling babies and make them laugh. Mr. Sac drifted in with his daughter Peggy asking that I join them as a fourth in bridge. Mrs. Burch was my partner. Family bridge. Poor Mr. Sac was more like a child of the family than was his daughter. During the days following I found that the parent-child relationship seemed distinctly inverted. Many daughters coddle their adoring fathers and treat them as youngsters, but Peggy had neither the will not the intelligence to take advantage of her father's subjugation.

She was a queer parcel. We went swimming together one day and she told me, languidly stroking her smooth brown hair and trying to conceal her beautiful big brown eyes that "she had the *soul* of an artist, everyone told her so, but had no way of expressing it." People tried to convince me that she was no beauty. I was inclined to agree but had to admit that she was presentable. She merely couldn't stand dissection. That was all. Her head was too big. Her eyes were expressionless. Her feet were enormous and her fingers over-manicured. She affected a depressing attitude of world-weariness. She had no longings, no passions, no interests, or accomplishments—and knew it. All she had was money and clothes and not enough money to make any difference. That is to say, not enough to prove an appreciable inducement to an eligible male with wide-open eyes. She asked me how I kept busy. Later she added that she knew my preoccupations were feminine but, she assumed, probably "oh so dull!" Then one evening she boasted of her conquests. She had worn twenty-seven pins. She told me how she got each one of them. Her details were surprisingly convincing. One almost had to believe her.

I hardly know whether Peggy or Eleanor was the most pathetic person at the Lodge. Eleanor was the little idiot girl who, though physically immense, found the company of ten year olds too mature. Her laughter—her face would be convulsed and her arms would swing awkwardly and her throat alone would seem to gurgle amusement. Sometimes she would ask me if I thought it would rain and then laugh that hideous, pathetic laugh. I never found words to reply.

Fifty throbbing lives were crowded into the Lodge this summer showing me their heart throbs. Vicarious experiences? Yes and more. But at the time I was aware of myself and I submerged the fifty lives in me with a blanket of person trivialities. But now they have become a part of me and I have become fifty souls. Could that be romance?

* * * * *

". . . and when the gendarmes let us go we went to a little show. It was on a back street. Tickets were a dime. From the gallery we shot spit balls and watched the naked women hop . . . Oh hell, that was mild. Say you don't know what you missed! That was *the* romance . . ."

## Neophyte

*By* H. A. ANDERSON

*Then it's all over.*
*And what I thought, hoped, prayed*
*Were vows of eternal love*
*Whispered softly,*
*Sweetly in my ear*
*Were nothing.*
*Nothing but whims of yours.*
*"To keep your hand in" you say.*
*And I loved you. I who had never loved before.*
*But I shall love again,*
*Not stumblingly, haltingly, desperately.*
*Now I know how to seek*
*Eagerly*
*Soft lips in the darkness,*
*To whisper of my love,*
*And in the darkness, smile.*

# The Deserted Village

*By* MAYNE ALBRIGHT

Chapel Hill, September 1, 1932—

The night is as hot as a midsummer's sun and as still as a grave. There is not a breeze nor a sound, and Chapel Hill is a deserted village. Not only have all the students gone from the second summer school, but the faculty and administrative and clerical people have closed their work and the tradespeople their shops, and all, it seems, have hurried away to the mountains and the sea.

The grove and the street are deserted. An hour ago a few small boys, stripped to the waist, were playing around Davie Poplar and the monument, their voices shrill and loud in the quiet night. Now that they have gone there is no sound and no one in sight. The bright lights makes you feel more keenly the solitude which prevails.

I wander up and down the street, too hot to do anything else. The fir tree in the Presbyterian yard stands as straight and slender as the steeple of the church. The two Episcopal Chapels hold the moon between them in the branches of their vine covered trees. The great leafy oaks let a little starlight filter through to the smooth grass of the campus.

I sit on the stone wall under the dark windows of Battle Dormitory. On the opposite side of the street, the Registrar, who alone finds business brisk during this lazy interval, is walking slowly home, humped forward, his hat in one hand and a glowing cigar in the other—returning, no doubt, from his inevitable nine o'clock show.

On the steps of Graham Memorial sits the oldest inhabitant of the village, "Uncle Bill" McDade, his black face in sharp contrast to the gleam of his white shirt and shoes. His weary old eyes stare back into the years when Chapel Hill was deserted because of Reconstruction and the mismanagement of Solomon Pool and his "Loyal" Faculty—back to the time when Vance said, "Oh how I sorrow for Chapel Hill. How worse than desolate it must look under the oaks." And a student less eloquently wrote "This old University has busted and gone to Hell today."

But Chapel Hill, dead and deserted as it is, in no way seems the Chapel Hill for which Vance lamented in 1869, nor a deserted Village like that of which Goldsmith wrote a hundred years earlier. Instead it seems dignified and calm, resting in knowledge of the past, and waiting for the new life which each year brings.

Yet, smug and satisfied as the sleeping village seems, I feel that I have at last caught it off guard and seen it stripped of the gay mask of game and dance, and of the solemn mien of great dedications, inaugurations, and commencements. I have seen it apart from the roaring week-ends and the quick but frantic hours before exams, and apart from all the bitter disappointments and petty jealousies of its 3,000 young men and women. And having had this glimpse of the real village itself, I know it better than I ever did in five crowded years in it. I had felt that which grips you and brings you back, but could not find what it was. Now that I know better what it is, I can not, of course, describe it. And if it could be described, the spell would be broken. You know a place or you don't. It's a matter of feeling. It all comes to you in a moment, but only after days and years of learning it parts.

I treasure this moment alone with Chapel Hill and wish it could last. In a few days football weather and football games will transform it again, but tonight there is no hint of the crowded days so soon to come.

## One Explanation

*By* BRADFORD WHITE

*A star jiggled on a string.*
*Though practical people would deny it,*
*I think it quite a sensible thing:*
*Some angel, leaving supper dishes,*
*Thought with no moon and astral bait*
*He could catch celestial fishes.*

## THE TROUBADOUR

*(Continued from page one)*

clothes. The pickanninnies sprawled on the floor and listened with round, ecstatic eyes.

Wat brought the performance to a close with a ringing thud. "I's sorry I kinnot tarry wid you no longer dis mawnin'," he said, rising, "but I got some pertic'lar business to transact in the city today an' I mus' be on my way."

Mandy was regretful but she knew by experience it was vain to hope to stay the minstrel, so she sped him on with invitations to "drap roun' dis way agin."

Wat dropped into the path that wound down the slope through a field of broom sedge into the road below.

It promised to be a wonder way. The sun had already genialized the tartness of the early air and silvered the lace of cobwebs strung from weed to weed across the fields. Here and there a poplar was a yellow spire above the roof of dark green pines. A gum tree glowed red in a clump of cedars. A mocking bird balanced himself on the swinging spray of a sweet gum tree and tossed himself into the air like a grey monoplane as he piped a September melody.

Though Wat felt rather than perceived these splendors, his spirit was thoroughly in tune with the day. He had slept and been fed; he was on his way to town where admiration and nickels were to be had from the throngs that would be attending court week. He had breakfasted with Mandy; at noon he would dine with Silla at her home in Slabtown; he would sup with Liza Jane at her cabin on depot hill. He swung his lute around and enticed from it little intimate, improvised melodies that expressed his satisfaction with the world.

He used no bone "picker" or celluloid device. He committed upon his beloved instrument none of the atrocities current in modern vaudeville, but plucked its strands with his fingers, making them hum and mumble in and out of subtle shades of melody. In the hands of a white man a banjo is an alien thing. He succeeds in deriving from it only a harsh and strident clangour. Wat knew how to join his instrument to himself and make it a part of his arterial system.

The song he hummed was a small and foolish one, and by rights ought not to be quoted apart from the chords which colored its words and the thump of Wat's thumb on the banjo's taut head. It ran like this:

*"Mullets walk, an' mullets talk;*
*Mullets eat wid a knife and fork!*
*Mullets! Mullets! Mullets!"*

Emerging from the field Wat struck the highway which headed toward town. Something caused him to glance backward along the road. A man was coming in a buggy. Wat's voice lowered softly. A second glance showed him that the occupant of the buggy was a white man. His warbles thereupon ceased; only too often is the spirit of the African quenched in the presence of the grim Anglo-Saxon.

Wat's blood was chilled altogether when the driver of the buggy trotted up abreast and he saw from the badge on the coat that it was a deputy sheriff. Wat had nothing on his conscience, but he knew that there was always something ominous for a black man in the arrival of any person who had to do with courts and the law. The officer stopped his horse and motioned to Wat to halt.

"Say, Sambo," he said suavely, "whose place are you working on now?"

"I aint wuckin' on nobody's place," answered Wat.

"What do you do for a living then?"

"I chops a little cotton in de spring and picks some in de fall, but mostly I picks de banjo."

"Mos'ly you picks de banjo?" And Wat thought he detected a shade of mockery in the white man's voice.

"Yes, suh," said Wat.

"Are you on your way to town?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, jump in here with me and I'll give you a ride."

"Thanky, suh." And Wat jumped nimbly in.

At first he was disposed to be grateful. He thought of a genial remark with which to start a conversation, but a glance at his host gave him pause.

As the buggy ground on through the sand he became uneasy. It was rare, but not unheard of, for a white man to offer a negro a ride; but in the case of a deputy sheriff . . . .

"Boss man," he said finally, "Is I 'rested?"

"You is," returned the deputy shortly.

"What is I done?" pleaded Wat.

"Nothin'. That's what you are arrested for." And the deputy permitted himself a chuckle over the neatness of his own answer.

Wat sat silent. He knew better than to ask too many explanations of a white man. He hoped it would turn out to be merely one of those jokes which white people sometimes played upon unsuspecting people of colour.

The deputy drove on into town and entered the courthouse square. It was crowded with the idlers that court week always brought. Most of them knew Wat and wondered what he was doing in a buggy with Deputy Sheriff Scroggins.

The buggy stopped at the rear of the court house in front of an office bearing the sign: "Joshua P. Criles, J. P."

"Get out," said the deputy.

He hitched his horse to a post and motioned to Wat to follow him into the magistrate's office. That small, bare place was crowded with hangers-on of both colours. Soon Wat was led to the table behind which the justice sat, short, stout, red-faced.

"Take off your hat," said the magistrate angrily.

Wat hastily jerked his cap off and a titter ran around the room as his head was revealed—close shaven with a little round patch of hair on the top center. Wat had instructed the barber carefully about leaving that patch; it kept off hants.

*(Continued on page six)*

## THE TROUBADOUR

*(Continued from page five)*

The deputy briefly explained the circumstances under which he had apprehended Wat. The magistrate turned upon the prisoner.

"What is your age "

"I dunno suh," replied Wat, "but I thinks I's somewheres eroun' thutty-odd yeas old."

"Are you willing to fight?"

"Well, suh," said Wat hesitatingly, "I aint much of a fightin' man, but I spec' I'd hit back if somebody hit me first."

"Do you realize that the country is in danger?"

"Naw suh."

"What," shouted the magistrate, "Don't you know that there's a war on?"

"I did hear some folks talkin' 'bout it, but I never paid no 'tention," said Wat.

"Have you registered?" demanded the justice.

Wat was not certain what "registered" meant, so he thought it safer to answer, "Naw, suh."

"If I overlook the offence of non-registration," said the justice, "are you willing to enlist in the army at once?"

"I—I aint much of a hand at sojerin'," faltered Wat.

"I'll give you ninety days on the roads to think it over," said the magistrate angrily. "Produce the next prisoner."

They led Wat to jail through a lane bordered by the throngs he had meant to entertain in song. Instead of sleeping upon a pallet in some hospitable cabin, he spent the night in a cell whose darkness was to him like the end of the world.

II

The next day they took the minstrel out to a road camp in the upper end of the county, put him in convict clothes, and set him to work with other black prisoners hewing a new road through a tangle of rocks and boulders. His banjo was taken away from him and tossed up on a shelf in the bossman's shack. Rings of steel were locked about his legs, linked by a short chain. He was watched, in common with his fellows, by men carrying sawed-off shot guns loaded with buck-shot. Work was from sun-up to sun-down under a sun that, though it was early autumn, crumpled the leaves on the trees and made the heat-waves shimmer on the wide horizon.

One day a member of the gang lifted his voice in song, which was quickly suppressed by a guard. The head-guard, however, knowing negro nature and knowing that they work better to a tune, counter-manded the order, and by a sort of silent selection Wat was chosen to lead the choir. The effect of the music was magical. The men unconsciously fell into line and wielded their picks in unsion, bringing them down at the end of every line of the song with a sharp aspirated sound. Wat would throw his pick high into the air as he opened each line of song, the others following him as faithfully as a boat crew follows the stroke oar.

*"Way down yonder in the long-leaf pine—*
*Stranger say to me, 'Now where's you gwine?'*
*Says I to him wid my hat in my hand,*
*"Gwine fer to go an' leave dis lan'."*

The result of this unified work was that twice as much ground was covered as before, and therefore no further attempts were made to interfere with the singing.

The chance to indulge in a little music, however simple, had on Wat a transforming effect. As long as he could sing he could forget his troubles and project his imagination far from convict camps and armed guards into that country where moonlit nights succeed days of dreaming and where minstrels may walk and sing their songs by the side of deep rivers.

Though Wat's spirit was freed, his body suffered; the steel shackles, wearing deep, made his legs fester, and sores began to show through the skin. He was afraid to complain, but the pain and weakness became so great that his work slackened. One day a guard cursed him and rushed toward him as if to strike him. This caused members of the gang to throw down their picks. For a moment the situation looked ugly, but the head-guard came running up and interfered.

Seeing Wat's condition he became frightened and took him off the road work entirely, removed the shackles and put him on easy work like fetching water from the spring until his ailment should be healed.

Since Wat appeared to them to be a faithful and harmless sort of a negro any how, the guards maintained only a desultory watch over his movements and soon he became a sort of "trusty" and was allowed to go and come about the camp pretty much as he pleased. Under the relief from the shackles his legs soon began to heal.

There came a morning when the guards instead of ordering the gang out at daybreak as usual, stood about their shacks after breakfast talking together. Wat repeatedly heard the word "armistice," but that meant nothing to him. Further listening to the talk among the guards made him prick up his ears. At noon he got word with 'Lumbus Morton, another convict. 'Lumbus was a mulatto. Moreo-ver, he was edjicated and knew things.

"Lum," said Wat in a low voice, glancing about him, "whut is dis yeh arm' stus?"

"Hit's whut dem Gemmans signed yistiddy," said 'Lumbus importantly. "De Gemmans is giv' in—dey called for de calf rope. Dey is though fightin'."

"Does dat mean dey ain't no mo' waw?" asked Wat, trying to conceal the eagerness in his voice. But 'Lumbus did not notice.

"Prackally dat," said he.

"Den a man can't be sont to de waw no mo,' kin he?" queried Wat.

"How can he be sont to de waw when dey ain't no waw?" answered 'Lumbus.

Wat thanked him and withdrew. He picked up his water bucket and started as if to the spring. Reaching the bushes edging the woods, he circled around, keeping the Guards' shacks between him and the gang below on the road. Then he stepped out and approached the Boss's shack. Nobody was around. Going up to a low window Wat stole in like a cat and swiftly removed his banjo from the shelf where it lay gathering dust. Hugging the banjo to him in line with his body, he again made off toward the spring. There he put his bucket down but kept on, through a screen of plum bushes and into the sweet-gum swamp on the other side. He walked swiftly, paying no attention to the briars that caught and tore at his clothing. He kept to the swamp until he reached the railroad two miles from camp. Crossing this, he walked in the bed of a shallow stream for half a mile. He emerged into a little clearing in which stood a cabin.

He paused and studied the cabin for a moment. Yes, he knew this place. He had been here a long time ago to a corn-shucking. It belonged to Titus Arroway, called "Tite," for short, a colored farmer who was one of the few in the county who owned his own little estate. He was a friend and Wat did not hesitate to walk up to the cabin. Not a soul was at home.

It was in the middle of the afternoon and all hands were out in the fields. On a nail he saw hanging a man's trousers and shirt. They would fit him pretty well. Stepping inside, he quickly changed into the vacant garments, stuffing his own convict uniform up the narrow chimney. "Tite" was a friend and would understand.

Wat stepped outside and looked. No one was in sight. He took to the woods again, following the direction of the railroad but keeping well into the woods. He knew a town twenty miles away. By walking all night he could reach it next morning. He knew a way to make himself safe there,

He did not permit himself to slacken pace until nightfall, when he took boldly to the railroad and walked alongside the ties. All danger was over now. It was time for a little music. He unslung his banjo, tightened the strings, and hummed softly. And this is what he sang:

*"I wish I wuz a hummin' bird;*
*I'd nes' in a willer tree*
*Den nuffin' 'cept whut goes on wings*
*Ever could git to me."*

## I BECOME A GLENN MARTYR

*(Continued from page one)*

Examinations. It did not look like a school, but rather, like a large mansion set back from the Avenue, and hidden from passers-by by tall leafy trees and boxwood hedges. Even in September when I arrived there, the iron grill was covered with late ramblers. A new moon hung above the English roof, and every window threw forth a rosy light. The halls were quiet. Everyone was unpacking with morbid deliberation, chatting with old friends, or getting acquainted with new ones. I was shown to my room on the third floor.

It was a large corner room with five windows. I noticed with irritation, three beds. On one, a short pudgy creature was curled in the throes of a longing for home and the fireside which was to torment me as well for many days. Lydia was really a pleasant child but she was very unhappy. Her family, evidently had strained the strings on the family purse in order to send her to a good preparatory school. Other girls knew she was poor and they avoided her. They were snobs, the whole lot of them. I hated them when I saw them at dinner. I hated the place. To make matters worse, a little old lady with a few whisps of hair and two popping eyes greeted me at dinner with a cheshire cat grin and a few fluttering pats on the shoulder. She looked at me side-ways. She looked at everyone side-ways. I found out later that she was near-sighted in one eye, and far-sighted in the other. She was one of the Misses Mann. She was the principal. In the light of this information I was very uncomfortable. When I found out she was to teach me Latin, I was not only uncomfortable, but extremely unhappy.

Her sister, Miss Lucy, was older. Miss Lucy reminded me af a china doll. I loved her but avoided her as though I were afraid she would topple over and break. She always had a chip on her shoulder. There was a look in her eye which bespoke the devil whenever Miss Martha opposed

her. One day Miss Martha told me to deliver a sweetly worded command to Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy said, "The devil! Tell that sister of mine, I won't." After that I loved Miss Lucy.

Dinner that first night was a nightmare. A few girls who knew each other kept up a constant chatter of "do-you-knows," "did-you-knows," and the past summers thrilling events. The teacher at our table tried to interest us in some topic in which we could share conversation. She turned to Lydia and asked her whether she knew how primitive man ate fish. I found out later that she was the history teacher and that primitive man, the Byrd expedition, and the actions of Congress were her favorite topics for table talk. She didn't get a verbal reply to her inquiry about primitive man. Lydia looked at me with popping eyes, then burst into hysterical laughter. From the first our grades were the lowest in the class.

After dinner, Lydia and I waited in our room for the third occupant. At length, the door opened. A bulge appeared, locomoted by a pair of short, fat legs. Built to the ground, I thought. I noticed with dismay, hanging down a broad back, a thick braid, terminating in a wide ribbon bow. Our roommate regarded us with a vague uncertainty. We introduced ourselves awkwardly. She responded by fainting. Her mother explained that Lucille had been on a strict diet and was very weak. There was something wrong with her thyroid. We were to be very careful. By all means we should not frighten her or argue with her. She wasn't very strong, and she believed in ghosts. Lydia and I regarded the prostrate hulk on the bed. We glanced at each other with despair back of our eyes. What a year this was going to be!

For one week Lucille did not speak to us. Then one night after "lights out," and after one of her "spells," we sat on the edge of her bed and whispered. We talked until dawn threaded the sky with light. After that, life in the corner room was more pleasant because we understood each other. Lucille was sixteen, two years younger than Lydia and I, but we respected her because she had a most remarkable brain, because she no longer looked at us down her pointed little nose, and because she helped us with Latin and Math. Her ghost was an interesting element too, and although we spoke of him in jest whenever Lucille was absent, we were most tolerant of him whenever mention was made in her presence.

The days dragged by, one by one, with clock-like monotony. "Well it's over the hills to Hanford for me," was a popular expression. A state asylum was located there. Sometimes I actually thought I was headed there. The policy seemed to be, to split heads with edged words, and pour in more facts than the cavity could hold. In order to make the students work harder, they were told that their work was extremely poor, and that unless they worked harder and longer, they wouldn't have a chance.

Every Friday morning we were subjected to College Boards of other years. At first we faced them with clammy brow and quivering knees. Later we became so accustomed to them that when June came, we took our final Boards with a swagger. Saturday mornings were spent in the gymnasium, studying.

The week-ends were the most dreaded parts of the entire school existence. We would walk to the village and sit in the Peter Pan Tea Room playing the victrola, listening to the loud voice of the hostess who always had something to say about nothing, and eating Pecan Devils or Chocolate Velvets. Occasionally we would sneak off into the country for a cigarette, or we would slink into a movie, but we were always in such terror of being caught that we were unable to enjoy our innocent dissipations. A few of us were more fortunate than the rest for being older. We could go to the city on Saturday afternoon to shop, and we would spend these afternoons in a little tea-room, smoking cigarettes and having indignation meetings, rushing out at the last minute to purchase a few things so that our "shopping" trip would not be questioned. Sundays at school were worse than nightmares. Not being allowed to leave the campus except for church, we would sit in our rooms, our noses pressed against the panes, watching the cars whirl by, carrying their envied passengers to the city or country.

We were allowed one week-end a month beginning after study hours on Saturday and lasting until seven o'clock the following night when we had to be present for Bible Class. What a year! Vacations lost their glamor because we dreaded having to return to that prison. Families became remote. To think of them brought tears. They did not know how unhappy we were. They knew only that it must be a good preparatory school because it was costing eighteen hundred dollars to go there, because there was individual instruction, and because it was a school which was highly recommended by all the leading women's colleges.

Our minds were crammed with French idioms, Latin phrases, Geometric ratios, and elements of Composition. There was no time to read novels, not even the newspapers. When we spent week-ends away from school, we found that we had nothing more in common with our friends outside the school. If we had "dates" at school, our conversations were strained and limited. The chaperone who always sat in the room with us, usually knitted quietly, saying nothing, but her ears were alert, and if ever a remark were made of which she did not approve, a miserable half hour was spent with her after the "date" had left.

When a school prom was planned, our hopes arose, but our poise was blasted when it was announced that there would be no men. Half the girls were to dress as boys and escort the other half to the dance! We hired a man to play the piano. He attempted putting some life into the party during intermission, by singing several songs. He was squelshed for his "vulgarity" at the first chirp. The only thing I enjoyed about the whole affair was spiking the punch. One of the girls in a mood of deviltry, had lifted from her father's private stock, a pint of peach brandy. We had fondled it, smelled the cork, and made plans for its consumption. Now we took it from its hiding place. While we had only one pint to put in several gallons of punch, it was a comfort to know that it was in there, however little kick it had. We screwed up our eyes to hide their laughing lights, turned our backs to the chaperones, and fairly lapped up the punch.

The plans I had made on the train were soon forgotten. I sat back obediently, studied and behaved like all the rest. I thought: I will learn the ropes this year. Next year I will break all the rules. I will go to the city and ride in taxis. I will go to the White Horse for cock-tails. I will go to the Ritz and the Palms to dance and dine. I will meet the boys and go to football games. I will sign out for home and go to Dartmouth and Yale instead. What is more, I won't be caught. I will pull wires carefully. I'll be happy because although my plans have been delayed a year, they will finally work out.

Just before Christmas vacation, Polly and Carolyn, two girls living in the room beneath ours, developed what appeared to be a serious malady. A rash appeared and spread. Their eyes took on a glaze. Pouches hung beneath their brows. Polly came to me several days before we were to leave for home.

"Look, Eleanore, look!" Polly cried excitedly, pointing to her eyes. Carolyn had not had the strength to climb to the third floor.

"Oh my God!" I breathed. What could it be? Measles? Chicken Pox? What?

"I simply can't report it," Polly moaned. "If it is anything we'll be quarantined during vacation, and I'd rather die than have that happen."

"We'd all rather die than stay in this devil's kitchen," I replied. "Polly, you simply can't report it!"

"But I can't eat, Eleanore. I haven't had a thing stay with me for three days. Carolyn is the same way. Why every time she goes downstairs, she falls. She's all black and blue from falling down stairs. Miss Krenshaw blames it on high heels, and now they've passed a rule making us wear low heels. If only Carolyn wouldn't fall down stairs anymore, and if they don't notice my eyes, we can get by with it. I—oh, this is awful!"

"I know," I tried comforting her, but I was boiling inside. Then an idea popped into my mind.

"Polly, I've got it!" I exclaimed.

Oh, my God, you too?"

"No! No! Polly, listen. Both you and Carolyn have been taking medicine for your nervous twitches. You can say that you are tired. Too much work 'n all that sort of thing. Your eyes are weak and you can blame it on too much studying. If you and Carolyn have anything, we'll all have it and in that case home is the best place for us."

"O.K.," Polly moaned, "we'll try."

For four days I didn't spend a moment of ease. My heart skipped several beats with ever pound Polly and Carolyn lost. Not until I boarded the train for Columbia did I feel as though quarantine was not in order. For one week every little bump, every scratch, every blemish on my skin had meant something worse than the plague. Now, praise Allah, I was on my way home!

Once more I established contacts with my friends. Once more I sat down to appetizing meals and danced time away at the country club. Once more I found myself part of my family. I cried for two days before I returned but it did not help. The family tried to comfort me by giving a dinner. My father served some excellent champagne. My uncle produced a bottle of absynthe. He gave me all I wanted, saying that it would put me in good spirits so that I wouldn't mind going back. The time came. I boarded the train. I went gayly back to school, to bed and to sleep.

The next day Lydia and Lucille had to help me pry open my right eye. It was terribly inflamed. "Pink-eye!" they shrieked and ran for the school nurse. Yes, that is what they decided it must be. I could go to the infirmary for a week or I could go home. Of course I went home. I had to wait about two hours before my train left. In the meantime my eye started losing its rosy hue. I nearly lost my sight rubbing it to keep it inflamed. Thank God for that absynthe, I thought as the conductor punched my ticket.

Polly and Carolyn were back. It seems that they

*(Continued on page eight)*

## I BECOME A GLENN MARTYR

*(Continued from page seven)*

had been taking medicine for their nerves and that the school nurse, instead of giving them three drops three times a day, had been giving them three teaspoons-ful. It had completely wrecked their systems.

The night I returned to school, an ice cream party was being held in secret in one of the rooms. One of the girls had been ill since vacation. She was miserable still, but her ears had stopped aching. All this I did not know. When she invited me to share her ice cream, I accepted. One spoon fed us both. The next day she was taken to the hospital with scarlet fever, and the school was placed under quarantine. Six days later I became very ill. My head and throat ached. My bones ached. I had a fever. My ears rung. I could not eat. After dinner, I crept into the Infirmary and fell on one of the beds. They found me there that night after a frantic search. For four days I knew nothing of what was going on. A day and a night nurse stayed by me for two weeks. Three doctors came in. They touched my head and felt my pulse in turn. They patted my shoulder and hoped for the best. It took these three doctors two days to decide that I had influenza.

For one month I enjoyed freedom from classes. Then came the grind. Weak as I was, I was subjected to the severest of drills in Latin, Math, French and History. Spring vacation was spent in school under private tutors.

However, work lost its importance when spring came. The youthful enthusiasm I had felt sure had died within me, awoke once more as orange moons swung low over tall Magnolia trees. I looked back on my year at prep school with a sad smile. It had been a year of intensive work with a few bright hours to relieve the monotony. There had been several exciting events, some of which have been enumerated above. Among others, were the Avalon College fire, the Army-Navy and Yale-Princeton games, the attempted kidnapping of Frances by her father, Polly's successful attempt at running away and Carolyn's suspension for aiding her, Marty's fall from a tree, and Eloise's clandestine meetings with the minister's son; the Ku Klux Klan parade. Lydia's night-mares and Lucille's spells."

Now that it was spring, some of the classes were held out of doors. Suppers were served on the veranda. Work was not taken as seriously to Miss Martha's despair. Many of the girls took on a devil-may-care attitude, Lydia, Lucille, and I leading the ranks.

Lucille had improved greatly. Our tactful persuasion induced her to have her hair cut and thinned. The braid and hair ribbons were tucked away among her souvenirs. We took her to a beauty expert who chose her cosmetics for her. She never gave up her favorite perfume, however. It was called, "Le Jour Viendra" and it was terrible. It filled the room with a sickeningly sweet odor which nothing would alleviate. She lost many pounds and consequently she was able to buy ready-made clothing which Lydia and I helped her select with care. She learned to smoke. She learned to say "damn" with moral abandon. At first it came shyly, but later it came explosively, and still later she learned to tell God about it. Lucille also acquired the habit of cutting classes, of talking back to her teachers, of lying in our defence, and sneaking off to the city to a show. Yes, Lucille had improved. She had been more of a problem than our studies. Lydia and I thoroughly enjoyed experimenting with her, and we had many an interesting talk after "lights out" telling Lucille about Life.

June came. Glenn Marr was a maze of color. With the leaf-buds and daffodils came new plans. College Boards were approaching but so was vacation. Examinations no longer frightened me. I no longer wanted to go to college. If I flunked any, I would repeat those subjects the following year. It meant more work, but it would keep me occupied during the week to the extent that it would hurry the anticipated week-end. Here too my plans went hay-wire. A meeting of the student government was called one evening for elections. I sent my ballot downstairs with Lydia and Lucille. I lay in bed with pains I did not have. I couldn't be bothered with squabbling over a new president. Not long after I knew the meeting was at an end, for I heard the library doors swing open accompanied by a burst of sound. I heard the clatter of many feet on the stairway. Suddenly my heart grew sick with fright. The stampede was coming nearer. It was not stopping on the second floor. I had pains which I thought I hadn't had. The door flung open. Congratulations were showered upon me. So were Lydia and Lucille's tears. Twenty-two girls bellowed meaningless phrases, then left the room. Lydia, Lucille, and I looked at each other in silence. Lucille ventured sympathetically,

"We voted against you, but it was no use. All the rest were for you."

The bell sounded for "lights out." I reached out mechanically and turned off the light. A car passed on the Avenue, throwing a flicker of light on the ceiling. Lucille screamed and fainted. She thought she had seen her ghost. If it had been a ghost, it was my ghost. The ghost of a great idea, passing off into the realm of deviltry where it had originated. A ghost which would return to haunt me through my second year at prep school. A ghost which would leer at me as I would strive conscientiously to keep the school together under student administration.

## POLITICAL POTS

*(Continued from page three)*

The steam roller that ran through the Republican convention was designed, built and operated by the Great Engineer and his crew. Every cabinet member and every postmaster contributed something to its construction and operation. There was not a flaw in its performance.

Machines like that one are not old in the memory of University seniors. Like the Republican outfit, they crushed opposition as they went. Dr. Joseph I. France is not the first or the youngest man who was ever forcibly ejected from a convention floor for attempting to throw a wrench in the machinery.

There is no difference in principles between the fraternity frame-up and the Heart-McAdoo-Farley caucus that offered Jack Garner the vice-presidency for his bloc of Texas and California votes. Charlie Curtis is not considered unique as the man who could not be put out because he was in. Al Smith set no precedent by bucking the frame-up .

Campus politicians who have sent fraternity freshmen to applaud the nominations and speeches of their candidates know that it was a smooth trick to have Hoover's acceptance speech distributed and read by important Republicans before it was delivered.

It would take a college campaigner to appreciate the appeal that Democratic soap (both soft and otherwise) will have for the voters, the power of an address for Roosevelt by a former heavyweight champion and a student of Shakespeare, the poignancy of a press announcement that Mrs. Roosevelt will edit a baby magazine, the effect of filming Governor Roosevelt in company with Marie Dresslar, Marion Davies, Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels, the influence of the administration's efforts to hold up commodity prices until after November 10, and the result of the Maine election.

Articles of a serious nature like this one should make readers think. If you can not think, try to guess which brand of politics this article compliments by comparing it with the other. The prize will be two chickens in your pot and two cars in your garage (if you still have a garage). If the reward is not claimed it will be turned over to the "forgotten man."

P. S.—The writer freely admits that the above material, some of it approaching slander, was borrowed from writers most critical of the present campaign and candidates. It was interpreted to suit the requirements of the writer's original purpose: to show a parallel between campus and national political strategy. The *Carolina Magazine* is a literary publication, no matter what you think. And after all true literature (with an intake of breath) is not propaganda.

## THE WRITERS

Mr. Phillips Russell, who contributed "The Troubadour," is an instructor at the University and moving spirit of the younger group of campus writers. His story was chosen in 1921 as one of the ten best to be published in that year . . . Miss Hottenstein graduated from the University last year. "I Become a Glenn Martyr" is an autobiographical sketch of her own prep school experience . . . E. C. Daniel, Jr., is at present vice-president of the student body, an active member of the *Tar Heel* staff, and a frequent contributor to the CAROLINA MAGAZINE . . . During the latter part of last year Joseph Sugarman conducted Book Marks, an attempt to cover high spots both of personalities and volumes in our current literary world . . . Miss Parker's *Sonnet* is the third that has appeared in the CAROLINA MAGAZINE. Miss Parker's poetry has attracted considerable favorable comment among MAGAZINE readers. She is editor of the poetry department . . . Bradford White is a frequent contributor of verse to the MAGAZINE. He is a Junior in the University and a North Carolinian . . . A few years ago Phillip Milhous was active in writing drama as well as prose. His activities with the Playmakers and with Richard Chace's *Agora* showed conspicuous talent . . . H. A. Anderson writes both prose and poetry. His "Neophyte" is one of several poems that have appeared in the MAGAZINE . . . Robert R. Leeper is a newcomer and makes his debut to CAROLINE MAGAZINE readers with his poem, "Autumn Air." . . . Mayne Albright was president of the student body last year. His sketch entitled, "The Deserted Village," represents his first literary effort to appear in the MAGAZINE . . . William M. Terry, Jr., is one of the younger college writers on the campus. "Cavillaca's Gift" is his first contribution to the CAROLINA MAGAZINE.

# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

*Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina*

VOLUME LXII | SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1932 | NUMBER 2

## *Dramatic Criticism in New York*

*By* Joseph Sugarman

During the past half decade the New York stage has suffered bitter attacks as a stagnant and ineffectual organ of the American drama. Producers have been mercilessly condemned for offering what appeals solely to the box office. Our crop of native authors has been severely accused of a lack of originality and courage to deal with contemporary problems. The audiences, themselves, have been labeled moronic, sex-struck, and incapable of artistic appreciation.

One department of the drama has, however, weathered this fierce tirade against the theatre virtually unscathed. Not until Congressman Sirovich of New York attacked the critics, had they felt even the backwash of the resentment and dissatisfaction with the American drama. His charges of incompetence, rambling and unsporting as they were, did arouse a curiosity as to the significance of the men on the aisle. Once omniscient and omnipotent, they were placed under fire.

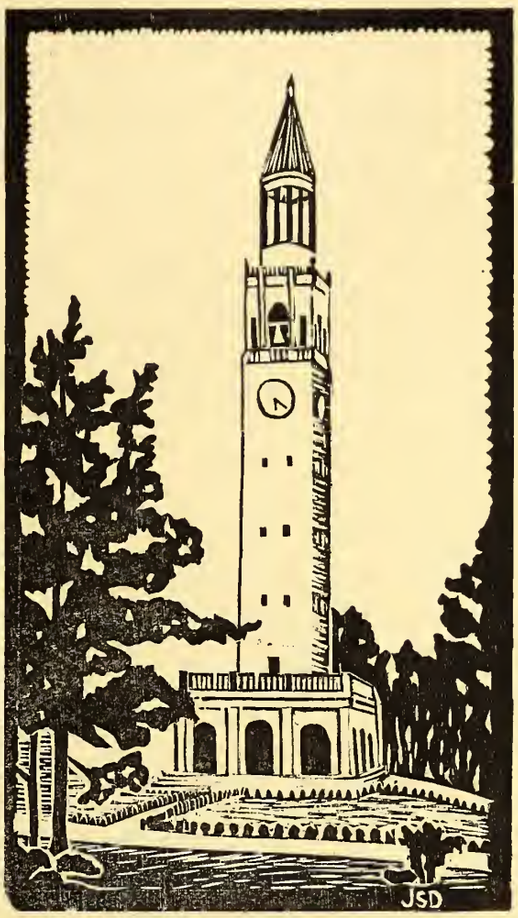
It is common knowledge that authors and managers fear the morning after more than the first night of a play. They, and the public, feel that the critics hold a death sentence in their hands. Excluding certain exceptions such as *Abie's Irish Rose*, the play that has succeeded in the last few years without critical backing has been rare.

The tactics of these men who share so largely in the financial fate of a production, is a strange tale. Their sincerity ranges from that of George Jean Nathan who often boasts of having seen only ten minutes of the second act of a play to that of Joseph Wood Krutch who has been known to view an offering three times before reviewing it. Many critics ignore certain plays for personal prejudices, while others turn their columns into stamping-grounds for their cleverness of line and phrase. The deadline obviously limits the thoroughness of the men on morning papers and those permitted a few hours longer are not unaccustomed to culling these hurried comments.

About most of the reviewers is this sense of haste. Custom has decreed that a play must be criticized immediately after its production. Hence, it is a case of out of the theatre and onto the typewriter with the men who review. Few of them show evidence of having obtained manuscripts prior to the premiére, and fewer still appear to have witnessed the entire play. Those who maintain Sunday columns often reverse their opinions written earlier in the week. Reconsideration is a brave and noble process, but in this instance, the damage has frequently been committed before the critic utters his second words.

In defense of the judges of the drama is their

*(Continued on page three)*




Morehead-Patterson Campanile

## *When the Smoke Cleared*

*By* Walter Rosenthal

The Jamiesons were a nice young couple. Or that was what the neighbors thought. They occupied two rooms in an old-fashioned rooming house in the Village. Nobody ever saw them often for they both worked during the day. But they had incurred the life-long gratitude of Miss Goldstein, the school teacher who lived on the third floor, when they had nursed her sick cat back to health. They had also won the eternal friendship of Signor Michelotto, the piano teacher on the second floor, by their appreciation of his artistic talents and the bottle of wine they had given him on Christmas. The landlady, too, liked them for their prompt payments of the rent on the first of every month.

They were very happy. And the very fact of their happiness made the other occupants of the house live fuller and more contented lives. Whenever the Jamiesons displayed those tender intimacies indigenous to a young loving couple, Miss Goldstein would ogle Signor Michelotto and he in turn would bridle and blush like a school boy. Even the land-

*(Continued on page eight)*

## *American Primitives*

*By* Philip Goodwin

Most of us, after declaring our favorite reading material to be Shakespeare, Bacon's Essays, Gibbons' "Decline and Fall," or James Joyce's "Ulysses" must admit to a weaker and private yearning which is satisfied by the amazing adventures of a Tarzan, or by incredible sagas of cowboys and sheriffs in the Woolly West, with hungry redskins biting the dust. Or perhaps our craving is for the sentimental type centering around an earnest young husband and a beautiful, but usually misunderstood, young wife who yearn for the Better Things in Life. And there are tales of passion in some throbbing and wholly imaginary tropical town which is neither Capricorn nor Cancer.

But my own particular interest is in the style of juvenile story book which our grandparents were presented with by the generation immediately preceding them. These specimens of high ethics and bad prose have a morbid but unconquerable fascination for me. The choicest of these is the Elsie series; thirty-two of them, count 'em!

Here is a sample taken at random from Mildred and Elsie—which, roughly speaking is about the eleventh of the Elsie books. Elsie is now about eight years old. (Christmas with Granma is about seventeen books on, and she is still going strong!) Listen to Elsie and her father, about to pay a visit to some cousins:

"Please tell me, papa, are cousin Milly's father and mother my uncle and aunt?"

"You may say Uncle Stuart and Aunt Marcia to them, though they are really your cousins. Well, what is it?" seeing a troubled look in her eyes.

"Please, papa, don't be vexed with me," she murmured, dropping her eyes and blushing deeply, "but would it be quite—quite true and right to call them so when they are not really?"

He drew her close and softly kissing the glowing cheek, "I should prefer to have them called aunt and uncle," he said, "but if it is a matter of conscience with you, my darling, I shall not insist."

"Thank you, dear papa," she said, looking up gratefully and drawing a long sigh of relief; "but I want to do as you wish. Please tell me why you do not consider it wrong to do so."

"They may adopt you as their niece, you them as your uncle and aunt," he answered, smiling down at the grave, earnest little face.

"What a nice idea, papa!" she exclaimed with a low, musical laugh, her face growing bright and glad. That makes it right, I think."

Such ethical discussions occur frequently in all these books. I find them more interesting than Russian Introspective psychology. Someday I should like to put up Elsie Dinsmore against a Tolstoi hero in an argument. And I should certainly bet that Elsie would send the Russian off jittering.

*(Continued on page seven)*

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1932


## EDITORIAL

Latin titles, abstruse themes, and exotic subjects are not held at a premium in the offices of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE. If there is any misunderstanding on this point among MAGAZINE readers and prospective contributors, it should be dispelled at once.

It has been a matter of experience that ostensibly profound and penetrating philosophical or literary efforts do not amount to much when they flow from collegiate pens. The MAGAZINE happily is not suffering from the delusion that obscurity of style or oddity of content is indication of quality.

Limpid and not limping prose or poetry will (we hope) find its way into our columns. We seek simple, expressive writing that has the quality of sincerity. Lest young writers may quickly conclude that writing of this sort is too easy to try to do it might be added that such writers as Flaubert, Anatole France, Thornton Wilder, and de Maupassant have achieved the lucidity of style at the price of long and painful apprenticeships. Pompous, bombastic, "inspired" writing is, in comparison, child's play. de Maupassant's apprenticeship under Flaubert is a classic illustration of what a writer is willing to go through in order to display at last a polished, uncluttered style.

A simple story simply told has more effect than a simple story told in grandiloquent phrases. One has the force of a hot needle; the other the diffuse irritation of a slap with a brush.

Again, let it be said that Latin titles, obstruse themes and exotic subjects are not held at a premium in the offices of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE.

## HISS-TRIONNICS

Thousands of critics have attempted to diagnose the American stage—none with very marked success. The reason for its decline, I believe, does not lie in the direction the critics indicate; the present decline of the "drayma" is not directly due to the playwrights nor the actors. The decay is caused by another factor: the decline of audiences.

Time was when if a play was good the audience cheered, if very good, it stood upon the seats and cheered; if lousy, the audience likewise indicated its opinion: it booed and hissed.

Ah! Those were the days when people had emotions and were proud of them. Every man in the audience was a critic—and an honest one. Today, the day of specialists, certain egotists are appointed to judge plays—by their usually-warped tastes—and are paid large sums for doing so.

They rarely do an honest job. Instead of telling you frankly whether a play is worth seeing or not they spout piffle concerning their tastes in neckwear or else they twist their reports in order to make some wisecrack they cannot legitimately spring.

In short, it seems that what is the matter with the stage is not that the criticism of the experts is not being followed but that there are too many professional critics and not enough amateur ones.

About a year ago some bright young producer conceived the bright idea of reviving some of the old melodramas. So he produced "Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl" and others of that ilk. Blasé Broadway theatre-goers flocked to his theatre, mostly for the thrill of being permitted to applaud the hero's purple passages and to hiss the villain's dastardly deeds. He made money. There is no reason why such methods of expressing opprobrium and approbation should not be allowed—and encouraged—in all theatres.

What the American stage mostly needs is a revival of the hiss. —ROBERT BERRYMAN

Henry Hazlitt, the *Nation's* distinguished literary critic, declares that there is no "proletariat" art, no "bourgeois" literature. The naive ignorance of radicals who pooh pooh the aesthetic worth of the classics or the literary quality of the conventional writer can be explained only by their monomaniac predilections. Marx, Lenin, and Trotsky, who are more or less representative of the essential spirit of proletariatism, were Goethe, Shakespeare, and Checkov lovers. Economic ideals and literary standards are not necessarily inextricably correlated. That Goethe, Shakespeare, and Checkov felt the economic climate of their times is indisputable; but to say that they were exposed to unhealthy, decadent economics, robs nothing from the literary excellence of their work. An art and a literature has its own standards.

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# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

In his new book, *Bloody Years*, Francis Yeats-Brown, who wrote the thrilling *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, transfers his skill in adventure writing to Turkey. Against the background of the fall of the Ottoman Empire during the late war, the English officers records his exciting experiences as a captive in Stamboul. Particularly spectacular are the episodes describing his attempts at escape, once garbed as a lady of the land and another time as a Hungarian mechanic.

* * *

When you have become a leading English writer you can afford to tell what great works you haven't read. An article in the *London Bookman* reveals that Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, noted dramatist, has yet to read *Don Quixote* and that the critic, J. C. Squire, admits no contact with the epics of Homer, Spenser, or Dante. G. K. Chesterton is equally ignorant of Racine and Corneille, while *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the works of Meredith, and *Les Miserables* remain unread by Aldous Huxley.

* * *

A brace of distinguished American poets come forward with their latest versification. Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Nicodemus* is his first collection of lyrics and shorter poems in several years, and William Rose Benet has published *Rip Tide*. This is a novel in verse interpreting in modern terms the line "a curse on both your houses."

* * *

There is nothing of the twentieth century about the subject of *Tiger Man*, the biography by Julian Duguid, author of *Green Hell*. Transplanted from Latvia to the Brazilian jungle at an early age, Sascha Siemel permitted free play to his wild love of nature, turned his back on progress, and became a self-sufficient quasi-savage. His technique in slaying tigers differs radically from present day big-game hunting. Out of a total kill of 119 tigers, he used a bayonet, spear or arrow on twenty-four. The balance were conquered in hand to hand struggles, vividly described by the writer.

* * *

New novels that are attracting interest over the country are: *Light in August*, William Faulkner's story of murder and lynching in Mississippi, described as "less horrible than *Sanctuary*"; a sardonic study of literary life in New York, *East of Eden*, by Isa Glenn, which has a heroine who is both a genius and a beauty; and Sigrid Undset's *The Burning Bush*, a mystical tale of the process and effect of religious devotion on a young Norwegian.

* * *

The historical novel has reappeared in goodly number. Lion Feuchtwanger, the German author of *Power*, fictionizes the life of Josephus, the Jewish patriot, renegade, and historian of the time of Nero. The treachery of Josephus toward his compatriots and his subsequent life as a Roman gentleman make him an amazing character in a chaotic period.

In like manner, Rose Macaulay uses the England of 1640 and the life of the poet, Robert Herrick for her new work, *The Shadow Flies*. Tracing Herrick from his parsonage days, she includes such celebrated figures as Andrew Marvell, Sir John Suckling and the many Cavalier and Puritan lyricists. The political and military conditions of the time furnish a colorful background for the romantic and literary plot.

# *With Apologies and Acknowledgements*

*By* E. C. DANIEL, JR.

Steve sat in his room and wrote, slowly and laboriously knocking out on his typewriter one of Senator White's stock interviews.

. "Damn old schnozzle-blossom. Why in the hell does he hand out this same line of hooey every time he comes back to town? After all the ballyhoo I gave that farm relief scheme of his, then he pats little Stevie between the shoulder blades and says to me, 'I know I can depend on a good friend like you to keep this under your shirt until I can have a little confab with the boys in Washington'. To hell with 'the boys in Washington'. I've got to make a scoop sometime. Every damned time the lid's about to blow off on a good story, 'the boys in Washington' and old man J. R. sit on it so blessed tight that it leaks out the bottom and good friend Stevie goes begging for scraps. And all the time the big chief runs hog-wild and starts giving me the merry devil with a red-hot pitchfork in his hand."

Lighting the last cigarette in his package, Steve tilted back his chair and started to read over the finished article. "Bull!" And the bottom of the tin waste basket snapped and cracked as the heavy wad of paper struck it.

Jamming his hat on his head, he turned back to the typewriter. "Let J. R. tear his hair a while. Mine's getting thin. Maybe the boss'll call me in after this job anyway."

After thirty minutes of furious typing, Steve jerked into his coat and hurried to the telegraph office. He turned over his copy to the operator and then began a mad race with his thoughts, around the State House square. On his third trip around, a bewildered cop hailed him, but Steve pulled out his press card and dived down Third Street into Tommie's.

Three straights with White Rock led him to the conclusion that "J. R. was a good guy after all. After that spread comes out in the morning, what if those fellows up in D. C. went thumbs down on him? Where would I stand? Damn!"

With that he went over to the telephone. Susan was always a help on occasions like this. Maybe she'd tell him whether to shoot himself or not. All women who run gift shops aren't simple-minded.

"Eighteen-forty-eight. And ring it loud." He listened to the long buzz until it gave him the shivers. Then, just as he heard the click at the other end of the wire, he glanced at his wrist. Holy horse, it was two o'clock. With saying a word, he slammed down the receiver and pitched a dollar bill on the bar as he trotted to the door. "Suppose she'd call back and want to know where I was."

"No, sir, not one of these nighthawk gyp-wagons. I'll walk, thank you."

The ugly old clock in the hall bonged out the half-hour as Steve stepped inside the door. Halfway up the stairs, he saw Mrs. McRorie's frizzled head pop out of the rear door below.

"Some wild man has been keeping me awake all night calling you. I left his number on the cover of the 'phone book. He says to call him right away."

Steve went back down stairs to the wall telephone. "Oh, hello, Senator . . . That's fine . . . When did he call? . . . Congratulations . . . I hope you are successful . . . I'll do all I can for you . . . Certainly . . . Well, I appreciate you giving me the tip-off before the other boys . . . You can count on me . . . Thanks . . . Good bye."

"Hello, operator. Eighteen-forty-eight. And ring it damned loud."

A thousand miles away, in New York, an inky pressroom foreman scratched his head and adjusted his cap. "Let'er go!"

Senator White was not in New York when the newsboys began to yell; besides, he had never heard of a newspaper deadline. So, he neither knew nor would he have seen anything amiss in the fact that the first edition of the *Messenger* carried this headline: "WHITE ANNOUNCES CANDIDACY. Party Leaders Will Support Mid-West Senator for Presidential Nomination."

## DRAMATIC CRITICISM IN NEW YORK

*(Continued from page one)*

enforced slavishness to advertisers. The Hearst papers and the *New York Times*, in particular, were wont to show a marked leniency with the rubbish that the Shubert brothers produced. When that firm advertised seven or eight plays on the theatrical page, it was not the thing for the critic, two columns away, to incur a financial loss for his paper by honest, but disparaging remarks. However, the tremendous drop in production has somewhat eliminated this obstacle to freedom of expression.

The critic, after all, writes a signed article and is personally responsible for his opinions. It is then with the men themselves that the charges have to deal. Recently united by the formation of a club, the better-known New York critics form as striking a picture as that recently done of the Supreme Court in *More Merry-Go-Round*.

Lack of background and of polish in their style characterize the poorer critics on the Metropolitan daily papers. Robert Garland, of the *World-Telegram* presumes to write slovenly reviews without a basic knowledge of the drama. Apparently he fails to realize that a play produced in 1932 may have a definite relation to Shakespeare, Moliere, or Ibsen. Like his paper, he is of the moment, without a thought to yesterday or tomorrow.

Equally barren of background are the men who scribble away for the tabloids. Their writing is quite frankly unliterary and their method akin to the sensationalism of the front pages of their publication. Walter Winchell has made gossip-mongering pay for the *Daily Mirror*, but his reviews are thoroughly innocuous, often limited to a discussion of the latest scandal on people concerned in the production. Hardly as cheap as Winchell, but no more effective is Borns Mantle of the *Daily News*. Although editor of the standard annual of the American drama, he seldom expresses an original opinion or gives more than a superficial treatment of the plot of a play.

Unveiled prejudice rears its head in the case of several reviewers, notably Percy Hammond and Gilbert Gabriel. Hammond uses the columns of the *Tribune* to lash particular players and producers. An unrelenting foe of the progressive in the drama, he has submerged his excellent critical faculties in a mass of scullery bickering with individuals. Dean of the New York critics, he has grown sour at the whole business and refuses to keep pace with recent developments.

Being an employee of William Randolph Hearst is what handicaps Gilbert Gabriel on the *American*. He has the ability to create readable and guiding reviews, but the subservience of Hearst papers to the interests of their large advertisers destroys his chances for independence. Moreover, the fact that his opinions are syndicated means that they must be comprehensible to the provincial. Hence, Gabriel's reviews seem little more than elementary to the Manhattan theatregoer. Finally, the vicious anti-European sentiments of Mr. Hearst often produces an obviously false critical antipathy toward English and French productions.

There is a trio of critics which stands, in general, for thoughtful, honest, unhampered reviews. The staid *Evening Post* is to be congratulated on permitting John Mason Brown *laissez-faire* in its columns. Happily, he has the writing skill to make his opinions carry weight. He writes in a genial, observant style and knows equally well when to praise and when to damn. He excels in discussions of the structure and staging of a play.

More brilliant than Brown, but inclined to be hypersensitive is J. Brooks Atkinson of the *Times*. He is one of the most gifted and earnest critics in New York and is subtle enough to work into his reviews a large measure of his delightful personality. Perhaps Atkinson's most important contribution to present-day criticism is the fact that he is bringing it back to a literary standard so far as he is able. His Sunday columns, dealing with the more important plays, are among the best written articles in his exceedingly well written paper.

The *Evening Sun* has in Richard Lockridge a combination of Atkinson and Brown. Unabashedly scholarly, he often obscures his writing in a welter of classicism. He is to a certain extent limited in openness and is somewhat a prey to violent dislikes. In the main, however, Lockridge succeeds in reaching refreshingly intelligent conclusions.

With the periodicals the situation is infinitely more cheerful. Here critics are not constrained by commercial interests, they are allowed considerably more time to prepare their reviews, and their audiences are of a higher type than those of the daily papers. Despite certain objectionable figures, it may be safely said that the best theatrical criticism in New York comes from the magazines.

*The New Yorker* has the most amusing reviewer of them all, Robert Benchley, who can poke fun and still write an intelligent column. He has ability, a background, and a sense of humor, all of which makes him one of the very choicest of the fraternity. George Jean Nathan of *Judge* also has a sense of humor, but a most insidious type. His criticisms are almost without exception destructive. He employs them as a means for flaying his pet hates, which include the entire roster of actors, authors, and producers. He is a conspicuously dangerous influence in the theatre in that he assails productions for the mere love of demolishing and sacrifices intellectual integrity for the sake of smartness.

Those two radical journals, the *Nation* and the *New Republic* maintain two of the finest American critics. Joseph Wood Krutch, of the former, has a true social concept of the drama and is an eminently sane, just judge. Stark Young, of the latter, surpasses even Atkinson for beauty of expression. While sometimes given to fanciful flights, particularly when "arty" work is involved, he is unquestionably honest and highly provocative in his reviews.

It is self-evident that the drama has suffered from such incompetence, prejudice, and limitation. Obviously a house-cleaning is necessary. Let the seats of the inefficient, outmoded and insincere be

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## DRAMATIC CRITICISM IN NEW YORK

*(Continued from page three)*

replaced with able, frank, and unrestricted men. Give new critics ample time to prepare their reviews. This could easily be accomplished by reviving the practice of public dress rehearsals shortly before the actual first night. Just opinions would more than repay the producer for the slight extra expense involved.

Though not closely related to the serious drama, the questions of the musical comedy does affect the attitude toward the theatre as a whole. Instead of requiring men hostile to jazz, wisecracks, and choruses to review such extravaganzas, a fairer opinion could be secured by employing a critic especially qualified to comment on popular music and the lighter efforts of the theatre.

When the experimentalist and the neophyte receive honest opinion, when sincerity replaces smartaleckness, when individuals are no longer hounded by personal grievances, and when the component parts of a production are given their due consideration, then the men on the aisle will be making a constructive contribution to the advancement of the American theatre.

## Sunset

*By* WILLIAM VASS SHEPHERD

"Then you never intend to marry again?" The man who spoke was young, slightly over thirty. His dark eyes peered at his companion from their sunken sockets. The other did not answer. He was older; despite excellent health and almost perfect preservation the inevitable grayness of age had cast its pallor on his features, blending with the mist and pavement on the avenue outside the club-room window.

"No. It's too late now." The answer, coming after a long pause, was scarcely audible. He was gazing abstractly at passing lights that had begun to appear in the gathering dusk outside. "You know, Paul, when Caroline left me fifteen years ago it didn't make a great deal of difference in my life. There never existed between us a common bond of love. I was intense on the subject of my business career; it was my world. Everything outside of it seemed to move in a haze. Nothing else had any significance to me. I married her in the same manner with which I would transact a relatively unimportant business deal. It never meant much to me. Consequently I didn't care much when she left."

"But now that you are planning to retire you must feel the need of someone to turn to. You must feel the loneliness of your position." The younger man clasped a pair of thin, delicate hands around a crossed knee.

"Yes." The older man still gazed at the passing traffic. "But I don't like to think of it. I used to come out of the mechanics of my life long enough to dream of a son or a daughter that I might have. I have longed to have someone of my own flesh and blood near me. It was only a whim, I suppose. But it used to be almost an obsession. The hardest blow I've ever had was when Ritchie died. She was only my half sister, but all the potential love I had for a some-day family was lodged in her. Now that she's gone all those dreams are ended."

He gave a barely perceptible sigh and turned his attention from the window to his companion. "I envy you, Paul. You are young. You have your career ahead of you."

The younger man laughed.

"Oliver Merle, international banker, now in the role of Alexander the Great, sighing for new worlds to conquer! Imagine anyone envious of the future of a struggling young artist. Why there isn't a young artist in America today who wouldn't chuck his easel and brushes out the window for a chance to step into your shoes."

The older man smiled faintly. "Would you?"

The other did not answer, but arose from his armchair. "Come on with me. You promised a visit to my studio. I want you to pass opinion on some new sketches. We can go someplace for dinner afterwards."

They picked their way leisurely through the half-filled lobby. At the door a grinning bus-boy handed them their hats. The warm autumn spared the necessity of topcoats. Outside the air was exhilirating. The sky still showed light between the hovering masses of buildings. But down over the sidewalks electric signs blazed forth their messages. Red, blue, and green glares seemed to hurry the day on its way and welcome the fall of night. In the taxicab Paul cast a furtive glance at his companion. He was taking in the aspects of the metropolitan dusk with the calm, benign air of a man who has accomplished his mission and is content to rest on past laurels. "No past regrets there," he thought to himself.

Paul Darnell had already supplied himself well with the necessities and also luxuries of life, considering the ten years he had been daubing at his canvas. Older artists of better renown in artistic circles were cutting down on their grocery bills in Greenwich Village garrets. Paul, however, maintained a pent-house apartment on park avenue. The reason for his evident affluence was that he had not been unwilling to adulterate his true aesthetic work with a few ideas conceived with a regard to commercial requirements. Another artist, if asked to paint a bowl of beans with soul in it, would fly off in a Bohemian rage. But not Paul. He would smile, shrug his shoulders, paint the beans, take the money and pay the rent on his menage, where he would bring his friends to see his true art.

"There's one criticism I would like to make of your work, Paul." Oliver Merle was sipping a glass of brandy while viewing the artist's latest creation. "I don't know much about art, of course. And you know me well enough not to mistake me for an emotional sentimentalist. But all your creations seem to lack fire—intense personal feeling. They all seem too cold, hard—too perfect."

Paul laughed. "That seems strange coming from you. I didn't think you would care for that type of work. I don't go in for it. But I do have one picture that might fit in to your specifications. It has a story attached to it." He began rummaging around in a pile of canvasses stretched over wooden frames. "I don't believe I ever told you about it. About five years ago, when I was just getting my real start, the doctor told me I was in need of a rest—said I ought to go off to some quiet beach where I could get plenty of sleep, sea air, and all that sort of thing. Well, I've always been more or less of a hypochondriac and I packed right up. I found some out-of-the-way little island off the coast of North Carolina where I could spend the summer. Just a little colony of natives lived there—bankers, I think they are called. Parties of men from inland used to come there to fish. But for the most part the place was inhabited only by these bankers who spend their lives fishing there." He pulled a picture from the pile and began dusting it.

"I met a girl there," he continued. "She wasn't like the rest of them. She didn't seem to care much about anything—just sat on top of a big sand-dune and gazed out across the ocean. I didn't have much to do—fished a little, but for the most part just killing time. It was natural that we should see a lot of each other. We used to go up to the end of the island where there was an old deserted house, supposedly haunted. The scrub-oaks grew thick up there. Funny trees those—all gnarled and twisted like they had some evil spirit in them. I can see how the natives thought the spot was haunted.

"Anyway, the place seemed to weave a spell over me. I fell in love with the girl. We would spend all our time at the place. We never talked much. It didn't seem to fit in with the settings. I just loved to sit and watch the wind blow her hair back over her shoulders. Moonlight in that place was magic. She either didn't know much about life or didn't care. I suspect it was the latter. We were both infatuated with each other.

"For two months I forgot all about my career. But then one day I realized that I had to be leaving soon. I told her; she didn't cry as I had expected her to—just looked at me with those deep eyes. That night was the last time I talked to her. She didn't come down to the boat to see me off. But when we rounded the point of the island I saw her sitting on top of the large dune where we used to sit. I waved to her, but she didn't wave back. I never saw her again.

"A foolish little affair, wasn't it?" Paul laughed rather nervously. "But I was quite sentimental over it at the time. I painted this picture of her while we were sitting on the dunes. It has the sentiment you called for."

He glanced at the older man. He appeared to have aged suddenly, his face was ashen; his eyes were glued on a vacant space on the wall. Paul checked an impulse to inquire as to the cause and proceeded to place the canvas on the easel. The picture was evidently inferior to the artist's later products. Yet there was something strangely arresting in the subject. It was the portrait of a dark-haired girl sitting in the sand with her chin resting in the palms of her hands. Her gaze, leveled out across the sea from under her dark brows, seemed to suggest something of a melancholy brooding. Her unbound hair played freely in the wind. She was not pretty. But her every feature seemed to conform to the look of brooding longing that hovered about her eyes.

"What's the matter with you, Oliver? I've never seen you looking like that before. Here sit down and I'll bring you another glass of brandy." The older man had given a violent start when he had seen the picture. He was now trembling all over.

"Oh, I'm all right. Just one of my attacks. They come every now and then." He was making a visible effort to control himself. "Paul, what did you say the name of that island was?"

"Let's see, Ocracoke or something like that. Why do you want to know? You've never been there, have you?"

"No, no. Just idle curiosity. That's all. I must be going now. I forgot that I have an engagement now and can't go to dinner with you. I enjoyed the pictures. Thank you very much. Goodbye." He left suddenly, leaving his hat and a

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# P · O · E · M · S

## Sign for Autumn Woods

By Bradford White

*If you can bear*
*The sudden silence*
*After a lush pear falls,*
*If you can see the Python*
*Coiled where the grapevine was,*
*And still be calm,*
*Then Autumn cannot hurt you.*
*Enter here.*
*But if you stop,*
*And listen to the tinkling*
*Of the woodman's ax far up the hill,*
*Or if you even faintly hear*
*The hounds and hunter*
*In the grey below,*
*Autumn will have you*
*And will keep you—so.*

## A Poem

By Vermont C. Royster

*For forty-cents I bought the soul of Keats.*
*"You fool," they cried. "Why waste your money so?"*
*And down they went to spend a trifle sum*
*To see men vaunt themselves upon a screen,*
*To prance and dance and masque their face,*
*And puppet like to show*
*Emotions donned and cast aside at will.*

*And down they went to spend a trifle sum*
*For dainties choice and tiny tid-bits sweet,*
*To gorge themselves and stuff their man-made bowels*
*With all man's bilious foods and drunken wines,*
*And in a stupor thus to lie*
*Like monkeys in a cage,—*
*While they behold me squandering forty cents.*

*But testing Flora and the country green,*
*I drink a draught of vintage that hath been*
*For ages brewed within the soul of man.*
*Of love, of life, of immortality,*
*I listen! and can hear the songs*
*Like thunder in my ears,*
*An echo o'er the tumult of the sea.*

## Dreamer's Prayer

By Caroline Ward

*O God, if you would thrust into my life some flaming thing,*
*Into my breast a blazing sword! I am too weak to fling*
*Aside this lethargy; my soul has sunk too deep to raise*
*Its drooping wings. The current of my life by tortuous ways*
*Along its chokéd channels slowly goes, its shimmer dulled,*
*Unrippling, unreflecting, powerless, and Lethe-lulled.*

*Some torrent icy from the mountain-heights, deep tho it cut;*
*Some raging flood, of weeds of meditation sharp to gut*
*The bed! Oh, fling thy brand! What tho consumed my life be quite,*
*Why, more's one glorious moment than a lifetime of this night.*

## Wind

By Wm. Wong

*Oh, wind, wind, soul of the earth, breath of the sea, and the sky.*
*Wind, wind, heart of the flame, life of the man, sweeping by.*
*Wind, wind, grasp at my heart, carry me far away,*
*Where there's peace, and a love, and a gentle word, wherever that may be.*

* * * * * *

*Hard, gray clouds in the distance,*
*Rearing before the wind.*
*The sweeping breeze of the evening,*
*The horizon, dark, defined.*
*The cold, bleak breeze of the evening,*
*The branches, a bleak, black sigh.*
*The sun has vanished to darkness,*
*And the wind of the night sweeping by.*
*The chill of the death of the living,*
*Of the day, and the light, and the sun.*
*And the black branches sweeping the sky.*
*And the stars coming out one by one.*
*Cold are the lights of the heavens,*
*Cold is the wind sweeping by.*
*Cold is the heart of all mankind,*
*Cold is the earth, and the sky.*
*The summer has gone with the sunset.*
*And the sheer has gone with the day,*
*And the world is a dead gray tombstone,*
*Which the wind is sweeping away.*

* * * *

*Oh, wind, wind, soul of the earth, breath of the sea, and the sky.*
*Wind, wind, heart of the flame, life of the man, sweeping by.*
*Wind, wind, grasp at my heart, carry me far away,*
*Where there's peace, and a love, and a gentle word, wherever that may be.*

## Sonnet

*If from beyond the grave we come again—*
*Ethereal forms—to places that we knew,*
*To feel the thrill of memories, and too,*
*To feel the sting of long-remembered pain—*
*I shall return to beaches swept quite clean*
*By fierce sea-winds, and swiftly flowing tides;*
*Or to a hill whose rugged, lonely sides*
*Lift to a lake. I shall return, serene,*
*To watch a sunset, or a new moon rise.*
*But if the errant spirit I shall be*
*Returns to this cool garden faithfully,*
*When twilight falls—still bound by all the ties*
*You bind me with—and find you strayed—Ah well,*
*If that should be, I'd need no other Hell.*

## Santos Point

By Bradford White

*The grey thorn trees at Santos Point—*
*Grey as the mist or the rain, wind blown*
*They stand where the beach is hard and clean*
*And a white gull dips, alone,*
*No one remembers how the wind*
*Taught their branches like thin arms*
*To sway far leeward, or to bend*
*As the arc of a wave before the breaking.*
*Was it a miracle? mist from the sea,*
*Caught in the pattern of waves and given*
*The fixity of a tree?*

*I only know that every year*
*When Spring comes back to Santos cove*
*And the low bush-myrtles color green,*
*Still the thorn trees keep their grove*
*Leafless, as a place for winds.*
*And on the nights when the surf is driven*
*Over the seawall, then they give*
*Their leaning bodies as a haven*
*For the ghosts of ships and men.*
*And all the winter afternoon*
*The voyagers sit beneath the trees*
*To watch the whitecaps racing in,*
*To dream of long forgotten seas.*

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very perplexed Paul behind him.

Oliver Marle was walking headlong down the avenue, unconscious of his bareheaded and distraught appearance. His thoughts were in a whirl. That picture! It loomed in front of his eyes like a ghost from the distant past. That face—that brooding look in the eyes—the sand-dunes—the sea. Everything in Paul's story recalled an episode in his life that had been sealed away by twenty-five years of engrossing activity on Wall Street. A passion from which he had fled had now returned to stare him in the face. What was the explanation of it? He suddenly became aware of his strange appearance and the curiosity it was arousing. Hailing a passing taxi, he mumbled the address of his hotel apartments and settled back into the seclusion of the dark interior.

He collected his scattered thoughts and carried them back to that chapter that he had so carefully erased from his life. Twenty-five years ago he had gone on a fishing party with a group of friends to the same little Southern Island mentioned by Paul. He had been only twenty-eight then, but already displaying the tenacity of purpose in business affairs that was to carry him to later financial success. There he met a girl, a girl who could have posed as the subject of Paul's portrait, only she had been gay and lively when he had met her. She used to take him up to the end of the island at night and point out to him the supposed graves of two hundred seamen who had been drowned in a shipwreck. She would tell him all the weird legendary stories of the old deserted house that stood on top of a dune, and press close to him with shudders created by her own narratives.

He came to neglect the company of his friends. Day and night he stayed close to the girl—Agnes, she was called. When the time came for the party to leave he found that he could not leave. He braved the jests and laughter of his friends, telling them that he was going to stay. Then they became serious and entreated him to leave. But he was resolved to remain behind. They left him to his

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## SUNSET

*(Continued from page five)*

all-controlling passion and sailed back to New York.

His memories of the ensuing month were a dim blur of winds sighing through the heather grass carrying grains of stinging sand with it, dark hair loosely flowing—proclaiming the freedom of an untamed soul—baths in the sea together, the spray gleaming on their shining bodies, moonlight, tender embraces midst the solitude of the sentinel-like dunes. All brought him the realization that here had been a perfect passion—something that had brought him out from his mechanical shell and left him with the most human of all emotions. For a month the whole universe had revolved around this dark-eyed girl. Life unfolded all its ecstasies for him in those haunted sand-dunes topped with clusters of grotesquely-warped scrub oaks.

Then one day there came a letter from his father, brought to the island by the weekly mail packet that also supplied the little colony of natives with the few groceries they required. His father needed him in their business. He implored him to come home, appealing to the brilliant career ahead of him. The letter had not served to dislodge him, but it had planted the seed of discontent that was eventually to separate him from the island and the spell of his dark-eyed Agnes. It brought to his mind thoughts of the other world, the world of paneled offices and high finance, the world in which he had so enthusiastically planned his future. Try as he would, he could not sink back into the oblivion of romance with his former passionate abandon. There would come times when he would sit for hours saying nothing, his dreams centered around the hustle of the stock-exchange. Then he would catch himself and look up to meet the deep reproachful gaze of Agnes. He would mumble some apology and try to talk in his usual gay manner. But she would turn her gaze out toward the sea, the same sad, brooding expression creeping into her features as appeared on the face of the girl in Paul's picture.

Soon afterwards came the news of his father's death. He had to go to New York to settle the estate. Agnes received the news with the same apathetic expression as appeared when she gazed out across the sea. His avowals to return as soon as he could had aroused no response in her. She seemed to realize that he would never come back. And he never had. Once back in his accustomed haunts, he had been swept along in the same channel that he had left for his brief interlude of forgetfulness on the island. His ambition for a career returned. The memory of Agnes with her surroundings of sea and sand-dunes had grown dimmer, finally passing out of his life—to be recalled suddenly by Paul's picture and story.

Who was the girl in Paul's picture? She was the image of Agnes. Could she have married and had a daughter? The question played on his mind through dinner. Something in the whole situation worried him. He was too old to still feel the powerful surge of emotion that had kept him on the island twenty-five years before. But the memory of the bliss he had felt, the whole episode that was so incongruous with the rest of his life, was resurrected with the freshness of a recent occurrence.

Curiosity, combined with a partial return of some former urge, prompted his actions after dinner. He summoned his valet and made arrangements for a week's trip to "somewhere in the South." Then accommodations were made on the midnight train. Afterwards he retired to dress for travelling.

It was with mingled emotions that Oliver Merle viewed the shores of Ocracoke from over the rail of a small launch that he had chartered especially for the trip. With curiosity he noticed the changes that had taken place since he had been there last. A shabby two-story hotel of unpainted pine boards had been erected to take care of the increasing popularity of the spot as a fishing resort. A new wharf reaching far enough out into the sound to berth larger vessels had been built. There were a few more cottages nestling around a new general merchandise store. But for the most part the general features of the island remained unchanged. He grew tense as he noticed for the first time the tower of the deserted house rearing itself in gloomy solitude above the scrawny oak trees. Old memories returned stronger than ever at the sight of the mountainous sand-dunes standing far out on the promontory. He felt a strange fear to land and find Agnes. He checked a wild impulse to turn around and return, however, and prepared to go ashore.

After several inquiries he found her hut, located a half-mile from the rest of the settlement. While walking out there he noticed that beside the deserted house there was no other sign of habitation on that end of the island. With a hesitance that was almost timidity he approached the decaying abode. A few chickens observed his aggression and cackled their comments. Standing in front of the open door, hat in hand, he summoned enough courage to call Agnes' name. There was no response. But at the second call a thin old woman appeared in the doorway and stood looking quietly down at him.

Could this aged creature be the gay, young, blooming Agnes he had known? Could those few gray strands of hair knotted untidily at the back of her head be the remnants of those dark flowing tresses? Could those yellow, withered hands be the same soft palms that had stroked his cheek so often? Could that line marked face and those parched lips be the same that he had pressed so often to his? But, ah, the eyes! They were the same, dark, brooding, just the same as he had seen them last. He had forgotten the changes that time could make. Maybe he suggested nothing of his former self to her.

"Agnes, this is Oliver Merle. Don't you remember me?" The words sounded harsh and strained and not his own.

"Yes. I recognized you from the first." Her wrinkled face with its hollow cheeks remained immobile. Her impassive gaze remained fixed on him. He felt uncomfortable, embarrassed, out of place with his business suit and city apparel in those surroundings. He had to say something; he couldn't stand there staring like a fool. He forced words to his lips—crazy words, incoherent words, words he wondered who was saying.

"Agnes—I had to come back—something made me come, I don't know what. For a week I've been thinking about you—wondering—everything. Let's go up to the sand-dunes," the inspiration struck him, "and talk just like old times. We've got so much to tell each other." He wished he hadn't spoken. Those calm, dark eyes of hers, they disarmed him. Why didn't she say something instead of just standing there looking at him. He felt strangely guilty of something. Again he resisted a sudden impulse to turn and run away from it all.

She stood silently gazing down at him for a minute, then turned back inside to return with a tattered shawl thrown over her head. They walked side by side through the sand toward the dunes, both silent. He was trying to regain his composure. Strange that he, Oliver Merle, who had fearlessly bluffed down opposition at a hundred directors' meetings should feel abashed and humiliated in the presence of this old woman. Several times questions were on his lips; but they all died there. They trudged on laboriously, climbing the side of a heather-capped dune that overlooked the point. He remembered how they used to run madly down the side of one dune and up to the top of the next.

The sun was setting when they finally sat down together at the crest. A slight haze hung over the sea, and murky gray billows pounded tirelessly on the shore far below. A stiff breeze was whipping up white-caps as far out as one could see, whistling through the heather and driving sprays of sand across the beach. The scene was that of restlessness and suppressed power, but somehow in its ceaseless monotonous movement it brought a soothing tranquility. The old woman was staring quietly out across the gray expanse to where a mass of clouds was obliterating the red disk of the sun. Something in her bearing suggested calm and acquiescence despite her melancholy. He broke the silence and spoke.

"What brought me here, Agnes, was a picture. It was a picture of a girl who looked exactly as you used to look," he bit his lip at the last words he let slip. "I wondered who she was. The young artist said he found her here. I thought maybe you had married and she was your daughter. I might be able to help her . . . do something for her . . ." He paused to see what effect his words were having. The old woman appeared not to have even heard.

"Where is she, Agnes?"

"She's lying over there near the haunted house. She died five years ago." The old woman spoke slowly and deliberately, not altering her gaze from the horizon.

"Dead?" he repeated mechanically. This place was one of tragedy. "And your husband, is he dead too?"

She did not reply immediately but continued her brooding vigil. Then she turned and gazed into his face, perfectly calm, not a semblance of emotion passing over her expression.

"I never had a husband," she said slowly. "She was your daughter; that's why she's dead."

He trembled from head to foot. He tried to say something but found his throat swollen and dry.

"Yes," she continued, "she was your daughter. She had your unrest. She never was contented. She wanted to get away—to go somewhere. When that young fellow came down here, I told her about you and me; I hoped it would warn her. But she didn't heed. She didn't seem to care much about anything noway. And when the young fellow left and she found out she was going to have a baby, she said she was going to kill herself. Said there won't no use to bring another in the world to be as unhappy as she had been. I couldn't stop her—didn't try to very hard. It won't much use, noway." She lapsed off into silence again, once more gazing tranquilly at the horizon.

His brain was whirling. So the girl in Paul's picture had been his daughter! His daughter, a part of himself, his own flesh and blood, something he had longed for—the only thing he had longed for outside of his career. And this had been her life! A life of unrest, unanswered yearning, brood-

ing, caused by the traits she had inherited from him. A life so morbid that she killed herself to prevent creating another like it. Agnes was different! Agnes was subservient to fate. Agnes had spent her life on this sand-dune gazing across the sea. No longings, no yearnings, just contemplative brooding while time washed by with each wave that thundered on the shore. Agnes had ceased to think when her thoughts had begun to trouble her. Ever since, her life had been like the sunset that she was unemotionally, listlessly gazing at now.

But the soul that he had caused to be born—a soul fated to be born in fetters! He glanced over towards the deserted house. The scrub-oaks seemed weirder and more symbolical of spirits than ever. Their frantic motions in the increasing wind he imagined to be caused by some wild desire to be free. Somewhere underneath those trees lay a part of himself. Because of him it had lived and because of him it had died. Remorse! Would he ever escape it? All nature seemed to point an accusing finger at him. The waves that were now lashed into a fury, the looming clouds, the sand that stung his face. He looked at Agnes. She alone was impassive. She did not accuse him. He could do nothing to help her. Her life had been empty so long that it meant nothing to her. If only he could become impassive also. His life was just as empty. But he could feel the pains of anguish and remorse. She had the best of him now. He would pay! It was just that he should pay.

Emotion choked him, blinded him, made him insensible to the first stinging drops of rain that fell. Presently he was aware that she was tugging at his arm, that it was raining hard. A flash of lightning revealed the clump of trees surrounding the haunted house. Their limbs seemed to wave at him like phantom arms. The windows in the tower of the house seemed like reproachful eyes.

He took her arm and stumbled blindly down the side of the dune.

## AMERICAN PRIMITIVES

*(Continued from page one)*

The children of these stories are nearly always heavy with religion; the pages of their little bibles are always well thumbed. And their powers of quotation from these bibles must have caused their parents to look upon their offspring as a pack of little Frankensteins. In fact, there sometimes *were* conflicts. One of the stories tells of the terrific conflict between her parents and a nine-year-old. The nine-year-old decided on certain points of theological dogman; that she would discard the Protestant for the Roman Catholic church. In the conflict she was on one side, and on the other were her parents, her grandparents, aunts and uncles, in laws, and visiting ministers. The brat won, but only after calling down upon herself a most severe illness, exactly when most required. It was the sort of illness that makes you flushed, but not spotty, frail, but not skinny, breathing with difficulty, but not through the nose. Elsie Dinsmore was able to function the same way after a year's struggle with authority. The cause of her struggle was that she had refused to read from a book that was not the bible on Sunday. And the punishment was such as would have been considered brutal in the Black Star criminal battalion of the Foreign Legion.

Elsie excelled in the gift of ready tears. She burst into sobs, she wept bitterly, on the slightest provocation. Her slight form heaved, her eyes were moist, she cried silently, and she cried passionately, and she cried three times to the page. Statistics prove that Elsie cried 875 times to Ellen's 911, but Elsie was probably the better stayer of the two, and could cry longer at the time.

Both these children had a Life Work, self imposed. They went about making converts. Mr. Carlton was a cynical atheist; his reputation confirmed him to be immune against all attack. One day he was leaning against a ship's rail at sunset.

"What makes you believe in God, Elsie?" he questioned, curiously. She pointed to the red ball of fire on the horizon: "Who made that, Mr. Carlton?" It was only a little child's answer, but henceforth he never doubted.

In "Home Influence" are found my haughty Caroline, my sainted Herbert, my headstrong Percy, my gleeful Emmaline. The adjectives hung around their necks, at no time were detachable. A pair of orphan cousins, my timid Ellen—no relation to la Dinsmore—and my handsome Edward, come to visit their relatives. Edward breaks a vase for which sin Ellen assumes the blame. This is the plot of two books. The amount of punishment that righteous indignation and mild goodness can inflict when they really set their minds to it makes one shudder for the times. At the age of 22, we find Ellen still sitting up nights, secretly doing fine needlework to pay for the vase; and still getting misunderstood all over the place and from every angle.

And here is another random selection from Elsie Dinsmore. She is now nine:

"Here, my dear little daughter," said Mr. Dinsmore, fondly stroking the glossy ringlets which clustered on his Elsie's fair neck, "here is a story book which I hope you will find as instructive in its precepts as it is interesting to your more leisure hours."

"Oh, thank you, dear papa," and Elsie's eyes swam with tears, and her cheeks glowed; "I am sure that I do not deserve half your generosity. But—" She faltered and cast herself sobbing at his feet.

"Would it be right, would it not be selfish, for me to accept it when so many more unfortunate little girls have not even a hymn book?"

The period was nearly as bad for adults as for children; equally as stilted and artificial and long-winded. "Night and Morning" and "Ernest Maltravers" were considered extremely daring. And later "Ouida" and "Moths." But "Ouida" was for the worldly minded. The sentimental read "Not wisely but too well" and "Cometh up as a Flower." The titles suggest the cloying atmosphere of heroines like dewdrops who wilted and died because of misunderstandings with gentlemen with long yellow mustaches.

And last, but most certainly not the least of the ethical problems had to do with the immensely moving story about the lighthouse keeper's little daughter who was subjected to the problem of conscience as to whether or not she should stand on the Bible in order to reach the lamp and light it during a storm.

All of which requires no conclusion; you have probably already reached one.

## *WIND FROM THE NORTH*

*By* VERNON WARD

Sac felt the wind in the night, she felt it blowing strong through the window, she felt it blowing from the north. Rod had said, "I shall be back when the wind blows strong from the north." This was the day.

And blowing from the darkness, the wind was cold, and for the first time Sac shivered and knew that fall was come. She felt the cold where the wind blew up the edge of the blanket and struck her sharp against her body. She pulled part of the blanket from Mary, her sister, and tucked the edge of it beneath her side that she might forget the wind and Rod's coming and think about Rod. But the wind did not cease blowing and blew her hair across her face, so that she could think of nothing but the wind and Rod's coming. So she shivered again, for he had said, *when the wind blows strong from the north*, and this was the day.

No longer did Sac sleep, for sleep would not come upon her, nor could she entreat it to carry her away from her thoughts, and she did not care, though the hours were long before dawn. Her body was now warm, and she was glad to feel the warm cover over her body and the cold wind upon her face; she felt secure, safe from the howling wind. And her thoughts were pleasant and of Rod.

She saw him tall and broad and sandy, and she saw into his deep blue eyes. And they, she and Rod, sat upon the cool green grass of the Spring, and they lay there, side by side, looking into the gray sky through the budding branches of the plum tree. And she saw him lying beside her in his dusty overalls, dusty from plowing, and she was in overalls too, for she too had been plowing, beside him. With his deep eyes he looked at her, and he said, "Sac, no longer can I stay here on the farm. The farm no longer needs me, and I must go somewhere else."

And Sac, full of fear, said, "But where are you going, Rod?"

"I am going to the cities of the North to find work. I have no chance to do anything worthwhile here," he said softly.

"But, Rod, you cannot leave me."

"More than anything, I love you, Sac, and it is for you I am going, and when I am able, I shall return for you," and his voice was thick.

"But how long will it be?" and her eyes were almost full of tears.

"I shall be back when the wind blows strong from the north."

And he put his arms about her and drew her close, and he kissed her with the slow life of the farm country. And Sac remembered this had happened beneath the plum tree at the edge of the tobacco field. And it was the last she had heard from Rod, for that day he had gone.

Then into the still howl of the wind broke the crys of many proud roosters calling the hour before dawn; and a grayness overcame the blackness; and light dispersed the gray; and through the east windown a purple light showed above the dark trees, announcing the sunrise. And Sac saw the sun glow red above the black pines beyond the fields. And already did she look for yellow and russet and red in the low trees of the wood and in the bushes of the ditch banks, but these were not there, for though the fall was now upon them, the low trees and the bushes had been less readily responsive to the touch of the north wind than had Sac. For Sac felt herself alive to the touch of the wind, and with the greatness of the daybreak, and with the thought

*(Continued on page eight)*

## WIND FROM THE NORTH

*(Continued from page seven)*

of Rod's return and of the joy he would bring her and of the love they would have together.

Sac got out of the bed and stood facing the window toward the wind. And the wind blew through her flimsy gown and caused her small body to tremble in it as it caused the small leaves to do upon the trees outside the window. Sac looked far along the road to the north, so far as her eyes would let her see; for along that road, from the far cities of the North would come her Rod to take her with him back to those cities that she did not know and that had strange form in her imagination. And farther than her eyes could see went her dreams, and she could see him there, king of vast castles, and looking with his deep blue eyes over the heads of those who lived there. And she thought of the days she had picked cotton beside him in those fields outside the east window, between the house and the wood. He wore overalls then, but now his tall frail body would be dressed in the fine clothes of the city, and he would look still more frail and more handsome, and and she would love him even more than before, and he would love her.

She thought she saw a cloud of dust far along the road beyond the second curve, but it was only the wind blowing the dry sand of the fall, and it was not he.

Sac was cold, and it was time to get dressed, so she shook Mary, and they dressed there together, feeling spirited in the cold and pretending it was a great deal colder than it was. And their old woman had breakfast already fixed for them, and for the old man, and for Pete and Charlie, and they sat down and ate, saying little.

After breakfast all of them went into the big field to the east and picked cotton alongside the negroes, and they picked rapidly, inspired by the smart wind and having to pick fast to set a good example before the negroes. But Sac picked slowly, for she had become filled with a fear that Rod might not come, and she looked often toward the road to the north, hoping to see him there. When she heard the rattle of a car or of a wagon, she feared to look, lest it might not be he. And her fear was justified, for it was not he.

She ate no dinner, so in the afternoon she felt weak, and her soul was torn with grief. She felt Rod might never return to her, and it seemed she could not go on living without him, for he meant much to her and she had a large place in her heart for him. And inside her breast was a dull pain that she could hardly endure, and it seemed to her that her whole being must float out in tears. And she threw the fluffy pieces of cotton very slowly into her bag, and she wiped her tears on pieces of it.

And the sun sank red into a bed of clouds, and the air became amber, and the clouds became purple, and the air became blue; and the blue was hard and cold, and the wind blew strong from the north, but Rod did not return.

2.

Rod walked hopefully along the dusty road and into town. He stood beside the highway and caught a ride to Rocky Mount. There he caught a ride to Richmond, where he spent the night beneath a tree beside the highway to Washington. But he was a decent looking fellow and had little trouble the next day catching a ride on a truck bound for Pittsburgh. The fellow driving the truck was Henry. Henry looked tough, but it was a warm spring day, so Rod and Henry soon hit up a pretty good acquaintance. Rod told Henry about the farm and about Sac and that he was going to the North to look for a job. He asked Henry about the chance of getting a job in Pittsburgh, and Henry told him he'd get a job there as quick as anywhere these hard times. So Rod decided to go on to Pittsburgh with Henry.

Henry was from the South too, New Orleans. He never had lived on a farm, but he'd got dissatisfied anyway and had left home with a hundred dollars his dad gave him. He got a job on a river freighter up to Pittsburgh, and now he had this job hauling the best grade liquers from Morehead City, North Carolina, where they were smuggled in, to Pittsburgh. He had a friend hauling the same stuff to New York City. He told Rod he might be able to get him a job with his ring in Pittsburgh. Rod didn't think that would be so bad; for plenty of farmers he knew made rum on their farms and sold it wherever they could get anybody to buy it for twenty cents a pint.

So when the wind blew strong from the north, Rod was behind prison bars, and he was destined to be there for two years before he returned to the South and to the farm and to Sac, for ever.

## WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED

*(Continued from page one)*

lady would eye them wistfully and sigh "Yes, it makes me think of the days when Jim and me were like that. But that was before he was taken by the dear Lord." And she would rub her eyes with the chapped back of her hand.

The rooming house was like one family, held together by the love of these two. Everyone submerged their troubles in the happiness of the Jamiesons. But it was this unifying effect of the Jamiesons' love that caused the whole house to be broken up when the Jamiesons had their trouble.

From the outside of the grey, weatherbeaten house, it was impossible to see any difference in the existences of its inmates. But as soon as one opened the door it became quite apparent that some great catastrophe had overtaken the occupants.

In the living room Miss Goldstein was hunched together in one corner of a capacious horsehair sofa, staring straight in front of her and making stabs at her eyes with a damp, rolled-up handkerchief. "The hussy," she kept repeating. "The hussy." Signor Michelotto, however, being a perfect gentleman, could not allow himself the solace of tears, but had to content himself with protesting stoutly that "she was not no hussy. Eet was all hees fallt." The landlady, being an exceedingly lachrymose type, had no trouble in exuding a constant stream of tears. She was now using both hands and the corner of her apron to wipe them away. And saying, "It was too good to last. We was happy like that until the dear Lord took Jim."

But this was only the morning after. What had happened the day before must yet be related. Young Mrs. Jamieson had come in after lunch (she always got Wednesday afternoons off) with a tall, well-dressed man of about thirty-five. (The landlady noticed this. She had a great eye for detail.) She had gone upstairs with this man and had stayed with him all afternoon.

About five o'clock the roomers began to straggle in. Young Jamieson came in about five-thirty and walked upstairs whistling after nodding "Good-afternoon" to Signor Michelotto. His happy song ceased abruptly as he opened his door. For when he did so, he found his wife sitting on the lap of the man with whom she had come home.

Young Jamieson was so profoundly shocked that he neglected to close the door, thus giving his neighbors an opportunity of hearing what followed.

"So this is what you are," he said. "I suspected as much ever since you got that diamond bracelet. Yes," he cried, picking up her arm, which was adorned by the incriminating bracelet, "I know you told me it was paste, but I took it around to the jewellers to have it appraised. It wasn't paste. It was real."

"But Bill . . ." his wife began, almost crying from the pain of her arm, which he was squeezing unconsciously. But he cut her off savagely with "Shut up." He looked so young and pitiful. And his voice was almost breaking under the weight of repressed tears. Then, all of a sudden, everything seemed to tighten about him. His jaw shot out, his eyes narrowed, he drew himself erect, and said in a voice, harsh, but shaking with emotion, "Well, I suppose I'd better kill you now." Then he looked at her arm unseeingly for a moment. But as he recognized it, his expression became horror-struck. He dropped her arm, casting it away from him like an unclean thing, running from the room.

His wife and her lover made their exits immediately after his departure, but took the opposite direction. When young Jamieson came back to his apartment, he was carrying a loaded revolver.

Of course, his wife and her paramour had left by this time, a fact which Jamieson in his overwrought condition found it hard to understand. He had told them to wait. He was going to kill them. But they had gone. Suddenly he felt very tired and sat down on the bed to figure things out. But somehow his brain wouldn't work. All he could think of was that his wife had been unfaithful to him and was now gone forever. He couldn't live without her. He began to cry. Then he looked at the revolver.

The sound of the shot quickly brought the whole house to the room. But when they got there he was dead, shot through the temple.

Miss Goldstein took it hardest of all. Her little private world had been torn to bits, her last illusion, on which she had lived ever since she recognized the fact that no one was going to fall in love with her, had been killed by the same shot that had killed young Jamieson. She moved out of the house the next day It held too many happy memories for her. Signor Michelotto took it hard, too, but his natural light-heartedness made him forget soon. The landlady wept a few more tears than usual and said, "It reminds me of the time when poor Jim was called."

Two days later, young Mrs. Jamieson, dressed in mourning, returned to the house. And she was accompanied by the same man on whose lap she had been found by her husband! "The nerve of some people," said the landlady to herself as she surveyed the couple.

"And what do *you* want?" she queried acidly of Mrs. Jamieson.

"I've come to get my husband's things," slowly replied the young woman with a sad smile on her lips. "By the way, Mrs. Murphy, I'd like you to meet my brother. You see, it was all a mistake . . ."

But the landlady had fainted.

# The Carolina Magazine

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## Kenneth Loses T. Stone

By Philip Hill Milhous

The ride from the orphanage with T. Stone was the most excitement Kenneth had ever had. He almost forgot about the nurse and the wide-eyed boys who waved good-bye as they drove out of the big gate and into the highway where the orphans were forbidden to go. He was sorry to leave the nurse and he missed the boys terribly already, but T. Stone let him hold the reins and talk to the horse except when traffic was heavy; and that was lots of fun.

The horse's name was Charley, and he swung funnily from side to side when his iron heels struck the pavement. Other horses were passing all the time, but Charley kept on going. He didn't even glances at the other horses as they passed; so Kenneth quit it too. But once a big red mare whinnied and ran up to the pasture fence along the road, and Charley looked as if he were going to stop. Then T. Stone called to him and he went on.

When they had gone only a little piece, Charley looked back, but T. Stone was waiting for him. "Chol-lie!" he said. "Eyes front!" Charley didn't say anything; he knew there wasn't any use when T. Stone spoke like that. The big mare looked disappointed. Kenneth could see her standing in a fence corner until they were out of sight. She seemed to have lost her taste for the grass.

"Why did he want to stop?" asked Ken. He was a little embarrassed about it, thinking perhaps he shouldn't have noticed. He was always asking the nurse at the orphanage things he oughtn't to. Somehow he never could tell until a question was out whether it was a right one or not; but almost always then. However, T. Stone didn't seem to mind. He was different from the nurse.

"Oh, I reckon the old boy liked her looks," he said as he lit his pipe. "Horses like to look at their women same as men do."

"I don't," said Kenneth; "'cept the nurse at the orphanage."

"Well, you could look at worse ones," answered T. Stone.

But then they had turned up a long lane and come to a big wooden gate with stone posts on either side and lanterns at the top of the posts. Charley stopped at the gate; he couldn't open it. T. Stone got down and did it for him. He was a big, heavy man and the gate swung easily when he touched it. As soon as it was open, Charley went through. Then he stopped and waited for T. Stone to climb back in.

"He's smart," said Kenneth.

"Lot more sense than I got," said T. Stone, making a rhyme. "Probably be ridin' in the buggy himself if he wasn't so good natured."

When they got to the bar, T. Stone unhitched Charley and put him in his stall. He had forgotten about the big mare and seemed very hungry when he saw the corn and hay in a wooden rack at the end. He started eating and Ken went out to look about the barnyard.

There were a lot of big chickens there, some of them bigger and brighter colored than the others. The smaller ones were scratching very fast in the dirt, but the big ones just walked around and said something to him that sounded like "Quark?"

Kenneth didn't know what they meant, so he started back to the barn. Then all at once one of the big chickens started running after a little one and the little one looked frightened and ran as fast as it could, but not fast enough.

Ken was afraid the little one would get hurt, so he threw a stick and chased the big chicken away. He thought something ought to be done about it and went to tell T. Stone what had happened.

T. Stone just laughed and said that was all right. It was just a way chickens had and no harm could come of it. Ken wanted to know why they had a way like that, and T. Stone said oh, they were about like Charley and men folks and liked to look at their women. Ken asked if Charley wanted to chase the red mare the same way the big chicken had chased the little one, and T. Stone said he reckoned so but not to worry about it.

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## . . . But This I Tell

By Edith Harbour

*(Upon reading a letter written by a former classmate unheard from these two years and more.)*

October 30, 1932

Dear J———,

It was good to hear from you. Your letter, sent to my old address in Greensboro and forwarded twice, reached me here yesterday. You ask me what I have done these two years and more since a brassy band played too loudly "The Coronation March" from *Aida* and we were presented to a world in the throes of an economic depression and an unemployment crisis as young ladies who, having studied certain prescribed courses and manifested a certain proficiency therein, were now the recipients of the degree of bachelor of arts? You beg me to tell all. Would you have me write an autobiography entitled *My Heart Lays Down Its Load*, a tragedy in two volumes?

It was after a summer futilely spent in job hunting during which I frequently threatened to hang out a sign and take in sewing that I went back to my Alma Mater to work for wages a less educated sister would have scorned, for I was perhaps educated but entirely untrained. It was with a gladsome spirit that I began working by day and learning shorthand by night. But in the midst of grading freshman and sophomore themes, holding conferences with students, and teaching classes I pondered upon the irregularities of an educational system which would allow me to work as I was but would not permit me to teach the youth in the high schools of the state. One day I went to the book store to requisition supplies and heard there a senior in the school of education combine "I seen" with "those kind" in the same sentence; I remembered your hyperbolic statement that our college was turning a couple of hundred good mill hands into school teachers each year. And I considered it strange that an institution of higher learning would discriminate against one of its own graduates in the matter of a salary something less than a living wage while other persons doing similar work and graduates of no college at all were quite adequately remunerated. "Uncle" William and I consoled each other when the first ten per cent salary cut for state employees was decreed, since his janatorial wages were affected but slightly and mine not at all. Thereafter he brought me for my desk each morning flowers he had surrepitiously stolen from various places about the campus. I worked much and suffered more, but I considered the year well spent as I acquired a little something of that liberal education which I had not obtained from four years' attendance upon classes.

That summer I served as relief stenographer for a textile company with offices high up in the Jef-

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1932


## ON CREATIVE CRITICISM

Millions of words of criticism find their way into print every year. Contemporary literature, the drama, politics, music, none of them protected from the sometimes gay, sometimes bitter scythe of the critic. One begins to wonder if the function of the critic is to deprecate, or build up obstacles which the creative writer, thinker, or liver must surmount before he can enter the good graces of his public. One rarely thinks of the critic as performing a creative function. And yet this is, exactly, what Ludwig Lewisohn has accomplished in his *Expression in America.*

Lewisohn has pared away the ornamentation of American literature and arrayed the essences of our American writers, revealing both their genius and their grosser characteristics. He has done so with such rare skill that he inspires the reader to try to accomplish what his forerunners have failed to accomplish, believing that in knowing how they failed he may succeed.

The creative critic is one who colors his perceptions of power or feebleness with a warm understanding of the human being as a personality. A novel, or a sonnet, a miniature or a symphony are something more than the visible product of a typewriter or a brush or pen; they are the effort of a human brain to express the totality of his existence.

## ON OPENINGS

*By* ROBERT BERRYMAN

"Bang! Bang! Bang!—And three more Indians bit the dust."

Mr. Phillips Russell, in his expository writing class, makes it plain to his students that all literary work should begin with a rush. Action, movement, *life,* should be evident in paragraph No. 1, sentence No. 1. The writer should not clear his throat before starting, but should snatch his reader's interest from the outset, getting it so firmly hooked that catastrophic events would be necessary to drag it away.

I agree with Mr. Russell when he says that dull openings are dull. This matter, though, like most others, has two extremes. Whenever I encounter the extreme that Mr. Russell does not mention I am as much annoyed as he probably is upon seeing an article begin with generalities.

Some public speakers speak in such a low tone that one cannot hear them; others bellow so loudly that one wishes one could not. If an author has written of a subject I should like to read of, I am happy if he begins his article logically and interestingly. However, I had rather he start slowly, even to the extent of being dull at first, than to try to capture my attention by the trickery of making a sensational statement I later find to be poorly supported.

Many young writers use this form of trickery in an effort to get their work read. Usually they are so unskillful in their attempts that the reader, instead of having his interest aroused, is actually repelled by what he easily recognizes as affectation, than which there can be no worse fault in writing.

Young writers are not the only offenders in the matter of illegitimate openings. Ambrose Bierce, one of America's greatest masters of letters, cheapened himself in more than one of his short stories by reason of his delusion that a sensational opening was a good opening. He began one of his stories, I believe, like this: "When I was ten years old, I murdered my father under singularly atrocious circumstances . . ."

A literary article may be compared with a train. When one gets on a train, one wishes to be *moved* without delay. However, it would be a most unpleasant experience if the train were suddenly jerked from a standstill to a speed of sixty miles an hour.

## ON CATASTROPHE

Many men have, with congenial cynicism, suggested that forward looking Americans vote the Republican ticket and thereby hasten the political and social debacle that impends. The suggestion leads one to wonder if social progress is a matter of intermittent catastrophes or a matter of cumulative and intelligent improvements. If the method of progress is catastrophic, indications of a Hoover victory are perhaps, a good omen of better times.

The biologist tells us that growth in a plant is not smooth and continuous, but jerky. The historian shows us that although Franklin struggled to avert war, the United States came into existence only after a bitter revolution. Garrison's abolitionism achieved nothing until after North and South bled for four years.

That the Constitution of the United States, the foreign trade philosophy of American politicians, the paternalism of American industry are, by and large, anachronisms can hardly be disputed. Yet the structure of American society is cemented upon these and many other similar basic blocks.

Knowing this every voter should be confronted with the necessity of forming an opinion as to whether our anachronistic political and social scheme can best be re-formed by working from within or by making drastic external alterations.

This week we observe the quadrennial spectacle of an American public proclaiming their preferences for their next president. Hoover has come to epitomize the spirit of American capitalism, a capitalism which clings fiendishly to its own obsolete conventions. Roosevelt, never a strong or particularly gallant figure, represents a spirit of inner vacillation and tangential political reasoning which somehow soothes the troubled mind of the tremulous voter who doesn't quite know what he wants, but knows he doesn't have it now. Thomas' chances of election are as great as the famous snow-ball on the other side of the river Styx.

So it appears that the evolutionary theory of progress stands on trial. Hoover and Roosevelt stand, substantially for the same thing. During their (be it one or the other) administration will we see catastrophe descend upon this country, or will our government come to terms with the new society which it presumably serves?

# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

What does a presidential candidate read? Norman Thomas answers this question in a recent edition of the *Saturday Review of Literature* by remarking that at present he is chiefly engrossed in pursuing the speeches of Messrs. Hoover, Roosevelt, Garner, and Curtis. Concerning his personal literary tastes, he styles himself old-fashioned in not having read Joyce and Proust, but he admits a decided liking for Galsworthy, Hugh Walpole, and Sinclair Lewis as well as the poets, Robinson and Frost. Mr. Thomas also gets around to reading an occasional volume on economics, history, or government.

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Rosamond Lehmann's third novel, *Invitation to the Waltz,* studies the transition in a young girl from adolescence to womanhood by observing her throughout a week of gay party life. Stating that the book is a remarkable penetration of the modern girl, the Book-of-the-Month Club offers this as its November selection.

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Those generals are still fighting the World War. That the battle is now in print makes it none the less spirited as is shown in *The Country at War,* by the former Chief of the General Staff, Peyton C. March. He bitterly attacks General Pershing as the source of much of the internal conflict in American military affairs. In refuting Pershing's charges of incompetence in the Washington war office, he cites as an example of efficiency the handling of 225,000 draft cases in one day.

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While a senior at Vassar College in 1917, Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote a play in verse entitled *The Princess Marries the Page.* After a successful production, the poetess either lost or misplaced the manuscript. Recently it was discovered and published as originally written. Though one of her earliest efforts, the charming fairy tale in dialogue has received the same critical acclaim that has been accorded her work of later years.

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The works of forty-eight authors ranging from Cotton Mather to Willa Cather compose the *Oxford Book of American Prose.* In compiling and editing this companion volume to the Oxford choice of American poetry, Mark Van Doren announced that he has purposely excluded Theodore Dreiser because he could find no piece of his writing that could be called good prose. Nevertheless, Van Doren added that he considered Dreiser's a tremendous influence on American letters.

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Peter Ashley is the title and hero of Du Bose Heyward's novel which portrays a young Southerner opposed to slavery and secession, yet drawn into the war by the love of a girl, who is the symbol of the system he desires to destroy. Romantic and yet critical, it is the author's first volume in which negroes are not the chief characters.

* * *

From England there also comes a major poetry event, the publication of John Masefield's *A Tale of Troy.* In retelling the story of the Trojan War, the poet laureate has reduced the epic material to lyric stature and has divided the Homeric drama into eleven scenes. Once again Paris successfully woos and steals Helen, but the expression of the antique is thoroughly modern in form and spirit.

# Hingelo

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN and WALTER ROSENTHAL

The bookshop, Laurence agreed, was a pretty fair idea, but what in the name of Heaven was all this chatter about a magazine? And the sort of magazine that they were contemplating! A literary review! Why, in the first place, such things didn't pay at all, and in the second, he felt absolutely certain that neither Hinton nor D'Angelo knew very much about books of any kind. After all, this bookshop was merely a commercial venture. He had noticed that Hinton had never opened a single volume in the shop save those concocted by J. S. Fletcher and Edgar Wallace. As for D'Angelo, he would sometimes look into the more smuttier of the more limited editions, screw his pasty face into a ball of flesh and whisper, "That's hot stuff!"

And now these two merchants wanted to found a magazine. To Laurence the idea seemed incredible. Who would write for the thing, anyway? Hinton, he was sure, had never written anything in his life save a few would-be passionate letters and the papers he had had to prepare before he had been thrown out of the University. He remembered that D'Angelo had sometimes talked of a play that he was working on, but he seemed never to have gotten any further than the title "Symbols: or What is Life, Anyway?" Laurence recalled that their English was slovenly and their knowledge of its literature almost negligible. Hinton had a habit of throwing out the name of Upton Sinclair as his idea of a great writer but confessed that he had only read about him, while his companion was sure that D. H. Lawrence was infinitely greater than John Galsworthy but just couldn't explain why.

Nevertheless, mused Laurence, these fools want to run a magazine. He glanced around the pseudo-modernistic bookshop, until his eye lighted upon a batch of unmailed letters. He crossed to the desk and fingered the letters curiously. Although not exactly a snooper, he did desire to know for whom these were intended. He turned the pile over and began to read the names. Ezra Pound, Sinclair Lewis, George Jean Nathan, William Faulkner, Langston Hughes, Maxim Gorki and Upton Sinclair headed the list.

"What in the world is this?" he muttered. "Mash notes, perhaps." He scanned the envelopes again. Suddenly he remembered a remark of D'Angelo's, which had seemed trivial enough the night before. "We'll write the damn fools. Get letters from 'em. That'll give us a start, a hold on them."

Laurence laughed out loud. It wasn't possible. These two upstarts writing letters to the literary great, hoping for a reply that would—he couldn't finish the thought. Why were they writing the letters anyway?

He determined to answer that question for himself. After making sure that he was unobserved, he picked up the letter to George Jean Nathan, and slit the envelope. He raised the smudged sheet to the light and read:

"Nathan:

"We think you are a pretty lousy writer. You know perfectly well that you don't know what in the hell you are talking about in most of your articles. Why don't you come clean with the American public and admit it once and for all?

"We would like to be the first to congratulate you upon proclaiming to the world at large a truth that we have known for some time.

"If you don't answer this, we shall interpret it as an admission of your guilt. We shall also consider you a coward.

"D'Angelo and Hinton."

What now, asked Laurence after he had read the letter thru three times, to make certain that it was not all a typographical error? What do they expect this to do?

At this moment he heard a dull thud outside the door of the bookshop and he realized that this was Hinton returning from one of his drinking sessions.

Hinton lurched through the doorway. Coatless, tieless, hatless, in fact he seemed minus everything except his hair. Of that he had more than enough. It had reached the stage where it was curling up around the collar of his shirt and dangling over his eyes and sneaking down to the tips of his ears. He dropped into a wicker rocker. Suddenly he noticed the pile of letters. They had been disturbed, he thought. In a thick voice he accused Laurence of tampering with them.

Laurence replied "Well, what if I did? A letter to any of these men is public property."

"You're damned right it's public property," said Hinton, "but not for you, you sneak. That is, it's going to be public property when it's printed." He slumped back against the chair, exhausted.

"What do you mean, printed?"

"The answers to those epis-those-those letters."

"Well, where's it going to be printed?" asked Laurence in a mocking tone.

"In the magazine of course. In Louie's and my magazine. That's what we wrote 'em for. All of them there are going to be answered and we're gonna print the answers," Hinton finished in a childlike voice.

Laurence turned toward Hinton to probe the matter further, but discovered that the embryo editor had passed out. He laughed again and again at the incongruous spectacle and prepared to leave.

As he reached for his coat, D'Angelo rushed into the room clapping his hands in an ecstatic fashion.

"Do you know what?" he burst forth, "I've got a name for the magazine, Hint's and mine. Guess what it is."

Laurence feebly suggested "*The Miscarriage,*" but D'Angelo brushed him aside with a snort. "We're going to call it *Hingelo.*" A combination of our names," he explained, "we do the work, we're editors, we christen our kid after us. Pretty good, I'll say that's hot stuff."

At the mention of the name *Hingelo,* Hinton stirred as though he had heard abracadabra or hocus-pocus. He rolled his head from side to side and then opened his eyes. "What's that you're saying, Louie?"

"I'm just telling Laurence the name of our magazine. He thinks it's a wow."

Laurence made a surprised effort to remonstrate, but Hinton's rumble cut him off.

"No you don't. He was monkeying with our letters."

Louie turned on Laurence with the expression of a cornered weasel:

"What's the big idear?" he queried in a tone that was meant to be pugnacious, but only succeeded in being funny. Laurence knew that he was in the

*(Continued on page seven)*

# Flashback

*By* ROBERT W. BARNETT

Mrs. Burch's was a characteristic method of dealing. All four cards fell simultaneously. Swiftly arranging her own hand, she remarked,

"Mac, you're worrying too much. What's been done is done. Why not forget it. I always do. Never remember a mistake I made, or a friend lost, or an unhappy moment for longer than an hour. I completely forget it . . . My bid? . . . Four spades."

Mrs. Burch and I were playing Mac Sac and his daughter. The bid was byed and Mrs. Burch's preemptive was made easily. While Mac was dealing Mrs. Burch continued,

"If someone wants to insult me it has to be on paper, and then in ink. I can't be bothered with patching things up. Let by-gones be bygones . . . Your bid, Mac!"

Before Mac could bid the telephone tinkled and I took the receiver off the hook. It was a call, long distance, from Asheville. A man's voice whined over the line,

"Is this Cradle Lodge? . . . Well I want to talk to Mrs. Burch, Mrs. Patricia Burch. Is she there? . . . Who am I? . . . Tell her I'm Dave, Dave Richardson."

I put my hand over the mouthpiece and told Mrs. Burch that Dave Richardson was calling from Asheville.

Mrs. Burch dropped her hand on the table and went to the telephone.

"Hello . . . Yes, this is Patricia . . . I'm well enough thank you . . . I hardly see how I can do it . . . Not any time soon anyway . . . No . . . No . . . I'm awfully glad to have heard, Dave. Maybe later I can come . . . Goodbye."

That was what Mrs. Burch's mouth was saying. But through her brain tore other thoughts.

"What on earth does he want to call me here for. He knows I'm trying to get away from the routine of the old crowd. Poor Dave! He never got over our marriage. There's really no reason for me to sympathize now. No. None at all. I can't be bothered with him, even though he does want me to come up to see him. What does he want to see me for anyway He ought to know by now that Allen made me forget the little love that I had for him before I married Allen. I was a child then. It's different now. No . . . No . . . Goodbye!"

The phone was on the hook. Central tinkled the bell to see if the conversation were over. Mrs. Burch turned to the bridge table. She stood quietly with her hand on her chair.

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A handsome young fellow rode up beside Patricia Chalat and said,

"I'm awfully glad to see you're out." He smiled and pulled his horse over closer to her.

"Are you?" And then she rode on silently before she finally turned and asked,

"Who are you anyway?"

The young man replied grandiloquently, "Dave Richardson and for the time being I guess I'm your host. You are Miss Grace's niece aren't you? I heard you were coming down for a month. You see I really know you already."

"And how did you know that I was Miss Grace's niece?"

"Miss Grace told me you were pretty."

*(Continued on page four)*

# P · O · E · M · S

## To the Ascetics

By Bradford White

*Leave off the claret and the ale.*
*Be nurtured on a bone.*
*For strength that comes from stringency,*
*Contemplates a stone.*

*Wear cloth of an ascetic weave,*
*And eat what drought may send*
*Of shrunken hazelnuts and pods*
*Of tannic tamarind.*

*Sufficiency can be no step*
*To the realities.*
*Scorn our trivial want and thirst*
*As banalities.*

*Assert that taste is useless here,*
*Since tangs will never last.*
*Then find—the empty cup of death*
*Terminates the fast.*

## Night Image

By Phoebe Harding

*The moon is a Japanese Property Man,*
*With his queer broad hat pulled down over his eyes*
*Drowsing on a three-legged stool, the dark tatters*
*of his coat fluttering,*
*Apart from the jade stars he sits, silently holding*
*his blackened pipe-bowl*
*And from its long ebony stem, in slow puffs un-*
*looses*
*The upcurling white oblivion of Dawn.*

## Largo

By Karl Hettrich

I.

*Because the centuries have left me here*
*imprisoned where the cosmos is the least*
*to hang like some gigantic chandelier*
*where North and South contend with West and East;*
*because I am as nothing when I might*
*have been ten billion suns more than I am,*
*and outshone aeons had my silver-white*
*turned blue and overflowed my cryptic dam—*

*I have grown thirsty for oblivion*
*to creep up now, and drape me all in black,*
*then crush me so, and harden all my veins*
*until I die, I who have been the sun . . . .*
*Bend closer, Death, and hide me in some crack*
*or fissue in the Universe's brains!*

## Allegro Non Tanto

By Karl Hettrich

II.

*My head is heavy with this coronet*
*between me and my cup of nonchalance,*
*and all the while a sexless castanet*
*inhabits me until the resonance*
*maddens all my being, and I faint . . . .*
*O for the Thing to drop its snuffer now,*
*that in my ending flicker I may paint*
*my masterpiece upon the heavens' brow,*

*then blot the painting out before I swoon.*
*Come, gallant night, and take me for your own,*
*the old-age foundling of senility*
*begotten in the dark and born at noon;*
*for I, the scion of eternity,*
*take off my crown, and abdicate my throne!*

## Roundel

By James Dawson

*Remembering our Lesbia, our most high,*
*Our joyful Lesbia, Lesbia of the pain,*
*Can we believe she's now for all to buy*
*In alleyways?*

*That Lesbia of our inarticulate cry,*
*White Lesbia, unbesmirched by any stain,*
*Is she for any beggar passing by?*

*Oh, we who once believed her smallest lie*
*Are broken, and she will not come again*
*Into our beds, who cannot meet her eye*
*In alleyways?*

## Chance-Met

By E. L. S.

*You little know how much that one glance saw:*
*You sat there silent, toying with your glass,*
*A little tired and pitifully frail.*
*You wore a red-brown sweater that lent flame*
*To your brown hair and made you look a boy*
*And hid, almost, the grey strands in your hair.*
*Shyly you looked up and spoke to me*
*And gave me your sweet twisted boyish smile.*
*I don't know what you said. It may have been*
*Something about the music we had played.*
*I only know that you were beautiful*
*And young and well again. Your shining eyes*
*Have left a hurt upon my heart, the bright*
*Wound of an arrow pointed by a star.*

## FLASHBACK

*(Continued from page three)*

"Oh." And Patricia smiled. She was sixteen and her aunt's summertime guest. This Dave seemed to be quite a gallant young fellow, she thought as she smiled.

Patricia had met Dave. That night Dave escorted Miss Grace's young niece to a Beachside Club dance. The next day they rode again. And the next Dave drove her in his own Cadillac. It was one of the first in the town. The century had turned a decade before, to be true, but still Cadillac touring jobs were a novelty and a swank.

The moon might have had something to do with what Dave and Patricia were feeling a month later.

"I love you Dave, but Mother doesn't approve of my marrying a man without a job." Patricia whispered this to Dave in weak protest to his insistence.

"We can live with father. I have a good allowance. We will be perfectly happy, Pat. I'm wild about you. You can't turn me down because of your mother's foolish prejudice. I want to give you a Cadillac all of your own as soon as we get married. I want to give you stables and gardens. I want to travel with you. We won't have to worry about work. We will have each other and have one worry, that of trying to keep deliciously happy forever."

Patricia married Dave. Trying to be deliciously happy forever was more difficult than might be assumed, she found. On her seventeenth birthday Patricia found a shiny Cadillac by the driveway. The car stood unused. There was no one that she wanted to see. Dave's friends were tiresome, soft, poodle pups. Patricia wrote her disapproving mother and said she wanted to come home, but she couldn't get the money from jealous Dave. Pat's mother sent fifty dollars and Pat took the next train. But Dave was after her on the following one and dragged her back to his father's house to keep on being deliciously happy. He kept watch on her thereafter. But Pat wrote home again and her mother sent more money to come home. Patricia was bored and she wanted to get away from this man who played with her as though she were an expensive toy.

One night the town weekly carried blaring headlines (a definite departure from custom). The headlines spelled out in bold letters the declaration of War. With bills pinned to her lingerie Patricia sneaked out the back door that night, caught an evening train, and was on her way north. She changed trains in Richmond and headed east to Norfolk. She wired her mother. Mother and daughter met in Norfolk and sailed for New York. Dave frantically trailed them, lost track in mid-Virginia and returned home.

Dave did not enlist. A check took care of the pressure that might have been exercised to draft him. Patricia entered a nursing school under a false name. When her course was completed she found it impossible to go abroad because she was married. Her frustration was bitter, but still she knew it would be impossible to make Dave sign the divorce papers. When the flu epidemic hit Florida Pat took a train to mid-Florida and did her part in pumping lungs, loading dead bodies onto trucks, and giving hypodermics. Then she met Allen Burch. Allen was a captain in the aviation corps. His instructions were to leave for France in a fortnight.

Patricia told Allen goodbye as he pulled out on the northbound express, thinking she would never see him again, and wishing that she might never see anyone else for the rest of her life. "Try to be deliciously happy forever." The phrase struck her now as being fantastic. One wouldn't have to *try* with Allen. The last sight of Allen was one of his resilient brown torso strained far out of the train window looking back at her.

Allen returned, made Patricia push her hypodermic needles and test tubes, gauze and tonics away and sail through the Carribean with him. Pat's mother acted as chaperone. Once back in Miami, Allen and Pat took the train to Dave's mansion. Dave signed the papers quietly, with a touch of effeminate protest. Pat was divorced.

For three years Allen and Pat swatted golf balls, fished for tarpon, mixed highballs, and saw the New York shows twice a year. Their love was high spirited. Then one summer while Pat was in Michigan Allen came in from a game of golf to the operating table and died.

Emptiness was followed by weariness . . . brave cool weariness!

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"Mac, what was your bid?" Mrs. Burch looked into her hand, yet seemed not to notice what she held.

"Bygones are bygones and I never let them worry me." She remembered that she had said that.

"Mac, your bid!" And Patricia Burch flicked her cards together and tapped the pack impatiently on the table.

# To-day

*By* N. A. TOWNSEND, JR.

It's raining hard. In fact it has been raining all morning. There goes the bell. Chapel's over. Look at those freshmen pour out of Memorial Hall. All of them look as though they certainly hate to go to another class. Here comes the mail man. I hope he's got a letter for me.

I've got to hurry. I can't be late for history again. Where in the devil is my raincoat? Thank goodness, here it is. Now, have I got everything? My pen—textbook—O. K. I must be going, but I'll be back right after dinner.

What a morning! The rain and on top of that the driest lecture of the year filled the morning. It looks to me as though it were going to rain forever. For the last thirty hours it hasn't slacked up a bit. I felt the same way about old Smith's lecture on Ancient Greece. I thought that his fifty-three minutes would never end. It finally did though.

That was a good dinner I had. That cook really puts out some good meals every once in a while. Dinner to-day was one of his rare moments. Sweet potatoes, peas, cabbage, cornbread, and apple pie filled the bill to a "t."

If I don't get a letter from my girl this afternoon I don't know what I'll do. She hasn't written to me now in almost a week. I'll be darned if I'll write to her again unless she answers my letter. This weather makes me feel downcast when I think of the way she is treating me.

Well, of all things! It's stopped raining. The sun's even come out. Shucks! This is too pretty an afternoon to study. I believe I'll go to the show. Yeah, I've got just thirty cents. I'll be back and do my studying to-night.

Gosh! I feel great. The letter came, and the show was pretty good too. Let's see; I've got some physics to study, but maybe I'd better answer Alice's letter first. I'll study afterwards. Dearest Alice: Just a minute, you'll have to excuse me for a few moments. I can't let you see what I'm saying to my girl. That just isn't done even in these modern days.

There, that's done. Where is that stamp? I certainly thought I had a stamp. Maybe I was wrong. Say Fred, will you loan me a stamp? Thanks, I'll pay you back to-morrow.

Well, now for that physics. What in the thunder does George want me to come over to his room for? I'd better go and see. I won't stay but a minute, because I need to study.

Gosh, it's getting to be pretty late. I'd better hurry if I'm going to study any. George is some bull shooter. It's always a good session if he's around. I had no idea I'd been over in his room so long. Time sure does fly when a session's in progress.

I can't make head nor tail of these formulae. I'm tired anyway. I believe I'll go to bed, and ask the prof about these to-morrow. It won't hurt to wait one day. I don't see what good these blamed things will do me anyway.

It's raining again. I don't mind now because I always sleep well when it rains. Getting into the top of these double deckers is always a hard job. Set the clock for seven-thirty, Fred. O. K. Good night.

# KENNETH LOSES T. STONE

*(Continued from page one)*

But Ken was nearly seven years old and a lot of things worried him.

Kenneth lived with T. Stone two years. They seemed like ages to him. He could scarcely remember when he had left the orphanage. It all seemed like a dream now that T. Stone was taking care of him. He could wander about the big house and play with everything, and T. Stone almost never told him to let anything alone; or when he did, he said it in such a way that it was as if he hadn't forbidden him at all.

When it was raining outside, or when Tom and Harry had to stay at home and they couldn't slide down the bluff together, T. Stone let him do anything he pleased. He just said, "Sure, go ahead," when Ken asked. So it really wasn't necessary to get his permission, but Ken always felt like he ought to.

Sometimes about the middle of the second year after he had come to live at the big house, Kenneth could feel T. Stone looking at him. Then he would turn around and T. Stone would wrinkle up his eyes and smile, but there was a queer look in them that made him feel funny on the outside of his skin. He would be frightened and want to go off somewhere and cry, only girls did that.

Once when Kenneth looked around, T. Stone did not smile. He had begun to stay in bed very late or to sit in the big chair with only his underwear and a dressing gown on. Then the Doctor would come and talk with him and send Ken out to mind his horse.

T. Stone would laugh and say it was because he was getting lazy and the Doctor was a friend of his. But he didn't smile any more and the look stayed in his eyes. Ken began to find excuses to go out of the room.

There was a white statue in the hall, and for a long time Ken wanted to look the other way when he passed it. It was the statue of a woman and the woman didn't have on any clothes. Ken wondered why he didn't want to look at it. At last he decided he did want to look and was afraid. But he couldn't tell why. So he grew curious and began to steal glances when he passed.

He had to go through the hall several times a day and other times he went just to look at the statue. Finally he grew bold enough to stand in front of it, and once he even reached out a finger and touched it. That made him feel queer and guilty so that he couldn't ask T. Stone about it even though he wanted to. He wet his finger and tried to rub off the smudge it had made, but that only made it worse. He was afraid T. Stone would see the place and ask him about it. But T. Stone never looked at it himself, so Ken decided it wasn't meant to be seen. That made him all the more uncomfortable when he was looking at it, and he always jumped and wanted to hide when he heard T. Stone or the cook coming into the hall.

One day Ken was out playing in the yard and waiting for Tom and Harry to come and slide down the bluff with him. Every now and then one of the big chickens would chase a little one and look as if he were hurting it. The big chickens were roosters and the little ones were hens. Ken didn't mind them anymore. It was just a way they had and didn't mean anything except that chickens and men and horses liked to look at a woman. Ken didn't care anything about looking at women himself, except the statue, and she was hardly a woman if you stopped to think about it; women always had on lots of clothes and the statue hadn't any at all.

Ken got tired of waiting and started down to the bluff to see if Tom and Harry had already come and were waiting for him there. He was half way down when he heard the cook scream. It was hard work, but he ran all the way up the hill to see if a mouse or something were after her.

It wasn't a mouse and the cook was crying out loud and wringing her hands. The hired man looked as if he were going to cry too. T. Stone was lying face down upon the bed with his clothes on.

Ken yelled and asked what was the matter, but they didn't answer him, so he started crying too. Then the Doctor ran in and got him to hush a little and took him out of the room. Later a truck drove up with a lot of folding chairs and a negro boy who helped to set them up in the parlour and out in the hall.

The Doctor was talking to a man who was the Undertaker. He said, "By God." And the Undertaker said, "But Doctor we have to have some kind of services. Think of the neighbors!" And the Doctor said, "A man can't have his own way in this country even when he's dead!" And with that he walked away and left the Undertaker spreading his hands.

T. Stone was dead and there was going to be a funeral. Ken didn't know what to do and there was no one to tell him. He just wandered around and looked and wanted to cry again but didn't. Then some of the neighbors came in and Harry's mother was with them. She knew all about a lot of things, but Ken wouldn't go home with her when she asked him to. Then she said that was all right and she would just stay there with him instead.

Harry's mother sat by him that night when he was trying to go to sleep. He wanted her there, but it was hard to forget T. Stone and think about the Rock-a-bye Lady and her sugar plum tree. When he waked it was daylight, and at first he tried to keep himself from remembering what had happened, but it was no use. He got up and put on his clothes and hurried out before anybody saw him. It was a long time until forenoon.

A lot of people came to T. Stone's funeral. Most of them Kenneth had never seen there while T. Stone was living. There were people, ladies for the most part, who wore black clothes all over them, even their faces, and who wept or sighed into handkerchiefs and looked at old furniture and bits of this and that.

Kenneth didn't like them. He couldn't stand to see them handling T. Stone's things and moving them out of the places where they were the last time he had touched them, or ever would. And it was hard to be polite when they patted his head and said, "Poor boy!" as if he were dead too. He had a troubled vision of T. Stone with the Angels, and the Angels were all dressed in black and saying, "Rest in Peace," or, "Asleep in Jesus!"

He felt almost sick, so he wandered outside when the mourners became interested in things he didn't understand and were too busy to pat him any more, or even to sigh.

Ken didn't mind hearing about Jesus in Sunday School where he and Tom and Harry could do as they pleased because a Sunday School teacher is not much good and can't whip you like a regular one can. But it was awful to hear them talk about

*(Continued on page six)*

## KENNETH LOSES T. STONE

*(Continued from page five)*

Jesus and T. Stone being together. It made him so unhappy he couldn't even cry.

He wandered down to the bluff, and there were Tom and Harry sliding as if nothing had happened; and Bob Malone was with them. Ken was surprised and even a little hurt when they called out to him to join them. Didn't they know? No, they were laughing. It made him feel worse than even the dark people at the house.

He couldn't bear to hear them laughing; so he said he didn't feel like sliding and went back toward the house. It was a terrible feeling not to want to do anything, and it was the first time he ever remembered not having anything to do.

At the house the cook called him into the kitchen and gave him a ginger cake without his even asking for it. She had quit crying, but she didn't look very happy. The cake wasn't good either. He even thought of throwing it away, but he never had done that, so he kept on eating it.

Then the other minister came. He called Ken to him, and Ken was suddenly very much afraid. He thought the minister might be going to say something about stealing apples. He remembered the things the old man had said he would do if he ever laid hands on a bunch of thieving rapscallions. Tom and Harry had laughed about it afterwards, but that was when they were safe in the barn, and they had been just as scared as he was when the minister saw them.

However, the minister was himself again and talking about Jesus. He patted Ken on the hair and said, "Poor boy!" Then he put his arm around his shoulders and said, "Jesus will take care of you now."

So Ken knew for the first time that he was really in trouble. People always were in trouble when Jesus had to take care of them. He didn't want Jesus to take care of him; he wanted T. Stone, and if that couldn't be, he preferred to take care of himself.

He edged away and began to think of hunting rabbits with a real gun and shells like T. Stone had. He had often hunted them with a bow and arrow like the Indians used, but you had to have a gun now because the rabbits were so scared they ran faster than a bow could shoot.

But rabbits liked to run into the cemetery because there was a lot of honeysuckle there where they could scrouge in and hide; and these he was hunting kept running right across the place where T. Stone's grave was going to be. He couldn't keep them away; so he gave that up too.

People kept looking at him and making him feel uncomfortable, so before long he was out in the yard again throwing rocks at the glass insulators on the telephone poles, but it wasn't any fun even when he broke them. He was just about to quit and go back in the house when he heard someone call and there was Laura Marie coming over the side fence. She had on a short, faded blue dress and new white bloomers that were so bright in the sun that they hurt his eyes.

Laura Marie said, "Whatcha doin'?" And Ken said, "Nothin'?" and looked at the bloomers. They had just been put on and were not dirty at all. Ken began wondering what Laura Marie looked like before she put on the bloomers. It was a rather interesting thought. In fact it was the first interesting thought he had ever had about Laura Marie; so he didn't tell her to go along and let him alone, but said, "Whatcha doin' yourself?"

They stood around for a while and then Ken said suddenly, "Let's go down to the barn and play." He half expected her to say no, but she was all for it and was the first to climb the ladder into the loft and up to the rafters. It was darker there, but the white bloomers still were very annoying as they hurtled through the air or sprawled out on the hay.

Ken said, "Yer spoilin' yer bloomers, Laura Marie."

Laura Marie said, "Aw that's all right; they got to be washed anyway cause they're new and don't feel good."

Ken was doubtful. He said, "You better take 'em off."

Laura Marie thought of that; then she shook her head. "Unh ugh, the hay would scratch."

"It don't scratch yer hands does it?" asked Ken.

"No-o, but Mama wouldn't like it."

"How do you know? She hasn't ever said so has she? I bet she told you to keep 'em clean. Anyway she'd want you to; and besides, she wouldn't never know about it."

"But it ain't proper with you here," objected Laura Marie.

"Shuh, I wouldn't care. I wouldn't even look. I was thinkin' about yer gettin' yer bloomers dirty."

"You promise you won't look?" asked Laura Marie.

"Sure," said Ken.

They played for a long time, and when Ken came to the house, he had for a while almost forgotten about T. Stone, and he had altogether forgotten about Jesus Christ who was taking care of him now.

## *After Twilight*

*By* DEWITT HAMLIN

"Haven't done a damn lick of work this quarter!" Charlie wailed.

"Who has?" somebody responded.

"Who wants to?" added a third.

"Think I'll begin tomorrow," the fourth announced. He shifted his position lazily, finding vague hope in summoning the energy. Perhaps he was, after all, capable of greater things.

The four young collegians were sprawled in various positions over chairs on the front porch of their fraternity house. Their almost vacant expressions had just a touch of philosophical contemplation, just a touch of romantic rumination. With faces tilted upward they gazed without exercising noticeable volition through the lace-like design of arboreal foliage into a sky which was losing the tints of crimson and was sinking into limpid blue.

"The moon's clear tonight," someone murmured.

"Never seen the dark rim so distinctly before," was the response.

The quartette of resting boys lapsed into silence again. There was no sound save that of a breeze whispering through dying leaves and the intermittent swish of automobiles passing by.

"Guess I'll study," a voice boomed. But the boy didn't move and with the passing seconds it seemed that the remark had not only been ignored but had even failed to exist.

The silver of the moon drew a mist-like substance from the earth, lifting it slowly away from the damp ground, above the trees until it hung mid-air, only to be wafted away by the first breath of wind. This mist grew into threads of cloud which obscured the bright moon and made it look like a silver bowl lying unbalanced on swan's down.

The air became cooler. The boys turned up their coats and pretended that warm breezes were still blowing across the verandah. But it was getting cold.

"About time to study," the same insisting conscience repeated. This time the four scholars grumbled coherently, twisted out of their chairs and got to their feet.

The front door of the fraternity house slammed on the unanswerable suggestion that the four play a few hands of bridge before they get to their work.

## *The Chess Game*

*By* MILTON STOLL

The General's thoughts were chaotic. He glanced down at the squares of white and black on which stood the little ivory chessmen, and then across the table at the complacent countenance of the Business Man. Nervously he opened the game by moving the king's pawn two spaces forward. Disturbing thoughts had come to the General lately. This nightly chess game with the Business Man had already begun to grate on his nerves, as did everything else now. Chess seemed to him too much like war. And war in every phase was occupying too much of his thoughts. Even now, when anyone addressed him in his club as "General," he inwardly rebelled. He could give no reason for this, even to himself. He only felt that something—something unknown, something he dared not admit to himself—had happened inside of him. So he had taken to playing chess in an effort to distract his mind.

The General saw what he believed to be a favorable opening, and traded a pawn and a knight for one of the Business Man's pawns and a bishop. Apparently he did not better his own position, for the Business Man's king was still unassailable. Still, by all rules of the game, the General had bettered by the exchange: Wasn't a bishop worth more than a knight? Suddenly a disquieting thought entered the General's head. During the World War such an action, willfully sacrificing men in order to make your enemy also lose heavily, had been called a "war of attrition." The knight and the pawn that he had sacrificed became personified. He now saw in their place the thousands of boys and men that marched to their deaths. He stared at the four pieces, two white and two black, that were not placed to one side in a graveyard of high hopes. Was he the gainer from this internecine struggle? Had the Business Man benefited?

The game continued. The General sank more and more into his revery, and as a result he did not make calm, clear, and well thought-out moves. Inadvertently he left an opening of which the Business Man took immediate advantage. Thoughts which he believed he had banished from his mind once and for all kept constantly recurring. He, the soldier, had gone deep into the enemy's territory at the risk of disaster while the Business Man remained at home and capitalized on his mistakes. A

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## THE CHESS GAME

*(Continued from page six)*

disquieting analogy thrust itself before him. The soldier risked everything, poor devil—"his not to reason why—" while the profiteer fattened on other people's misfortunes. He was afraid to look up for fear that his eyes would meet those of the Business Man. It is getting bad, thought the General, when I'm afraid to look into my best friend's face.

By ingenious use of certain combinations, the Business Man captured most of the General's pieces. With the result a foregone conclusion, the end was hastened by the fact that one of the lowly pawns obstructed a square to which the General's king might have moved and thereby avoided check-mate for a time. After the military party in the country has been destroyed, mused the General, the downfall of the government, in this case the king, is always hastened by the revolting of the people, the pawn here, who turn against the rulers who have led them into a path that has finally spelled ruin or checkmate.

With a mumbled apology for his failure to play up to his usual standard, the General fled to his room in order to be alone with his thoughts. Unfortunately, neither that night nor on the nights that followed did he find a solution to his problems.

## . . . BUT THIS I TELL

*(Continued from page one)*

ferson building. My duties were negligible and the salary more generous than any I have received before or since. Unlike a certain brand of cigarettes, the work failed to satisfy. It was all here today and gone tomorrow. It seemed to me that no lasting value could come from instructing the New England mill to forward immediately shipment of 80-2 yarn to customer in South Carolina. Knowing little of the economics of cotton consumption and manufacturing, I always wanted to reverse that order. But I realized then what I have not forgotten since: that people who demand of their work congeniality generally secure it at a sacrifice.

The Chapel Hill to which I came on the last day of August more than a year ago had just been deserted by summer school students. Lassitude hung over the village. Only raucous radios disturbed the silence of Main Street. Seldom did I see people except in the one or two eating houses which remained open. For two weeks I rambled for miles around the village in the evenings, absorbing the beauty of the place. Chapel Hillians boast that their village combines "country living with cosmopolitan thinking." It was not until later that I became aware of a deeply ingrained streak of narrow-mindedness which seems somehow foreign to worldly thought. I had expected to work most of the time and to pursue my graduate studies leisurely. I was advised, instead, to pursue men as that would get me further. And that, I have discovered, is the philosophy of the majority of unmarried women in a collegiate community predominately masculine.

You ask me what kind of life I live. Each day is like unto the one before. There is little difference in the work I do or in the food I eat. I have perhaps the smallest apartment in the village, my father's radio, my mother's sewing machine, little else. My tennis racket mocks me from the shelf. My "five foot shelf" of books has grown beyond its original proportions but my typewriter remains idle, for when I come home in the late afternoon all I ask of life is a hot bath and a soft bed. I have traveled not at all outside of this, my native state. Vacations I spend on the plantation near Kernersville where is my collie dog, more constant in his affections than any man I've ever known. I have felt the financial stability of a city crash with a bank failure and have seen people start all over again, happier than before. I have watched small green plants push their heads above loosened soil and grow to maturity. I have seen happiness in a child's face and determination in a man's. I am still more interested in the historical past than the living present. A print of the good ship *Constitution* which battled the *Guerriere* until nothing was left save the mizzen-mast hangs upon the wall. I find greatest joy in little things: a blue pottery bowl, a yellow rose, mountains purpling in the last few moments of daylight, a line of poetry, a snatch of song. I have not yet got around to studying. I have worked until I am completely devoid of ambition and yearn for Bertrand Russell's four-hour day. I have known enough rare characters to fill several books which shall remain forever unwritten. I no longer want to be a good stenographer, for perfection in itself destroys something more precious. And when I see people stirring around as though they are influencing the fate of the universe (and maybe they are) I wonder if anything really matters and if the sum total of everything isn't nothing.

What am I going to do? The answer is whatever requires the least effort. I shall probably stay here, year in, year out, becoming so gradually that I am unaware of change one of those caustic old maids unhappy in their own experiences and determined to make other people in theirs. So when I pass on to my reward (Do you remember *Pamela* or "Virtue Rewarded" and Fielding's contention that virtue is its own reward?) think only this of me: *She lived and died in Chapel Hill.*

## *Portrait of a Gilded Lady*

*By* PHILIP GOODWIN

She was one of the little people of Ireland. She might be found on any wet night mocking you from some deep bog, hair flying and wild, face smudged, feet bare, scratches of briar and bramble on her arms and legs, wisps of a tattered skirt billowing about her legs. Or she might elude you on the rim of an Irish lake, moonlight drifting down upon her, pursuing her, never quite successfully. And there might be a stir of undergrowth as the other little people rush out to join her, like autumn leaves, in her pagan dance. Or again, you might find her spinning at the door of a tiny hut, domestic, demure, serene, or toiling over pots and pans in a sunny kitchen, waiting for her blue-eyed man to return.

And then you might chance upon her in an enchanted castle, moving dreamily and wide-eyed down echoing corridors, slim, straight-haired, and absolutely grown-up in satin and lace and velvet.

One of the little people compounded mysteriously of the elfin and the actual, making merry mischief spinning in the night, while weary mortals sleep so that they awake in the grey morning to find their toil accomplished. Building mighty blocks of stone

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## HINGELO

*(Continued from page three)*

wrong. He saw, however, that the only way out of it was to fight fire with fire: bluff with bluff.

"I told Hinton that they were public property. Anyhow, I knew you when, so don't try to act so tough. I didn't hurt your damned letters."

"Well," began Louie undecidedly. But then he snarled at Laurence, "Listen, you, we're not gonna have any rats like you hanging around here. I never liked you anyhow. You can't even swear like a man. Get out." And he ended with a long and varied stream of vituperation. Then, as Laurence had his hand on the door-knob: "Wait, I wanna tell you something for you and your stinking friends. We're gonna write letters to every big shot in the writing game and then print their answers. We're gonna get into everything anti-social and anti-the-status quo, just for publicity." Here his eyes shone with a fanatical light, as he thought of headlines with D'Angelo, Hinton, and Hingelo blazoned on front pages in heavy type. "We're gonna get so big that we'll smother the University. Kick us out, would they. We'll show them." He stopped breathless.

The pause merely gave Laurence time to interject "Go to hell," as he walked out of the door. He could hear D'Angelo's voice cursing him in shrill tones all the way down the hall, and even after he got out into the street.

Three weeks later he was staring with unbelieving eyes at the first issue of *Hingelo*. On the first page articles by George Jean Nathan, H. L. Mencken, Ezra Pound and the defunct D. H. Lawrence, met his startled gaze. On the inside page (the whole thing only contained four) he saw letters by Upton Sinclair, Benjamin DeCasseres, and Louis Bromfield, not to mention a few postscripts by lesser lights such as F.P.A., F.F.V., I.M.P., and Walter Lippmann. On the top of the second page, the names Hinton and D'Angelo were printed in 24-carat gold leaf in 32-point Roman. On the front page, like a scare-head, the name *Hingelo* was printed in letters an inch-an-a-half high. Next to it was printed a parenthetical phrase in italics: "It's new, it's different, it's hot-stuff," and then in the same 32-point Roman that was used on the second page: Hinton and D'Angelo, editors.

Where did they get the people to write for them, he wondered. Did the whole literary world go crazy at the mention of a new magazine?

Then he looked down the front page. The head "Bromfield Says Sweet Things about *Hingelo*" caught his eye. Bromfield's latest literary effort was in the form of a letter:

"You Damned Fools!

"Just who do you think you are writing to me, the great American Novelist? Since I am paid $2.50 per word, I don't feel justified in spending any time on such idiots as you must be. Twenty-four hours from now, in Early Autumn a Good Woman will Awake and Rehearse to discover A Modern Hero in the Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg." These I feel it necessary to tell you are the titles of my books. "Brom."

"P. S.—Please remit at the above-mentioned rate."

Laurence looked over the rest of the issue. There were letters from almost all the New York literati, a fair sprinkling from those who styled themselves harbingers of the Southern Renaissance, and one

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## PORTRAIT OF A GILDED LADY

*(Continued from page seven)*

and substance, uncannily wise, eternally child-like, tragically old, Irish and irresistible.

But she had drifted far from her native bogs and lakes, and was now to be found on Fifth Avenue at twilight. Amber and royal purple and old blue. Red wine in clear glasses and the minor note of a full struck chord. Velvet. Dusk. Shop windows and the opera. Tea-time at the Ritz. Old gold and emeralds, and a melody drifting from a casement window. A curving stairway in a manorial hall, and a white hand lingering on the carven rail. A smile when it is slow, and grave eyes with secrets. Amber and velvet and a royal mantle of fur. Dignity laid gently over a white flame. She could have had anything she wanted. Men followed her, sought her, desired her, in droves. What she had for breakfast became headlines. Those habits which she had and allowed the world to know about became great institutions. Her appeal was chiefly romantic and imaginative, and she symbolized all those things which an adoring public hungered for in themselves. Matinees. Black orchids. Crystal swimming pools. Grotesque black marble fauns.

She was one of those chameleon-like personalities who suggest quick-silver at midnight, phosphorous on a naked gleaming body, swimming, gliding.

She might have been a woman for whom knights jousted with her amulet upon their arms. A woman to be found in the bed-chamber of a sleeping castle, enchanted. A queen who rules royally and who dies at last, her beauty still undimmed, her heart untouched. A lovely lady with banded hair coiled like a coronet, or framing a face detached from earthly things. A tender lady with ministering hands, thoughtful and kind and compassionate, understanding all things and condemning no man. One who waits for the perfect knight, and, in the meantime, disdains all others. Champagne in a panelled room.

Then she met Jonothan Barfield. What she saw in him no one could understand. She! The proud one. The Reigning Woman of the American theatre. Of course he was unfaithful to her. A man is always unfaithful to a woman he isn't good enough for. He played about with cheap, flashy women. He humiliated her in public.

She became sad. She was now a woman in the thickness of life, beset on every side. Stricken eyes like a white fawn's. A gallant heart and proudly muted lips. Iris March with her green hat. *Pour le sport.* A leather jacket, and a roadster tearing wildly along the beach at night. A frosty ocean and cruel, jagged rocks in the cliff.

Then one day the newspapers screamed that she was dead. She had driven off the cliff into the ocean. A great, powerful roadster screaming in the wind, flying through the air above the ocean. A wisp of smoke and a lady who could not forget. A gallant lady. They said it was an accident.

## HINGELO

*(Continued from page seven)*

from Alexander Woolcott, which read:

"Your humble scribe begs leave to inform you that amid his breast-beating and tear-drying for the late lamented Minnie Maddern Fiske, he has been rudely jolted by the receipt of a missive from two individuals titled D'Angelo and Hinton. He further makes obeisance to secure permission to bring to your ears the tinkling news that said persons are the most uncouth, ill-mannered and ignorant epistolaires he has ever had even passing acquaintance with."

Laurence passed on to the third page, where he beheld a streamer "Books on Review, or Nuts to you." He glanced through the columns in which some two hundred books were mentioned. Typical of the criticism were the following notices probably conceived as blurbs by Hinton and D'Angelo: "Willa Cather is too old to write anyway" . . . . "Edgar Wallace is the berries" . . . . Upton Sinclair is the Great American Author . . . . Robert Frost is a pretty cold proposition . . . . We like this book because it has pictures . . . . *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens* is too long for us to read . . . . Hinton and D'Angelo are master editors . . . . Canby, Dewey, Virginia Woolf and Percy Hutchinson are lousy critics . . . . Hinton and D'Angelo are the biggest finds in the literary world since the discovery of J. S. Fletcher and Kathleen Norris . . . ." Then there was a half-column review of Margaret Sanger's treatise on birth control. The critique consisted of three lines: "Birth Control is not a failure! Birth Control has not been given a fair chance! Let the women and the men of America try Birth Control!" Underneath this manifesto, Laurence saw a small line of italic type which read, "*Hingelo* is really against Birth Control, but we get an add by playing the book up in the best literary review on either side of any ocean."

*To Be Continued*

# *Rabbit's Foot and Hairball*

*By* R. R. LEEPER

The old darky pondered a little, then said slowly, "Yassuh, I'se knowed *plenty* dat carried a graveyahd-rabbit's foot fo' luck, but I h'ain't seen many dese las' pas' yeahs, suh."

"Do *you* believe in a rabbit's foot bringing good luck?" I asked.

"Nawsuh,—leas' ways, I don't *now*. But my gran'pappy, he always b'lieved in it. He carried dat rabbit-foot of his wid him *all* de time. Don't recollect no 'casion w'en ole gran'pappy couldn't retch back and fotch dat rabbit-foot outen his right hime pocket, an' hol' it in his han's, an' rub it, an' say, 'Dah's my luck,—dat ol' rabbit-foot!' Carried it sixty yeah an' mo', I reckon. We buried it wid him at his funeral, two years gone, now."

I asked him curiously, "Did the rabbit always have to be killed *in* a graveyard?"

"Nawsuh; jus' so's it were neah enough to *see* de graveyahd from where de rabbit was killed."

The next darkies I interviewed concerning the rabbit's-foot superstition were at work on the campus walks. One of them was tall and fat; the other was short and wore black-rimmed glasses. The fat one seemed to think my question funny, for he started laughing to himself, shaking all over like a black Saint Nicholas. The fellow with the horn-rimmed spectacles grinned and said,

"Yes, suh, plenty o' folks 'roun' heah used to carry a rabbit-foot, 'specially de ole folks. W'y, I ust to carry one myse'f. It wuz jus' a kin' of a fashion when I was a young fellow. But de preachah we had den, he done *bless* de folks out fo' carryin' rabbit-foots, ha'rballs, an' sech; an' after dat de folks don' nevah show each deir rabbit-foot, ner brag 'bout what good luck it done brung 'em."

My best information on this subject came from one of the janitors. He stopped brushing the floor, leaned on the handle of the broom, and said, "I'se thought 'bout that myself many's the time. Seemed like ev'ybody carried a rabbit's-foot, say fifteen yeah ago, but I ain't seen any in a long time now."

I asked, "Do you know of any other good-luck piece that people believe in or used to believe in?"

"Well, sah, the' was de har'ball. Lots o' the cullud tribe b'lieved in de ha'rball."

I was all interest; I asked him to describe the hairball.

"They would colleck de combin's from deir ha'r fo' yeahs, ev'y day addin' mo' an' mo' ha'r to de ha'rball. Some o' de folks got impatient, and 'stid o' waitin' sech a long time, usin' deir *own* combin's, dey used *horseha'r* to mix wid it so's to make de ball look biggah."

I asked him to describe the way in which the hairball could be put to use. He said that several people would come together to use the same hairball. The owner of the hairball and the group of spectators would kneel in a circle on the ground. Then the "seer" would fix his eyes on the hairball, which he held close to him in his hands, and the whole circle would start bending their bodies backward and forward, rolling their eyes, and chanting in a rising, falling, long-drawn-out singsong the word "hairball," accented somewhat like this: "*ha'r-ball, - - ha'r*ball!" (Here I was given a practical demonstration). After a good deal of this exhortation the whole congregation would crane their necks forward to peer at the hairball, and the seer would usually discover that certain ends of hairs on the hairball were pointing in some direction "dat would sho'ly lead dem to good luck."

Here the janitor seemed to have reached a pause, and he started on about his brushing. He promised me, however, that he would talk with some of the older colored people that night and try to learn more about such beliefs.

The next morning as he was sweeping my room, the janitor told me he had talked with several people overnight.

"Most all of 'em," he said, "has heard 'bout de graveyahd-rabbit's foot, but somethin' that only a few of the very oldes' people knows about is *cunjurin'*."

"Tell me about that," I said. "How did they do it?"

"Only one uh two anywhahs 'bout heah could cunjuh. The way they cunjuhed was to put a cross-mark on the groun', an' the next person what walked ovah that mark was cunjuhed good an' proper. An' they was nothin' to take off a cunjuh, onct you had it on you. You jus' had bad luck an' mo' bad luck till the cunjuh wo' off."

The janitor swept a little, then said, "The queeres' ideas folks still has is 'bout such things as settin'-hens and housecats. They won't, under no condition, set a hen wid and an *even* number of eggs, because they know that, sho'ly as they do, most of the chickens will die. An' when the fam'ly moves to a new house, does they take the housecat wid 'em? Nawsuh, the housecat stays er goes anywhar he please, 'cept wid de *movin'* folks!"

The janitor paused meditatively. I asked, "Do you think people now are as superstitious as they were several years ago?"

"Don't know 'bout dat, sah. Bettah preachin' an' education done taught de folks one thing anyhow: if dey *is* supahstitious, dey *hides* it bettah an' don't let anybody know it if dey can help it."

# The Carolina Magazine

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## *Jefferson Davis---The Stormy Petrel*

By J. W. Long

"By God!" exploded Jefferson Davis as he threw down the two letters which he had just finished reading. He snapped his teeth and his face turned crimson with anger. Arising from his chair and kicking it back out of his way, he stood motionless for a moment before his desk. His fighting nature, which he had inherited, was aroused. There was a fierce look in his eyes, and the lines around his mouth tightened. He was greatly perturbed.

Swiftly he crossed over to the window, sank his hands deep in his trouser pockets, and gazed out over the horizon of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. Slowly he turned, his magnificant shoulders drooped, and the fire left his eyes. He wandered as if in a trance back to the chair that he had kicked so violently out of his way a few moments before, drew it up to the desk, and sat down heavily.

Again he glanced at the letters on his desk, but the reaction was not the same as when he read them for the first time. A sign of resignation came over his face, he closed his eyes, and slumped down in his seat. Yes, he was licked—damn Vance! damn Brown! It was necessary to bow to them and their damnable state's rights!

"If any one differs with Mr. Davis," said his wife, "he resents it and ascribes the difference to the perversity of his opponent." Davis resented very much the opposition of the fire-eating governor of North Carolina, Zebulon B. Vance, and the argumentative executive of Georgia, Joseph E. Brown. These two men were ungovernable by the officialdom at Richmond.

Vance and Brown both saw the danger in a centralized government at Richmond. They were terrified at the thought that Davis might assume all powers, destroy state's rights, and make the centralization of government complete. Vance "simply sent Davis short, blunt notifications which were in essence, commands." He reminded the President that North Carolina was supplying the Confederate army with one-sixth of its soldiers. He was a man of few words. On the other hand, Brown was a man of many words. He loved to argufy, and this was the method he used in fighting Davis. He would begin a debate with him by letter. Brown would start the ball rolling with fourteen closely written pages, and Davis would reply with thirty. The next day Brown would forward an extra thought which he had either left out the day before or thought of after sending the first letter. This "extra thought" would be about five pages long, and Davis always managed to go him one better by acknowledging it with six pages.

Vance, long after the war, maintained that Davis was an "incompetent ass," but in the correspond-

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Jack Dendy's woodcut of the Methodist Church spire is the first of a series of church spires that he is doing for the Carolina Magazine. Last spring Mr. Dendy contributed an interpretation of Gimghoul Castle. In the first issue of the Magazine this year appeared one of the Morehead-Patterson Campanile. By the end of the year the Carolina Magazine hopes to have run a woodcut of every important spire in Chapel Hill.

## *La Mort Blanche*

By Alden Stahr

Aaron peered through the elfin architecture of the frost on the middle pane in the westward window, and the light hair on his hands stood up. Cold? Yes, cold. Those two dark-tipped snowy knolls so familiar, now strangely gleamed in late cloud-filtered light. The lamp was not yet lit. * * * Beyond these niveous mounds rolled longer lesser curves, blanched and inert, upon which he had lain face down before this snow had chalked the face of earth. And the stark denuded limbs, alabaster like all else, stretched out and up beyond the whitened trunk *in rigore mortis*, the vital fluid stilled, yet graceful as in life. They pled with him to lose himself in their embrace as he had done long years before to reach for some wild ripe cherry. But he knew that now no charm for him was held beyond that silvered pane of glass; so he took his eyes from these etiolated limbs and looked to those pellucid pools from which he had drunk so deep in the summer of his thirst. Now they were glassy ice which mirrored nothing nor slaked his liquid want. This chilled. * * * On one white-feathered mound long hirsute strands, brown grass, drooped low to sweep this hoar-cheeked face of wintry death. Aaron closed his eyes, but the frigid vision persisted in his mind. Dead? Yes, dead. And cold. But where did Aaron stand? Before the smooth or the frosted side of the pane?

## *Sunday Evening*

By Philip Goodwin

In the South, the land of cavaliers and chivalry, between the mountains of North Carolina and the plains of South Carolina, lies the pretty town of Middleton. In the summer fine ladies come from Charleston and Atlanta with their children and fine ladies from Boston and Hartford come down with their dogs and jewels and horses. The flower of American youth come to combat in brilliant tourneys of tennis and polo and golf and swimming. Roses and violets bloom in the gardens of great estates and golden sunshine nourishes them and their owners. The laughter of children, the genteel barking of luxurious dogs, and the splash of clear blue water mingle to make a pleasing music for the ears of the D. A. R. representatives and for the Millionaire Jews. Great automobiles are strewn over the landscape and blooded horses loiter in luxurious stables.

But early in September the homeward trek begins, and by the middle of September no one is left except the penniless natives of Middleton. Even the swallows had winged their way southward, leaving Middleton to the grey clouds and to its natives who only lingered on because they had not imagination to vary any of their modes of living. The white natives had small minds, narrow as the lives they led, and as devoid of love and dreams and all the things that make life worth living. Countless generations of interbreeding and poverty and ignorance had produced, in them, a species that was really shocking in its degeneracy. Even in their own minds, only the negroes were inferior to them.

There were few negroes in the community, for the simple reason that the lowest type of work was done by the whites, thus depriving the negroes of their traditional position in the South. Their jobs usurped by the whites, there was nothing for the negroes to do but wrangle, or try to wrangle, a meagre livlihood from the farms which they rented from the summer people. Jed Davis and his sister, Amy, were, with very few exceptions, the only negroes in the town. They lived in a shanty at the edge of the perenially encroaching woods. It had stood there for over forty years, despite the wind and the storms and the damp air which crept in the chinks, rotting the wood and powdering the walls with mildew. It had once belonged to a Charleston banker, but it had long since ceased to be fit for white residence, even for native Middleton white, and had passed down the scale of values until it finally suffered the ignominy of being a nigger shanty.

Amy was a handsome, buxom girl of sixteen, tall, strong, and healthy. During the summer one of the wealthy amateur artists from Boston had painted a picture of her and had called it "Ebon Venus." It wasn't a very good picture, but it had drawn to her the attention of Tom Ward, the "white-trash" who lived with his brothers in the cabin next to

*(Continued on page five)*

# The Carolina Magazine

*Oldest College Publication in the United States*
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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## SPOKEN AMERICAN—BRAVO

Spoken American is like a mirror. It reflects exactly the character of the average modern-day American with his directness, straightforwardness and simplicity. Being clear-minded and logical, virile and hustling, the American of today, whether business man or street urchin, speaks a dialect that fits his own make-up. He is not accustomed to evasions and ambiguities in his daily business dealings and his manner of speech is wholly consistent. He is up-to-date, modern and hustling and employs a variety of the English language in keeping with his own character and personality.

In this day of progress, with literally thousands of new words being born constantly, as new inventions and new discoveries are made it is inconceivable that a language geared by necessity to Twentieth Century high speed should fail to keep up. Yet we know that Gaelic has no word for subway, no word for typewriter, no word for radio. And we consider that language quaint and interesting perhaps, but never useful. It is regarded in the same light as a bustle or a horse-drawn buggy, out-of-date, useless! Gaelic has stood still, like China, through the centuries. Its progress and development have not been commensurate with the giant strides of time. Once the universal tongue of the Irish and quite a sufficient one, it is now just a back number.

But our American spoken language has hurdled the jumps along with Father Time. Where would be the accuracy, the piquancy, or the clarity of our tongue without the coinage of such expressive words as: white-collar, blue-blood, scram, heeler, etc.?

Yet in our public schools we persist in teaching our children a brand of stilted, inefficient English that is obsolete. It went out with James Fenimore Cooper and Sir Walter Scott. And it possesses what we modern Americans consider the unforgivable fault or weakness-inefficiency. We have made a veritable fetish of efficiency in our mad progress in industry, the arts and science. Yet we obviously violate that inflexible rule in the teaching of our language, the very backbone of all our dealings with one another. Our society is a living paradox; it advocates efficiency and clarity in the actual business of life. At the same time in teaching its children how to meet the business of life it exhorts them to clumsy inefficiency and lack of clarity in modes of self-expression.

Somewhere our system has slipped a cog. There must be an immediate recognition of the need for scrapping our obsolete "speech armaments" and equipping ourselves with modern and adequate tools for the battle of life. We must realize that our school-marm English is doomed for the discard as soon as our children leave the class-room and step out into life. So let us snap out of it and go modern.—WINFIELD BLACKWELL.

# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

Last week was a gala one for the house of Galsworthy. In addition to his receiving the Nobel prize in literature, the author saw the publication of his latest novel, *Flowering Wilderness*. Perhaps as an attempt to silence the charges of sentimentality made by the younger English critics, in the new book Galsworthy uses irony and satire as never before. Somewhat in the nature of a sequel to *Maid in Waiting*, it joins characters of that work with the later Forsytes to present a picture of aristocracy under the influence of the post-war problems.

* * *

Until recently the chief journalistic supporter of Mr. Hoover, Mark Sullivan has issued another volume of his topical history of the United States. *Our Times* takes up the years between 1909 and 1914 and is an inclusive picture of the nation on the brink of becoming a world power. Sullivan's treatment discusses everything from popular songs and fashions to the inner machinations of the government.

* * *

More news from the banks of the Thames. One of the bigger wigs, Sir James Barrie, creator of Peter Pan, has brought forth his first fiction in thirty years. *Farewell Miss Julia Logan* is a ghost story laid in the Scotch Highlands in 1860. Founded on legends of that region, it is a mysterious blend of humor, fancy, and horror.

* * *

Is Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt typical of the business men of the nation? Is the radio a sound indication of the national personality? Morris Markey sought to answer such questions by driving over the country in a Ford, playing a sort of inquiring reporter. His findings appear in his book, *This Country of Yours*, which has been hailed as the best social study of America ever done in an intimate style.

* * *

Six characters, including a bishop bent on reforming New Jersey and a pickpocket after the cleric's under garments, are thrown into hilarious confusion when they meet on a ferry boat in a fog. Thorne Smith leads the sextet through such adventures as visiting a nudist colony and winding up in a night court. All the fun occurs in his gay novel, *The Bishops Jaegers*, and no dictionary will reveal that the good gentleman's Jaegers are his nether clothes.

* * *

Fiction that has been speeding up book sales includes Dorothy Whipple's *Greenbacks*, which Hugh Walpole calls "the best creation of living men and women that we have had for a number of years;" and *Forgive Us Our Trespasses*, another inspirational, hopeful work by Lloyd Douglas, author of the remarkable *Magnificent Obsession*, which has been a best-seller for three years.

* * *

Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth have blossomed out as poets. Proving that all royalty has not lost its sway, the editor of the *Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse* has included three poems of the father and two of the daughter. Although admitting that the poems are not of the best calibre, he adds, "It would be hard to deny them access to the presence-chamber so full of the subjects who once thronged their own."

## NOTES FROM A CHAIR

It is no comfortable sensation to feel overwhelmed by a demonstration of culture. Perhaps by reason of the infrequency of the sensation the experience assumes an intensity otherwise unexplainable.

Not a few individuals on this campus were exposed to the bright wittiness, the catholic interests, and discriminating comments displayed by a roving Oxford tutor this past week. It would be treason to our own American culture if we were to assume that a just comparison between American and English cultural standards could be drawn from this particular tutor and our own educated educators.

However, we were impressed upon meeting this Oxonian with the seeming versatility of interest combined with a somewhat more than casual penetration into the what and wherefore of the interests which apparently are to be found at Oxford. At Oxford acquiescence to the essential attractiveness of the cultured life is not regarded as an unmitigated impertinence as it is, so often, here. With culture and *education* at a premium there is little reason to be astonished at the appearance of a man from Oxford who knows why he likes the *New Yorker*, can appraise the significance of an O'Neil and the Carolina Playmakers, and can quote in French two or three pages of a brilliant finale from "Saki." Where culture still is regarded as a novel garb or a congenial affectation, names and labels suffice; but where it is considered one of the substances of life, meanings and not namings are the real significance.

* * *

Perhaps there is no greater tragedy than the change that occurs in many undergraduates who do have the capacity for magnificent unreflected action but cannot learn to use their brains. College and University proves to be for them an enervating and tragic experience, for they forget how to live boldly physically and can never learn to experience the satisfactions of a bold intellectual life.

One wonders if every university ought not to have a board of "bumpers" who throw these active men out into the world where they can act. The world is composed of actors and thinkers. Of course the line of demarcation is by no means sharp, but the distinction remains. Why tolerate active men who merely clutter up the processes of education, on the one hand, and are draining themselves of their precious vitality, on the other, when they might be out hardening and enlarging their own capacities for doing the things they can do best.

And those that do have the capacity for intellection—now they are compelled to be quiescent and constrained in their pursuits of intellectual development by the sluggishness of their social brothers, whereas if allowed to operate without restraints they might conceivably develop the same vigour and boldness in thought that their active brothers may attain in action.

# Hingelo

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second installment of Mr. Sugarman's and Mr. Rosenthal's extravaganza, Hingelo. The first installment appeared in the last issue of the* CAROLINA MAGAZINE.)

The back page contained largely future plans of the magazine, such as "*Hingelo* is contemplating a Washerwoman's Issue, which brings the sad state of washing the filthy clothes of the bourgeoisie before the very nose of the public. Here's soap in the public's eye."

Fools and sensationalists that they were, Hinton and D'Angelo seemed to have made a splash with their magazine. Of course, most of the comments were unfavorable, but so violently so, that they created a sensation, which was exactly what the editors wanted. They walked about town, drunken and dishevelled most of the time, basking in the malignant glances of the townsfolk. Laurence had met them in the near-by metropolis while they were on the tail end of a week's bender. Both were feeling pretty high and decided to take him back into favor. He was not grateful for their company but did relish the prospect of watching them try to get another issue of *Hingelo* together.

A few days later, when he had deemed them sufficiently recovered, he went up to see them. Hinton was sleeping on a day-bed in one corner, and D'Angelo was licking his lips over an illustrated edition of Baudelaire at a desk in the other. As Laurence entered, Hinton woke and began to rub his eyes. D'Angelo looked up coldly and went back to his book.

Laurence said, "Hello."

Hinton answered, cordially enough, "Hello, Larry. What'd you think of our magazine? Pretty good, eh?"

"No, I thought it was lousy."

Hinton said, laughing, "Well, that's what everybody said, didn't they, Louie? But we don't care do we, Louie? Publicity is publicity, hunh boy?"

At the mention of the word publicity, D'Angelo's face lit up. "You said it," he replied. "Look," he added, and shoved a batch of newspaper clippings over to Laurence. He ran his eye over them, casually. They all contained some reference to the two editors and their publication.

The clippings were all from the smaller newspapers. There were also a few notes from minor authors, but on the whole, there was not much evidence of recognition. It had barely been noticed.

D'Angelo almost echoed his thoughts. "Yeah, it wasn't so much, but there'll be lots more written about us when the next issue comes out." He declined to elucidate, so Laurence left them. His curiosity had been titillated and he was impatient to see the next number. In the interim of waiting, he met the two editors at various times in the university library. This was unusual since they were not students or avid after research and had more than enough books in their shop to read. He could only speculate on this phenomenon, but whatever theories he had formed were disproved when *Hingelo* appeared.

He had known in advance that the indefatigable epistolary efforts of Hinton had received some small reward in the form of letters from Zane Grey and Kathleen Norris with accompanying postscripts to the effect that "the only reason we're writing you is in the hope that we'll not be bothered in the future," but these were only short notes and would not serve to fill four pages. He was, therefore, astounded to note articles and stories by Willa Cather, Theodore Dreiser, Max Beerbohm, H. L. Mencken, and Ellen Glasgow. But his astonishment was even greater, when he recognized Beerbohm's article as one he had read in an old copy of the *Saturday Review;* H. L. Mencken's as a former component of the ancient *Smart Set;* and Theodore Dreiser's as an extract from his novel, *Jennie Gerhardt.* He did not recall having seen either Cather or Glasgow's contributions before, but surmised that they, too, came from early works.

Being an assiduous reader of the New York *Times* and *World-Telegram,* Laurence was kept informed of the results of this rash attempt. For about three days statements of the indignant authors were displayed prominently on the front pages of the newspapers. There was talk of suing *Hingelo,* but this quickly died down when it was learned that the editors were nothing but two penniless youngsters. *Hingelo,* with no ill-effects to itself, had accomplished its objective. It was now a nationally-known publication. Subscriptions were arriving in a steadily rising stream. Many of the young radicals, anxious to break into the literary limelight, sent articles and stories, gratis.

Laurence was apprised of these facts, when he met D'Angelo on the street soon after the controversial issue had appeared. Louie invited him up to the shop to see some of the clippings they had cut from all the newspapers they could lay their hands on.

The first few that met his eye were representative of the entire collection. Max Beerbohm was reported to have laughed, raised one eyebrow, and drawled "Indeed" when told about the plagiarism. He annihilated *Hingelo* the next day in a brief review in the London *Daily Mail.* Dreiser and Mencken's statements were not fit to be printed except in diluted form. However, even then one was able to gather that they did not like *Hingelo.* Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow, being ladies, did not say much, except "we wish they had been gentlemen about it."

Some other comments were: "That scrappy piece of jargon." "Just so much boloney" . . . "Another manifestation of sensational journalism . . . corrupting to the youth of the nation" . . . this last from a preacher . . . "Just what this country needs, on sale at all bookstores" . . . Womrath's Inc. . . . "Puts pep in the writing game, young blood, whoopee" . . . Tiffany Thayer . . . "It's odor is *most* annoying" . . . George Jean Nathan. The *Tribune* book review topped it off with "Probably no real contribution to modern literature. However, it has possibilities. We would like to know the motivating idea behind it all. Perhaps the future will bring . . ."

These criticisms were evidence that everywhere *Hingelo* was being taken seriously enough to merit attention, however unfavorable might be the consequences of that attention.

"Well, you certainly got recognition and I guess that's what you wanted," Laurence said.

"Yeah, but wait'll you see the next issue. That was nothing to what we're goin' to have," D'Angelo replied. He winked at Hinton, who grinned broadly.

"Why, what are you going to have?" Laurence queried, puzzled.

"You wait and see when it comes out."

Laurence was frankly mystified but had to cool his heels until the next edition of *Hingelo.* It came out on the appointed date, much to his surprise. It exceeded all expectations. Giant letters on the front page bore the heading "Sex Number."

Aldous Huxley was the most distinguished contributor, having an article entitled, "Fornication: the Preserver of Civilization," which, it could be seen, had been taken from the blurbs of his recent novel, *Brave New World.* "O. W.," authoress of *No Bed of Roses* gave a small but meaty article, "Sex and Me." Her topic sentence ran as follows: Fairies is bad for business! Lou Tellegen, paramour of the great ladies of the stage of another generation, offered an opus called "Too Many Women Have Been Kind." Maxwell Bodenheim and Ben Hecht wrote sexy satires of each other, but since they had both chosen the same title "King Codfish," there work was utterly indistinguishable. Broadway was represented by Mae West's effort "Why My Public Loves Me," in which the twice-jailed actress proceeded to explain that her dressing-room was thronged with *women,* eager to learn her secret of keeping buxomly beautiful.

Now they got publicity in earnest. Sermons were directed against them from both urban and provincial pulpits, editorials in the Hearst and Scripps-Howard newspapers denounced them as "sex-mad," and fathers threatened to disown children who read *Hingelo.*

Righteous folk banded together to sign a petition expelling them from the state, but a general protest from the remainder of the country at the thought of harboring them within its borders made action difficult.

Hinton and D'Angelo, themselves, could hardly control their glee at the furore they had aroused. Now, if ever, they were on the map; now they were real driving forces in American literature. Their heads began to swim and swell at the thought of what lay before them. They pounced on Laurence soon after the publication of the "Sex Number" and revealed their ambitions.

"Look," D'Angelo exclaimed, "we're gonna change our format. Eight pages and smaller type."

"Why?" asked Laurence.

"Oh, hell, we ain't got enough room for all the stuff, especially the hot stuff, the sensational kind that'll keep us where we are.

"Here's some poems by Gamaliel Bradford, we ain't got room for." He pulled a sheaf of typewritten pages from the wastebasket. Laurence began to read them and found them really beautiful.

"Why, they're not bad . . .," he began.

"G'wan, they're lousy. Oh we'd use them, but we've got the space promised to some other guys with hot stuff."

"How about the next issue," Laurence asked.

"Aw, we run outa idears, so it'll just be odds and ends."

Two weeks later his statement was belied. It was a well-balanced issue. There were articles by Alfred Kreymborg, John Dos Passos, and Lincoln Steffens, stories by Sherwood Anderson and Evelyn Scott, and poems by Max Eastman, Witter Bynner, and Hart Crane. Laurence thought that congratulations were in order, and with that in view, went up to the bookshop.

"This last number was the most literary you've had," he said to the two editors. They looked up at him with astonishment.

"Why, we thought that was the worst number we've had yet," Louie rasped. "Just a lot of junk, nothing really catchy or scrappy about it." For a

*(Continued on page eight)*

# Old House

## An Old Man's Tale

By EDITH HARBOUR

It was an old house. Just how old I can't well say, though I should guess that it antedated the Civil War by at least a generation. In those times it was the fashion to build the kitchen separate and set it back a ways from the house. But in the eighties an addition was built to the house, making it L-shaped; thereafter the old kitchen was used as a storage house for meats. The house was set back from the main road at least a quarter of a mile on a slight eminence and was surrounded by the prettiest grove of poplar trees I have ever seen. And I know trees. I've spent my life amongst them. Tall those trees were, so tall that they dominated the skyline for miles around the countryside. No matter in which direction you went you could always look back and see those trees towering high.

So it was lucky I considered myself when I was able for little more than a song to purchase that old place at the turn of the century. I was in my middle forties then, with a young wife and two little children, having married rather late. I was traveling up and down the South Atlantic seaboard for a lumber company whose home office was in Greensboro. So it was only natural that I should buy a home in Carolina, especially as much of my time was spent in the swamps around Georgetown where the tall cypress grows. I was still working there when the influenza epidemic swept the country during the Great War. The Negroes died off like so many flies. I stayed on until the coffin factory at Edgeville could no longer supply the demand, working both day and night. Then I came home. But that is another story, my child.

The place I bought was generally referred to as "the old Guilford place." I knew nothing of its past except that it had long been the home of the Guilfords who, more dissolute with each succeeding generation, had moved into town in the nineties, forsaking forever their ancestral acres. Much of the original plantation which had been divided and sub-divided among the heirs had been sold to pay gambling debts, for the Guilford men were as fond of the gaming table as of women and wine. And no one, boasted the Guilford men, dressed their womenfolk as well as they. Or, the town gossips added, were more unfaithful to their wives. All of which required money. But the old house was yet surrounded by a goodly number of acres and it was with pleasure that I brought my small family and household goods there. I shall never forget my Nancy's exclamation of pleasure when she, who had not yet seen her new home, first beheld that old white house with its graceful two-story veranda framed against the dull gray sky of a chill November day.

If I had been less sure of what I wanted I might have noticed the agent's pathetic eagerness to close the deal, I might have wondered at my inability to secure a Negro family to stay on the place. I might even have questioned some of my business associates about the place. But I bought the estate outright and with no forebodings. It so happened that I had to import a Negro farmer family from downstate, yet at the time I never asked why. Old Headen was a good farmer; his wife, Georgia, an excellent cook as she billowed about the kitchen with at least two little pickaninnies clinging to the folds of her voluminous skirts. I noticed, too, that neighborhood Negroes skirted stealthily around the place when visiting Headen. Then one morning Georgia refused to come to work. No suh, she reiterated, when I went down the lane past the stables to her small cottage. No suh, she wan't going to work in no ha'nted house. Not for nobuddy. Not even for Mis' Nancy. That was my first inkling of the ghost which walked at midnight on the upper front porch! I finally dissuaded Headen from returning immediately downstate by giving him for his own one of the most promising of the shoats. And a new calico dress brought a doubtful Georgia back to the kitchen which, I assured her, was not a part of the old house. It was but shortly after that, my child, when you awakened us in the middle of the night with pitiful screams and begged us not to let the mad dogs get you. We thought it was merely a bad dream until you lapsed into a delirum and then into a burning fever. Your life was probably saved by one of the Forsythe boys, wild lads all, who raced his horse the long way to town and there rode into the drug store and demanded, at the point of a pistol, that the best doctor in town get up behind him and hang on, Doc, for we're ridin' like hell tonight. It was the same boy who shot the floor from under the feet of a prescription clerk when his brother Pal was dying. But I'm wandering again. After you were running around with wan cheeks and shaven head I remembered the muttered imprecation of an old crone who came to bring my distraught Nancy bitter herbs which, she said, would work a cure. Sure an' it's the Guilford curse that's come upon her, pore chile, from livin' in the same house and breathin' the same air. She spat violently into the fire and crossed herself as the flames hissed omniously.

Life was never quite the same again. The countryside was quiet and the air was warm again. My Nancy should have regained her color but did not. I was away from home more and more, and I seldom came back but that I wondered all the long drive out that newly macadamized road if things were well at the old Guilford place. But when I spied you and your brother running down the long pear tree-bordered drive to meet me, having heard my fast-stepping horse cross the bridge half a mile away, I felt that life was good and that I was an old fool to let worries so assail me. Things were not going well. Business was not good and would not be until the years of the Great War when the government made huge demands of my company. As I drive about the countryside now and see blackened mountains of sawdust, barren acres which once were forests, and the scarcity of virgin timber I wonder that I did not realize then that lumbering was a dying industry in this Southland of ours.

There were two fires of mysterious origin at the old Guilford place in quick succession. One started on the front porch in the dead of night, the other in the kitchen in the early morning. Suddenly awakened in the middle of the night, I would hear strange, inhuman sounds. Things grew so bad that I slept with a loaded shotgun at the head of my bed. My only trophies from night shooting were eagle feathers and dead cats. Something had to be done. The old house had six spare bedrooms, yet never during all the years we lived there did we entertain overnight guests except relatives of ours from our native upstate county in Virginia. People simply would not stay there overnight. They would drive out from the city and spend summer Sundays, lolling in hammocks under the giant poplars, and they would come in droves when the weather grew colder to eat Georgia's famous 'possum and 'tater dinners. But as the afternoon waned and the women fastened their furs around them before departing I caught their faintly pitying glances at my Nancy who had wasted away to a mere ninety pounds.

It was not until after I had disposed of the place for quite a tidy sum to a New Orleans millionaire, newly rich, who wished to acquire an old homestead with plenty of atmosphere and didn't mind paying for it, and had built for my family a modern home in the suburbs that I learned the truth about the old Guilford place. Suffice it to say, my child, that a nameless infant had been burned to death in the maw of that great fireplace in the living room, that a slave had been starved to death in the dark, dank cellar where he could hear the sound of merriment above, and that brother, fatally injured by brother, (they quarreled over a woman, they say) had breathed his last in one of those bedrooms opening out onto the upper front porch.

# Philosophy from a Cracker Box

## A Sketch

By VERMONT C. ROYSTER

Uncle Bob? You mean the old man from down yonder at the cross-roads? Well, I rec'on I knows him, stranger. I've see'd him once or twice since I moved into these parts 'bout ten year ago. I ain't never had much liking fer him, seein' as how he's got ideas what is too old fashioned. I remember onct me and him had quite a set-to, just a friendly chat, you know.

Ever year about the time the folks round here begins to bring in ther' cotton for ginnin' we all gits together here in Leesville 'n' gives ourselves a party. 'Taint a grand party the likes o' which Miss Lee'd be givin' there in the big white house, but there's allus a big crowd there 'n' us old folks sit 'round a-smokin' 'n' a-gassin' whilst those harum-scarum young 'uns dances 'n' does their courtin'. It sho does give a body a laff to see them sneak off behind the hay stack or down yonder by thet sycamore, 'n' they a-thinkin' all the time thet they be foolin' they betters. I still hev' to sit 'n' chuckle when I rec'lect the time the cross board to the hay rack went 'n' fell in with Sue Gordon and thet Sawyer boy. I ain't ever seen two kids so su'prised in all my life.

Well, it was at one of these here affairs thet I first knowed Uncle Bob. I'd seen him onct 'bout two years before, but you never do know a feller 'til you've had a chat with him. I didn't really git much of a chance to hev' a sho' 'nough chat then. We was both sorta full of rocky branch likker, 'n' when I gits whiskey'd up to about half way my gills I allus gits garrullus. We'd already gotten kinda pucker'd out 'n' was sittin' over in the corner enjoyin' ourselves. There happen'd to be a boy from the city down there thet night. I disremember his name, but anyways he was being powerful attentive to the widow Phipps' daughter. He was one o' these here young men what allus wears a vest 'n' a tie, even of a mornin's.

It was while we wuz a-sittin' there thet Uncle Bob 'n' me fust begun to talk. "Now you just look," he says, "at the way he puts his arm around her 'n' looks at her as tho his heart were a-goin' to fall out of his eyes most any minute now." He

had to stop 'n' wipe some o' the snuff juice off'n his chin right in the middle o' things.

I allus did cal'clate as how dippin' snuff was a most unsanitury habit, 'n' I ain't never su'prised to see a snuff-dipper what's got cur'ous ideas. Now you take me. I ain't had nary a drop o' snuff in my mouth in nigh fifteen years, 'n' you allus find me thinkin' purty straight like. There ain't nothin' like a good chewin' plug to make a feller's brain turn over.

But I wuz a-tellin' you about Uncle Bob. "She don't seem to mind hit in the least," I says back to him. "Look over yonder in the corner. Ain't young Jim Trover's bowels a-grippin' him? If looks could kill, thet city slikker would a done been dead 'n' in hell long ago."

"Huh," Uncle Bob grunts—thet's about all he does is grunt. "Looks like ever time these here city fellers come 'round these parts they's allus bringin' trouble. I been livin' down yonder by the cross-roads for sixty years come next May, 'n' I ain't never see'd nothin' good comin' from a city feller. They come 'n' take our land 'n' cheat us out'n our crops, 'n' now they be comin' to steal our wimmen with all their fancy clothes 'n' purty manners. Mostly they don't expect for to marry them. Look at what thet feller from Raleigh did to thet second Bolton gal, and if old man Bost's son hadn't been decent enough to marry her they ain't no tellin' what might a-come from it."

Somehows I didn't see thet, so I says, "I ain't a-goin' to say as how most o' them city fellers ain't a purty bad lot, but they ain't all thet-a-way."

"You can't tell me," he says right back at me. "What you rec'on the Jones fam'ly had to go down yonder to the po' house for? 'Cause old man Saunder's done stold all their money. City folks allus growlin' at you. I went to Durham 'bout eight year ago, 'n' purty nigh got put in their jail. No, sir! You sho' ain't goin' to find me monkeyin' 'round them city folks, 'n' if I wuz the widow Phipps I'd larn Nancy not to be foolin' 'round with any feller what parts his hair in the middle."

Thet wuz just like Uncle Bob. As fer me I couldn't see as how it made any diff'rence where a man parted his hair, 'n' I told him so.

"There ain't no sense in you bein' so narrow minded," I says to him. "Just because a man happens to live in a city ain't no reason fer to say what he ain't alright. Everybody cain't live in the country, and the good Lord didn't mean fer them to. I kin sorta understand how them city folks are apt to git thet-a-way. It's cause they're allus in a hurry, but then thet ain't their fault. They cain't wake up of a-mornin's 'n' hear the birds singin' in the pine trees, 'n' they ain't nothin' what's cal'clated to make a man take his time 'n' think as birds singin' on a spring mornin'. They don't never git a chance to see the grass beginnin' to come up after the snow done melted down. They cain't never lay abed 'n' listen to the crick a-bumpin' over the rocks. They don't never make friends with the stars, 'n' git to feelin' sad 'n' comf'table like in the spring when all the trees is beginnin' to git green 'n' purty. I kinda feels sorry fer all them folks what's so bottl'd up in them pig's stys."

Thet's what I said to him, 'n' thet's about right, stranger. Right now you's in a powerful big hurry. You ain't got no time to be standin' here gassin' 'n' bein' sociable. Thet must be Mamie . . . thet's my wife, you know . . . hollerin' fer me to come on 'n' fetch the sugar. I mighta know'd I couldn't set very long in peace.

## Sonnet

By Mary Frances Parker

*Strange how all things of beauty live but brief*
*Inconsequential moments, while the joy*
*They bring is everlasting. Once beneath*
*A moon intense as the sharp grief of Troy*
*The leafless trees cast shadows of fine lace.*
*My heart has ached to feel the loveliness*
*Of lilacs and white violets; the face*
*Of some small daring wild thing that could guess*
*I meant no harm; the sound of weeping rain;*
*The call of sleepy birds; the quiet lap*
*Of water on smooth stones; a grassy lane*
*Leading to doors that open at a rap—*
*Brief moments, splendidly lived, too quickly gone,*
*Yet in my thoughts forever they live on.*

# The Moral Is Lacking

Octopus Rex

Guillaume had been a student of ancient classic poetry for five venerable years when he suddenly found himself hopelessly and desperately in love with an attractive maiden. He decided to make known his passion in a letter:

"Fair Lady—

Thine eyes are an harmonious antiphony; they chant rustic idylls to my heart and fire me with strident refrains; they glow with a spirit that would make it seem they dote one upon the other. Oh beautiful one, let them dote upon me! Thy lips are as a two line epigram: the fulfillment of the nether supports the promise of the upper; thy breasts are as two twin tender couplets: let me rest upon them and give them the strength that will make them heroic; thy thighs are two loving anacreontics that tremble beneath the touch; thy feet trip as lightly as the anapest and thy toes are successive epodes that cling coyly to one another. In short, I am enamoured of thee and fain would spend my evenings in reading carefully from your anthology of perfections.

Guillaume"

The fair maiden answered in this wise:

Sir—

Firstly, I resent your euphemistic implication that I am cockeyed. Secondly, you leave my breasts alone or I'll report you to the Dean. Thirdly, I think you'd get better results if you'd make love to the statue of Pallas Athenae down in the library lobby. In short, nuts to you.

Millicent"

Guillaume read this reply to his suit, pondered, then threw down his Sappho and went out and purchased a copy of Rabelais. The next day he resigned from the college, bid farewell to the classics, and joined the navy.

A year later, Guillaume returned. He immediately sat down and penned a note to the virgin of yesteryear:

Hey you!—

You're a beautiful woman and I'm a damned virile man. How About It?

Bill"

And she answered:

"Dear Bill—

Okay! Meet me tonight at ten down by the old pine tree and we'll see how damned virile you are. Love— —

Mickey"

## SUNDAY EVENING

*(Continued from page one)*

Jed's. He frequently told her to meet him at the rising in the woods, and she, flattered by the attention of a white man—even a degenerate white man like Tom Ward—had gone.

Jed, of course, she told nothing. She knew that he suspected her, but he never said anything. There was nothing he could do; little value was placed on black chastity by the whites, and Jed was a good negro who knew his place in a world of white supremacy.

Sunday evening was damp and dreary. After clearing off the supper dishes Amy sat in front of the cheery fire, alternately dozing and complaining of the weather. Jed sat at the other end of the fireplace, absorbed, seemingly, in cleaning his gun. The weather was of little interest to him, and he glanced from time to time at the girl. She caught his eye, and knew what he was thinking.

"How come you always lookin' at me like that?" she asked. "You make me feel like I done something turrible."

"How I lookin' at you? Cain't I look at you ef I feel like it?" It was alright, she told him, for him to look at her, but she was getting tired of his looking at her like she was a criminal. "Ef you're thinkin' 'bout me and that white man, Mr. Tom, I ain't studyin' none about him. I cain't help it ef he look at me?"

Jed tried to dismiss the subject with a shrug. "You ain't—"

"I done tole you I ain't done nothin'," she interrupted. "I done tole you I ain't studyin' none about that man."

Jed went on cleaning his gun and tried to think about the coveys of quail which had been reported in the woods. He said nothing more and listened to the flow of Amy's indignant talk. The drizzle of thin, cold rain continued outside the shanty.

Suddenly the door was thrown open and Tom Ward, the white man, was framed in the doorway, his stooped, flabby body leaning heavily against the door-frame. It was quite obvious that he had been drinking. His dull, ox-like eyes were feverishly bright, and his chin was slack. He stood there for a moment, looking at the girl and the rain came in through the open door. Amy looked at Jed, frightened and fearful of what he would do. "Come on in." said Jed. "The rain's gittin' everything wet. Come on in and shut the door."

"Don't tell me what to do," said the white man. And to Amy: "Come on over to my house. Ev'rybody's gone to church and there ain't nobody there."

Amy clutched at the edge of the table. Mr. Tom had just as good as told Jed that she had been there before. And there was no telling what Jed would do to her. Jed stood silently by the white man, with clenched fists, and a little muscle moved in his cheek. "Jed!" she called. "Doan' do nothin'. You cain't—"

"Ain't you comin'?" asked Ward. "Ain't you goin' to come over to my house no more?"

Jed clenched his fists tighter, and the little muscle in his jaw was quivering. "You better git out of here."

(*Continued on page six*)

## SUNDAY EVENING

*(Continued from page five)*

"Listen, you black bastard, no nigger can talk to me like that! Orderin' me to git out!" He tried to push Jed aside.

Suddenly something exploded in Jed's brain. His hand shot up and caught the white man squarely on the chin. The white man slowly crumpled and fell to the floor, hitting the edge of the table on his way down. Instantaneously the mist cleared from Jed's mind and his mind screamed: "What I done? Oh Jesus, I hit a white man!"

Amy rushed to the side of the white man, who lay quite still. She started to lift his head but noticed, for the first time that his head lay in a pool of blood. She remained kneeling beside him, her eyes wide and hysterical. "You killed him. He's daid. He ain't breathin' at all."

"Oh Jesus, I done killed him. He's daid," Jed repeated dully.

Suddenly Amy was galvanized into action. "You cain't stay here. You gotta run away, Jed. Maybe you kin hide—"

"Yeah. Maybe I kin git away."

For a moment he stood there, still, frightened, listening to the voice of the wind and the rain. Then, in a smoothe, quick movement he was over the doorsill and had stepped onto the damp grass. His breath was audible, and a faint sound of sobbing escaped from his lips. He ran towards the woods.

* * *

The only church in Middleton which was used throughout the year was the little white Methodist church, a drafty, unpainted frame building. Methodists from a radius of over ten miles came to hear the evening service every Sunday evening, and the people of Middleton were prouder of that fact than they were of the fact that the summer people came from a radius of thousands. The Minister, a gaunt, bitter-looking man, had been sent to Middleton because he was unambitious and had a thin, tired voice, and a mouth which flapped like a sail in the breeze when he talked. He began each service at seven-thirty promptly, and those who came in late he told in an accusing voice to sit in the rear of the room. Where, incidentally, the rays from the tiny stove could not reach.

At seven-thirty be began his service promptly, methodically. He opened with a prayer, during which all the members of the congregation were compelled to stand. Henty Ward, who had come in late, waited for the prayer to end. Then, as the preacher whined, "Amen," Henty walked to the front of the room. The preacher looked at him with a rheumy eye and started to ask him to sit in the rear when Henty said, "Tom's just been killed by that nigger over by the swamp, Jed."

There fell a dead silence in the room for a moment. Then suddenly the men rose, still in silence, and trooped out of the church, leaving the women alone. The only man who remained was the preacher, determined to carry out his sermon.

Outside, the silence was transformed into a terrific din. Many voices were excitedly asking many questions. Finally Henty quieted them and told them how he had been coming toward the church when he noticed the black wench, Amy, running breathlessly and hysterically down the road. He supposed that Jed had probably been beating her, so he went over to the cabin to make Jed stop his drinking and beating the girl. When he had got there the cabin was dark and after he struck a match he saw the body of his brother, dead on the floor. He supposed that the nigger had beat it to the woods.

When he finished his tale, the voices of the men rose higher and higher, louder and louder. Then someone suggested that they get the dogs and search the woods. Within fifteen minutes every man was equipped with a rifle, and there were hounds, yelling at the excitement of the hunt they sensed. The rain trickled miserably down.

* * *

Despite the coolness of the night, Jed was drenched with sweat. He had run on and on until his knees turned to jelly and he dropped, panting and sobbing. The river crawled like a great brown snake at his feet, and the wind was blowing strong and cold in his face. His shirt was torn off and his great shoulders heaved in the rain, glistening. Never in his life had he been so tired, so filled with a sense of futility. No matter how far he ran, he was sure they would get him. He looked down at the river. It was a comforting haven of rest and peace. He wished that he had the courage to walk out, deeper and deeper, until he could feel the cool waters close over his tired body, until he could feel the ripples gliding softly overhead, until he could no longer think, and be afraid, and dream of things that he could never have. But he was more afraid of the water, black and mysterious, than he was of the men or the dogs.

Suddenly he heard the cry of the dogs at the other side of the river. He could hear the men encouraging the hounds as they caught his scent, cursing them when they momentarily lost it. He jumped up wildly and set out again. But in his haste he stumbled over a log, and he was conscious of an agonizing pain in his leg. He was surprised to find that the leg would not stand up, so he crawled to the top of the hill and tried to conceal himself behind a great rock almost hidden in the underbrush.

At the hill they surrounded him. The dogs were barking madly, insane with the thrill of the hunt, the torches, and the knowledge that somewhere concealed in the dense growth of the dark hill was their prey. The hunters beat the bushes and attempted to dislodge the cowering man. They called to the negro, "You'd better come out of there. They ain't no use tryin' to git away. We got you."

There was no response from the negro, but they were afraid to go up to the top of the hill, and they pulled at the leashes of the impatient dogs who were straining to go. There was no telling whether the nigger had a gun or not. Hatred masked as justice, the lust for blood disguised as righteousness shone through the fear in their faces. A heavy, uneasy silence pressed down upon them, broken only by the barking of the dogs.

Suddenly a shotgun screamed. The negro was hanging over the side of the rock, his eyes staring out of the darkness at the white men. "Oh God, help me!" There was a scream as another shotgun was fired. A voice from below called: "Take that, you bastard!" Jed jumped like an arrow shot into the air.

Then he fell.

"That got him!" the voice from the blackness said. Curses were muttered, and the body examined. Jed lay on the little rising and his eyelids fluttered once or twice. The rain was washing the blood from his bleeding, bare chest, into the little rivulet at the side of the rock. The rain kept beating down on his crumpled, black form.

* * *

The men tramped townward to take their women home from church. It had stopped raining, and a silent, melancholy drip came down in the woods, as though the woods were weeping. The lights were dim and hazy and were reflected in a rosy glow over the town. The musty tang of woodsmoke was suspended in the air.

* * *

At nine-thirty the preacher at the little church was closing his service with a prayer of thanksgiving:

"O Lord, we thank Thee for this great land you have given us. We thank Thee for this great land which ensures each man freedom, equality, and justice."

## JEFFERSON DAVIS—THE STORMY PETREL

*(Continued from page one)*

ence between the two, Vance came out on the little end of the horn. Brown also lost in letter yardage and Davis published the correspondence without his permission. However, the fight these two men waged with Davis injured the President's prestige and put all the southern states on their guard against him. Time and time again they tied the President's hands behind his back so that he could not execute his plans. Both governors threatened to withdraw their troops from the Confederate army, and Davis, knowing that this would never do, acquiesced to their demands.

Jefferson Davis' fight with these governors was not for selfish reasons. Before the war, as a lover and supporter of the Union, he had been a believer in state rights. He maintained that the South should have its slaves. He dreamed of the day when the Democratic or state rights party, under the leadership of Calhoun and himself, would dominate the country's slavery policy. He wanted to destroy the timid Whig party, to bury, the abolitionists beyond resurrection, and allow the Union and slavery to march hand in hand. He was imbued with the teachings of Calhoun that "slavery has grown with our growth, strengthened with our strength and no other system can be substituted. We will not, cannot, permit it to be destroyed." When he became the leader of the southern states, he had to fight against state rights, because he sincerely believed that only through a strong centralized government could the South ever hope to whip the North and retain slavery.

Davis' dealings with his congress was about as stormy as with Vance and Brown. The hostility of Congress to the President was seen in the smallest matters. For instance, the senate refused to confirm his appointee, Joseph R. Davis, to the office of Bridadier-General. Joseph was a nephew of the President and the son of Samuel Davis. A motion was made to go into open session and discuss the matter publicly. The motion failed, and a motion to reconsider was passed by a small majority. The appointee was confirmed after days of heated debate.

The proceedings of Congress were often turbulent. In February, 1863, Senator Hill was defending Davis. He declared that Senator Yancey's charges against the administration were false and known to be untrue. In the heat of the argument Hill seized a heavy glass ink-well and hurled it at Yancey. Hill's aim was perfect, and the ink-well hit Yancey on the cheekbone. Yancey fell to

the floor bleeding profusely, and died the following July. The Senate went into executive session, and resolved that the affair was "highly disgraceful."

Three times Davis resigned from the United States Senate. In 1846 he had resigned to go to war with Mexico, and in 1850 to run for Governor of Mississippi. And with the election of Lincoln and the tie between North and South broken at last, it was necessary for him to cast his lot with Mississippi. When it was known that Davis was about to say farewell to the Senate, the galleries were filled with eager visitors. After a sleepless night, he appeared before the Senate with a pale and careworn face. In a clear, mellow tone he bade his fellow-senators farewell. He upheld the South and her rights to slavery. He maintained that the party had broken the Constitution by failing to return fugitive slaves. There was no malice in his voice, and the conclusion of his speech sounded a faint hope that war would be averted and a reconciliation affected.

"And now," the Senator concluded, "I feel no hostility towards you of the North—I wish you well and such is the feeling of my people. I express their desire when I say they hope for peaceable relations with you—I carry with me no hostile remembrances. Whatever offense I have given Senators, in this hour of our parting, I offer my apology for every pain which in the heat of discussion I have inflicted. I go hence unencumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and having discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered. Mr. President and Senators, having made the announcement which the occasion seemed to me to require, it only remains for me to bid you a final adieu."

When Jefferson Davis left the Senate, he "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire." On February 9, 1861, he was elected Provisional President of the Southern Confederacy.

Davis did not seek the presidency of the Confederacy, but when elected, he felt it was his duty to assume leadership. His record as a soldier, senator, and secretary of war, made him the logical man for the office. He had been active in the southern cause for many years, and his election was greeted with cheers by Southerners. Referring to his election, he said: "As this had been suggested as a probable event, and what appeared to me adequate precautions had been taken to prevent it, I was surprised, and still more, disappointed. For reasons for which it is not necessary to state, I had not believed myself as well suited to the office as some others. I thought myself better adapted to command in the field, and Mississippi had given me the position which I preferred to any other—the highest rank in the army. It was, therefore, that I afterward said, in an address delivered in the Capital before the Legislature of the State, with reference to my election to the Presidency of the Confederacy, that the duty to which I was thus called was temporary, and that I expected soon to be with the army of Mississippi again."

When the convention in its dramatic session in Montgomery elected Davis to the Presidency, he was living quietly at Brierfield. When the messenger arrived with the notification of the election, he and his wife were in the garden. A silence "as if a sentence of death had been pronounced" fell upon man and wife. Mrs. Davis knew her husband too well to feel that he could successfully direct a civil government. "I thought Mr. Davis' genius was military," she wrote, "but that as a party manager he would not succeed." This organism which Davis had done so much to create had turned to its creator to guide and direct it.

Before the war was over, Jefferson Davis had become the most hated man in the Confederacy, and certain people despised him even more than they did the Unionists. As events unfolded, it became plain that the President's waiting policy was a mistake—he should have forced the fighting. He spent useless time in quibbling over constitutional questions, and he should have seized the reins of the government and become dictator. He could have converted the cotton crop into gold, constructed railroads over which to move the armies into the interior, purchased and constructed battleships, and kept the southern ports open. All this he failed to do, and his failure meant the defeat of the South. His foreign policy was not aggressive. He was too proud to bend his knee to England or France. At first he was unwilling to offer the slightest inducements. His pride and self-confidence deterred the man who was a fighter, but never a compromiser or a diplomat. Toombs, his ablest financial adviser, Rhett, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Yancey, foreign representative, urged the President to make some bargain with France and England. But he preferred the waiting policy advocated by Mallory, Mesminger, and J. M. Mason.

Another factor in Davis' undoing was the playing of favorites. He removed men of superior ability and replaced them with men whose inferiority was obvious. Favoritism was shown to Benjamin, Pemberton, Bragg, Northop, and Winder. He quarreled with the dependable Johnson and the dashing Beauregard. Bragg was made military adviser, and he was more influential with the President than Seddon, secretary of war, or Lee, or Benjamin.

Davis thought that as President he was really commander-in-chief of the army and navy, because the Constitution delegated these powers to him. He directed all outside movements, and Lee's position was subordinate. The difference between Davis and Lee were fundamental, but they remained friends to the end. Lee was too broadminded to quarrel or to justify himself, and was content to do his duty and "leave the consequences to God." Colonel Marshall, of Lee's staff, concluded that Lee was "no more than assistant secretary of war." The soldiers loved Lee and hated Davis. When Lee hastened to the front at Spottsylvania after Longstreet had been shot down, the cry, "Lee to the rear!" came from a hundred throats.

Davis was a victim of the newspapers. They twisted the meanings of his statements. Soon after the death of Grant, they twisted the meanings of his statements and put false words in his mouth: "I have often prayed to live to see the day when both Lincoln and Grant were dead and in hell, and, as my prayer has been granted, I am ready to die!" Reporters made use of it to stir the blood of the North. They reported to the press that Jeff Davis was advocating another war. But he was far from doing anything of the kind. To one of the many gatherings at which he spoke he said: "Today you are in the Union again and it is your duty to restore the Government to its original form, to its pristine purity . . . . I repeat what I have said before. I have no apologies to make for my conduct; if it were to do over again, I would do as I did in 1861." In regard to the secession of the southern states from the Union, he said, "When the Southern States retired from the Union, they were merely exercising their constitutional rights. In an orderly manner, they resumed their respective sovereignties. The war did not abolish that right—the war settled nothing, except that secession was impracticable."

With the sounds of Grant's guns in his ears, Davis realized that defeat stared him in the face. Once a fighter, always a fighter—such seemed to sum up his attitude. In the face of inevitable destruction he never blanched nor wavered. Others might yield, but he, never. He had played his own cards, played them in his own way and had lost the deal, and was now the scapegoat of a thousand enemies. On April 2, 1865, while attending church, a messenger arrived with the news from Lee that Richmond must fall, because Grant had broken Lee's attenuated lines. Ashy-pale but composed, the fallen leader left the church in order to prepare for flight. His friends advised him to surrender peacefully, but this was not his intention—he was going to fight to the end. He proposed to fight on until the last man was killed. With his staff he attempted flight. All along his route the people were cold to the fallen chieftan and avoided him. At Greensboro he was compelled to sleep in a box car, the people being afraid to shelter him.

In the meantime Lincoln had been assassinated. Davis was immediately accused of the murder, and a reward of $100,000 offered for his capture by President Johnson. Penniless, a fugitive with a price on his head, the epic failure of the age, he lost none of his courage or dignity. When the announcement of Lincoln's death was announced, Davis' bodyguard cheered wildly, but Davis himself was impassive and undemonstrative. On the gray dawn of May 9, Union troopers surrounded the tent in which he had spent one night too many with his wife. Hurriedly he rose to make his escape. A few precious moments before the sad farewell were spent in his wife's arms. They were fatal moments. He rushed out to mount his horse, but General Wilson's troopers had placed themselves between the fugitive and his means of escape. On ordering a trooper out of his way, the soldier leveled his carbine to shoot the supposedly assassin of Lincoln. Mrs. Davis, still loyal to the man she loved, threw her arms around her husband's neck and saved his life.

On May 20, the ex-president was thrown into a dungeon and two days later irons were put on his ankles. Davis was a very sick man. He had sacrificed his health for the Lost Cause. The treatment he received at the hands of General Miles, in whose charge he was placed, was not in the least humane. In fact, Miles' treatment of Davis was more responsible for sectional feeling than Shiloh or Gettysburg. No correspondence was allowed, not even with Mrs. Davis. A light was kept burning all night in the cell, and a guard was kept just outside the door. Dr. Craven, from whom Davis received kind and courteous treatment, wrote the War Department in August that his patient would die unless he was removed to better quarters. Removal was not granted until October, and Davis began to improve immediately. Dr. Craven was removed because he got too intimate with the prisoner. Lack of exercise, close confinement, sorrow, and grief were sapping Davis' life. He was overcome with nervousness, and carbuncles broke out on his legs. His condition was critical and his death was expected. As soon as his condition became known, Greely, Raymond, Shea, and other humane aboli-

*(Continued on page eight)*

## JEFFERSON DAVIS—THE STORMY PETREL

*(Continued from page seven)*

tionists demanded better treatment for him, and they succeeded in having his prison life made more comfortable and pleasant.

Not until December, 1868, was Davis' case called for final disposition. The treatment he had received while in prison had made him a martyr, and the southern people looked upon his trial as a trial of themselves. When he was freed on a $100,000 bond, shouts of rejoicing filled the air and tears poured down many a cheek. Finally, after many delays, the suffering and much-persecuted man received his freedom. The Government admitted it had no case and took a non-suit.

Thus, Davis came to be loved and respected by his people. Their hatred had been buried by the unjust treatment he had received while in prison and the many delays in his trial. During the war, they had turned against him and fought him and his administration bitterly. But in the fight for his life they rallied to the dethroned king. In the North the punishment of Davis became almost a political issue.

After the war, Davis turned to business for a livelihood, but failed. He was no business man. With the failure of the Carolina Insurance Company and his steamship line, he was left penniless. Although Davis was without money, he was not without friends. Brierfield was uninhabitable, as negroes had occupied the desolate place for twelve years. Mrs. Sara A. Dorsey, a friend of Mrs. Davis, came to the rescue. An arrangement was made, and the Davises rented a cottage on Mrs. Dorsey's plantation, Beauvoir. When Mrs. Dorsey moved to New Orleans, she sold the property to Davis at a small figure. At her death the debt was cancelled and Beauvoir became Davis' property. At last the storm-tossed family had found a resting place.

At the cozy and remote Beauvoir, Davis turned to authorship. He wrote a short history of the Confederacy and magazine articles by the score. Assisted by Major Walthall, his secretary, by Judge Tenney, of Appleton and Company, and by his capable wife, Davis wrote a vindication of himself. The work, a two-volume publication, was issued by the Appletons, but it was not a financial success. The ex-President had no gift of authorship. His style was not interesting or alluring, and he lacked the ability to expound his ideas to the public. As he never saw the other side from his own, he could not present it. A dogmatist, he knew nothing of the value of understatement; his fault was overstatement. His strength and weakness were sarcasm and ridicule.

But when he answered the charges of his enemies, such as the charges that he had stolen $3,000,000 in gold from the Confederacy or his permitting northern prisoners to perish at Andersonville, his pen brought in a handsome income. Northern editors urged him to write, because the northern public was anxious to hear what the Rebel chieftain had to say in vindication of himself. In response to the demand he wrote numerous articles at $250 each. Thus high in the air again floated the banner of Jefferson Davis, and each day increased his influence. Beauvoir became the Mecca of good Confederates. His mail grew to volumes, and he became the clearing house of the Lost Cause, the arbiter of Civil War disputes, the champion of all Confederate controversies. He was now the southern idol—Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena.

The last years of Jefferson Davis' life must have been pleasant ones. He liked nothing better than to fight, whether it was with sword, gun, speech, or pen. From 1876 on he had many opportunities to strike back. In Congress his name entered into the heated discussions not a few times. He was attacked bitterly and unmercifully. He replied to his attackers. It was in those days that the southerners loved him for the enemies he had made; he and they had a common foe. If the Radicals were determined to insult and brow-beat Davis, they had to reckon with every true southerner. "Jeff Davis, right or wrong—but Jeff Davis," was the word. The ex-President played the part of a martyr in grand style; he was a hero and a dethroned king.

On December 11, 1889, deep toned church bells tolled, the muffled sound of the drum was heard, minute guns boomed, funeral dirges filled the air. In the gray uniform of a Confederate soldier, the "unrepentent Rebel" was borne through vast and sorrowing crowds on its way to the vault of the Army of Northern Virginia in Matairie Cemetery, New Orleans. There, amid the grief of a people whom he had led to war and to disaster, the Stormy Petrel found rest.

Controversy pursued the "unrepentent Rebel" to the very tomb. The Secretary of War refused to let the flag float at half mast over the War Building in honor of its former chief. Congress took no action. The hostile press carried harsh and abusive items. The Grand Army of the Republic at New Orleans refused to take part in the funeral procession. A band of negroes asked to be permitted to march in the procession, and was given permission. Not a negro was seen. General Beauregard, the best known citizen of New Orleans, stayed away.

But Davis was not without his admirers and mourners. All over the South heads bowed in a reverent farewell to the dead leader of the Lost Cause. Women wept, and even strong men could not suppress the tears. When the newspapers carried a statement to the effect "that Jeff Davis had once owned a pack of hounds with which to hunt fugitive slaves," one of his former slaves issued an open statement denying the charge. Former servants sent a letter of condolence to Mrs. Davis.

## HINGELO

*(Continued from page three)*

moment Laurence was nonplussed.

"Well, we won't argue about that. But the thing is certainly going to make you important. You're going to have to have some sort of a policy."

"What do you mean? We've gotten along this far without one."

"Yes, but supposing somebody asks for one. Supposing somebody wants to know your principles and all that. You'll look like fools if you don't have a policy."

"What the hell. A policy's no good anyway. Only clutters up things—and we want to be different."

Laurence pushed deeper, "I tell you you'll never get anywhere without one as far as real critics are concerned. There must be an expression of your ideals."

"We don't care about the critics, the ones you call real. We've gone this far without them. They can take us or leave us as we are."

Then Hinton looked up with a cow-like expression; the idea of a policy seemed somehow something sensational. "Wait, Louie, maybe he's right. We need something new in this paper. Let's try his damn policy idea."

"But you know we don't know . . . we couldn't," began D'Angelo.

Hinton waved him aside and addressed Laurence. "That's a damn good idea of yours. I'll tell you what. You come back in about a week, and we'll have a policy all written out. We'll publish it in the next issue because we need a filler."

"And then forget all about it," interjected D'Angelo.

When the allotted week was up, Laurence returned. He was greeted by Louie with a triumphant smile.

"Well, I haven't forgotten," he said. "Here's our policy." He handed Laurence three typewritten pages. They ran according to the following outline:

—"*Hingelo* has become in short time an amazingly successful publication with the most desirable type of readers, those who write for other publications. It therefore seems fitting to set down several points as an editorial policy.

"To be explicit, we, as editors, base our efforts to advance *Hingelo* on the following points:

"1. We are thoroughly opposed to any kind of association with cliques of writers. We will back movements but are against the clique and shall always, when the evidence is strong enough, expose clique politics.

"2. We throw our pages open to writers who believe themselves injured or misunderstood by critics. In our magazine the author who has just grounds for complaint but has been unable to obtain a forum of his grievance has the privilege of striking back at his critics.

"3. *Hingelo* soundly endorses the controversial aspect of literature. It desires to be a common battle-ground for the expression of opposing literary and social viewpoints. By publishing these differing opinions, we hope to encourage tolerance.

"4. We are completely in favor of encouraging the rising generation of authors and seek their work. We prefer promising effort to the writings of an accepted master."

Laurence turned to D'Angelo, who was looking at him with an expectant smile. "Why, that's an excellent exposition of principles for any new magazine," he said.

D'Angelo said nothing, but continued to grin in Hinton's direction. Then Laurence looked down at the paper again. A small thing which he had missed caught his eye. It was on the last page.

"P. S. If this policy isn't satisfactory let me know and I'll be glad to revise it according to any ideas *you* might have.

"Sincerely,

"EDWIN GORHAM."

---

L. A. G. Strong, English novelist and reviewer took occasion recently to draw a fine distinction between criticism and reviewing. The former, he held, is appraisal in the light of history, while the latter represents testing for the contemporary value of a work. He believes that reviewing is, and should be, largely a matter of personal like and dislikes.

* * *

Beyond the baptism of newly-published novels with the beverage, tea has apparently no literary connotations. However, Agnes Repplier took her tea seriously and produced a fascinating history of the drink. Its part in man's social development is the thesis of *To Think of Tea.*

# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

*Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina*

VOLUME LXII | SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1932 | NUMBER 5

## *Poppy Luce---1886*

*By* Philip Goodwin

"It was the War," explained the people of Middleton, sadly shaking their heads and assuming expressions of deep sorrow. Many terrible things, poverty and its attendant ills, and any evil which might befall them was blamed—and usually rightly—on the awful War between the States.

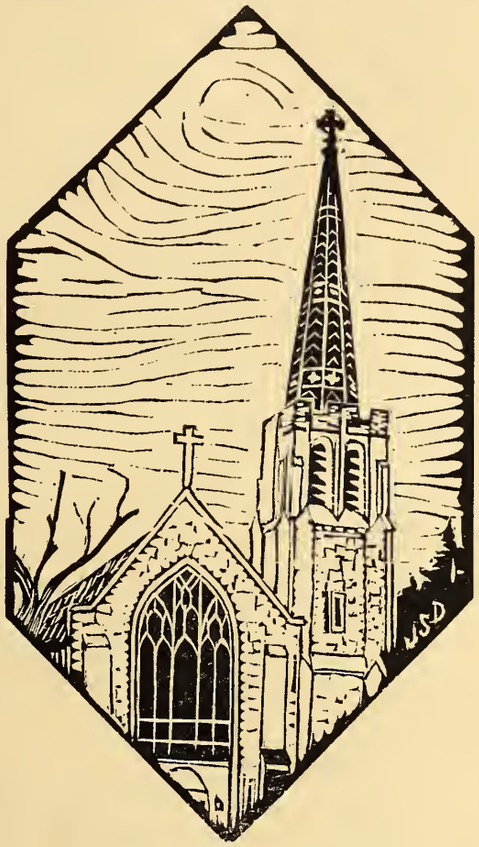
"It was the War," they said, regarding Poppy Luce. The War had taken not only her father and her three brothers, had not only driven her mother to suicide and her sister to death by consumption, but it had taken Poppy's reason away.

Not that she was actually crazy, the townspeople hastened to add; it wasn't as though Poppy were a dangerous lunatic who should be shut away. It was just the little eccentricities which had taken possession of her. For instance, they would tell of the great cat which Poppy kept, which was really not a cat at all, but a she-panther. Some of the townspeople objected when Poppy accepted the great black beast from her cousin, Thad Ravenal, who went to sea, but since the beast was kept out of the way and was seldom seen, there was little they could do. Yes, and they would tell of the place where Poppy lived. She lived in a great stone mansion, built and forsaken long before by a pirate who planned to give up his life of evil and retire to the mountains to live luxuriously on his ill-gotten gains, but who had been captured and hung at White Point in Charles Town before he could carry out his plans. The ruins were at the top of the highest hill in the region, where the wind was constantly singing melancholy songs in a minor key, and where the moon sometimes dripped tears in memory of the luckless buccaneer.

But worst of all was the strange and terrible obsession which haunted Poppy. It was whispered in Middleton that Poppy believed that her soul was pledged to the Devil, and that the Devil had taken on the form of the beautiful, black beast. The story of Poppy's strange pledging was that when the Yankees were ransacking her home where she was alone with her doomed sister, Poppy had faced them calmly while they plundered the family silver and jewels. She had looked on quietly while the vandals slit the portrait of her father and threw the Duncan Phyfe and Adam chairs as fuel for the great fire in the hearth. She had said nothing when they splintered the priceless crystal goblets and the painted china. But when they had left (it was rumored) Poppy had suddenly broken down and screamed, "There is no God! God wouldn't let such things happen!" And her blasphemy had not ended there. "I give my soul to the Devil who will treat it more kindly! I pledge myself to him, forsaking all others . . ." And soon after, the ebon she-panther arrived.

She had shut herself away in the ruins of the

*(Continued on page eight)*



THE CHAPEL OF THE CROSS

Woodcut by Jack Dendy

*The Chapel of the Cross is the oldest church standing in Chapel Hill. Begun in 1842 by Rev. William Mercer Green it was completed in 1848.. Rev. Green was in his period thoroughly sympathetic to a movement we consider modern today.. He was opposed to compulsory chapel attendance. A revered ecclesiast, he was in addition a brilliant scholar and his debates with Elisha Mitchell were well known for their brilliance.*

*The new Chapel was a gift of Mr. William A. Erwin and was completed in 1925.*

## *The Passing Childhood*

*By* Don Shoemaker

When some venturesome and appropriately patriotic individual sets about the task of modernizing *Battle's History*, he may of historical necessity find himself facing the problem of correctly dating an age known as "rah-rahism" on the University campus. For, despite the efforts of student officers and spirited undergraduates, the "college spirit" of the Twenties—the mauve decade in American university life—is dying a speedy and painless death on this campus. The collegiate attitude is changing.

The American college man is going conservative—with a bang. He has put away the epigrammed Ford, the raccoon coat and the fluttering pennant. Today he is garbing himself in the flowing mantle of maturity and assuming an attitude that repudiates the exhibitionalism of yesterday. He is still "collegiate," he is still blase, but *mirabile dictu*, he

*(Continued on page seven)*

## *Teething in Education*

*By* Joseph deR. Hamilton, Jr.

"These men are graduate students who have to be supported some way." The Dean of the College of Liberal Arts peered triumphantly at me through his thick-lensed glasses. His superior, self-satisfied smile said plainly that, as far as he was concerned, his case was won, that there was no room for further argument. Apparently he felt that no other defense was needed to refute my charges that the University had made of its under-classmen unwilling teething rings for graduate student-teachers to mumble over.

My first two college years were spent in making this discovery and finding that the practice was widespread. Everywhere colleges and universities are subsidizing graduate students by giving them teaching positions, thus exposing students, and particularly freshmen and sophomores, to youth untried in teaching.

Although I ran into several of them in my first year, things moved along fairly well until the following term when I found myself registered for a required course in Spanish with an instructor who laughingly announced that he had never taken Spanish and knew nothing about it except what he had picked up here and there. He told the class that he felt that they weren't getting a square deal, but, he said, "there's nothing I can do about it. I've got to hold my job so I can get my master's." Simply because he was one of those "graduate students who have to be supported" he was qualified in the eyes of the University to teach a course he knew as little about as I did.

I would have gone to the Dean with my complaint at that time, but sophomores are well-known for blabbing too much about things they know nothing about, save in their own estimation. So I put off my visit for a year, then marched into the Dean's office and told him, in a few words, why I had come, laying special emphasis on the plight of the unfortunate underclassmen.

His reply, to the effect that I was meddling in something that was not my business, showed me plainly that I was stepping on his toes, and his attitude said clearly that I had suddenly become an unpopular guest in his office. But I was angry.

"As long as I have been one of the victims, I am taking the liberty of making it some of my business," I told him.

He actually snapped at me, this suave and gentle dean: "Do you have the nerve to question the ability of this University to select its faculty members—you, a student? Of course these men are qualified to teach; every one of them has behind him an excellent scholastic record. You are exposing your gross ignorance of the whole matter." And then he told me that they were graduate students and it was up to the University to support them.

*(Continued on page four)*

# The Carolina Magazine

*Oldest College Publication in the United States*
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1932


## NOTES FROM A CHAIR

Public discontent has given birth to a comparatively rare phenomenon. The phenomenon referred to is the recent appearance of several "wildcat" publications. These "wildcat" publications are more than pamphlets and less than magazines. Dozens of them appear every year in England. Hundreds of them appeared in Shanghai alone, last year. Thousands make their bow and exit from week to week on the Continent. But they are new to the United States. Perhaps their rarity may be attributed to our stolidity and our characteristic unresponsiveness to contemporary events.

But with thousands starving and millions disturbed by "the futility of it all" we find groups of men joining to write something about the things they are thinking about.

*Common Sense* appearing recently in New York contains this striking indictment of youth. "Sounding trumpet-calls to youth is a sorry and futile gesture."

In this connection it is interesting to attend to the editorial resolutions of college magazine editors throughout the country. Looking over selected exchanges from some of the best college literary magazines and reading their editorial enunciations of policy it is significant to note that many editors implore their writers to "get at the real things of life," and then print the abstracted, "literary" tripe which they seek to break away from.

The spread between the policies and the actualities of college magazine publishing is astonishing, if not actually alarming.

College magazines seem to be incapable to getting articles and stories about the "real things of life." Assuming that the real things of life are emotions and thoughts experienced in the face of social, economic, and political distress, it must be that college writers simply do not know or feel these subjects. If this is the case, one is forced to speculate upon the character of the college man. Is the college man a protected child unfamiliar with the problems of the world he is about to enter? Is the college man a bored and indifferent observer of the turmoil that swirls around him? Is the college man ever a conscious and serious participant in the events of his time? The questions are of real importance. And perhaps in their answer we can find an explanation of the kind of copy that appears in college magazines.

## BUNK

*By* ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Said Marcus Aurelius, "Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear." The trouble with the Romans is they came to too hasty conclusions. What was he thinking of? He closed his eyes, apparently, to the world about him and generalized largely, and yet because he was a great ruler his words are passed on to us as so much fine gold.

What *could* Marcus have been thinking of? I suppose men didn't commit suicide in his day. I presume hearts didn't break and lives weren't ruined by circumstances over which men had no control and for which they were eminently not fitted, by nature or anything else, to bear.

There are any number of rejoinders that might be made to Marcus' statemest, but the soul-satisfying one that occurs to me, wan and pale from too many aphorisms and maxims, is "bunk." To a mind satiated with meaningless proverbs since the first copy book, old sows, from Marcus Aurelius' hand, through Benjamin Franklin's Almanac down to the depths of Eddie Guest's doggerel, fill me with active distaste. Dorothy Dix knows just as much as Kant or Schopenhauer do about how to live and is just as forceful. Anyway there are no more set rules to life, conduct, and happiness than there are to writing good exposition.

But I could have read on, indefinitely, scoffing but hopeful, had I not come to the page of Carlyle's notions. Carlyle's one excuse for this bit of bunk is that he did not know Rudy Vallee when he wrote, "Give me the man who sings at his work."

## COLLEGIATE ENGLISH

*By* BOBBIE MASON

I attended a meeting a few hours ago where everyone present was invited to speak quite freely. The group was made up wholly of upperclassmen, most of whom were seniors. Everything was quite informal; various questions were discussed and everyone expressed his opinion on at least one of them.

The language used by the speakers was not that which an outsider would expect from men who have been taught the fine points of the English tongue. Pronouns were misused at random; words that may be found in no dictionary were used frequently, and double negatives became quite proper. When a speaker felt that emphasis was needed, he swore, and the proper emphasis was thereby supplied. I have never heard more illiterate expressions.

Every man in the crowd knew how to use English correctly. Had the individuals been addressing formal audiences, more than half of them might have made very complimentary speeches. Among themselves, however, no one saw a reason for being free from error. Had one of the number tried his best to use proper words in perfect structure, the others would have laughed, either with scorn or because they would have thought the speaker was clowning.

There is no excuse for such butchering of the language. A politician may use a degenerated flow of speech in order to be comprehended by an audience of little understanding. A preacher may deem it wise to use simple words and structure in order that he may be understood by all. But there seems to be no logical reason why those who have paid to learn to use words correctly should apparently strive to use them wrongly.

# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

The Slavic invasion continues. Two authors of popular memoirs of the Russian revolution have again written of the days that shook the world. In *Lances Down*, the versatile Pole, Richard Boleslavski records his struggle to remain a neutral in Moscow during the chaotic events of 1917 and presents the picture of his sincere, passionate interest in the work of the Moscow Art Theatre to the accompaniment of the Red terrorism.

The Grand Duke Alexander is more sweeping in his estimates. As the title of his book suggests, *Twilight of Royalty* examines the positions of the present and immediately past crowned heads of Europe and finds them, almost without exception, uneasy.

* * *

Although the spirit of the newly-founded review, *The American Spectator*, is avowedly serious, the editors have permitted themselves one delightful indulgence. They have reserved a box in their columns for what they term the worst book of the month. G. K. Chesterton's biography of *Chaucer* has had the distinction of having been the first volume to enter this Hall of Infamy.

* * *

The modernization of the classics is still a favorite pastime. Path-breaker in the field, John Erskine has just finished his version of the Tristan and Isolde legend which he complicates by the introduction of a Saracen. Another pair of immortal lovers, Troilus and Cressida, have been lifted from the pages of Chaucer and placed into modern English verse by George Krapp. An equally radical departure from the original product is that of T. E. Shaw, the erstwhile Colonel Lawrence of the Arabian desert. In translating Homer's *Odyssey* into prose he has conceived it more as a novel than an epic.

What Will Durant did for thought in *The Story of Philosophy* Burton Rascoe assumes to do for writing in *Titans of Literature*. It might be called a biographical and critical motion picture of literature from Homer to Mencken. After discussing practically all of the somebodies of world letters, the author selected James Branch Cabell and Theodore Dreiser as the most important forces in Contemporary American writing.

* * *

A cat which has the superb experience of confronting an assembly of Anglican bishops to discuss Hell with them is the extraordinary leading character of Anna Keown's novel, *The Cat Who Saw God*. Since the feline is the reincarnation of fiddler Nero it had the tremendous advantage over the churchmen of having spent considerable time in the lower regions. The meowing emperor also figures prominently in the relations between a spinster and one of the bishops.

As though this title were not bizarre enough, three other novelists seem to have attempted to surpass it. Francis Brett Young calls his tale of conflict in an English family *The House Under the Water*, while a record of the pioneer days in Oregon by May Mabie is known as *The Long Knives Walked*. Most flippant of all is *Men Are Like Street Cars*, the amorous experiences of a sub-debutante who was never jabbed by the many fraternity pins she acquired.

# P · O · E · M · S

## Imperfection

By Robert Berryman

*You say you love me when I preen*
*In my clean shirt, my linen suit.*

*You say you love my gleaming teeth,*
*The way my eyes shine in the dark.*

*You say you love me when all common things*
*Are changed to shining silver by the moon.*

*Is it love?*

*If you do not love me when from hot and sweaty work*
*I stumble in and sprawl across the bed.*

*If you do not love my stubborn, crooked nose*
*And that unruly lock of standing hair.*

*If you do not love me when the sun*
*Blazes forth the faults that make me* ME—

*You do not love!*

## The Lover and the Deity

By Vernon Crook

*"O Forest Cannibal, dread Vampire Tree,*
*Devouring Deity of Malgache,*
*Allay Thy greed for human flesh, to Thee*
*I pray. Let Madagascar Virgins rest*
*Free from Thy bloody taste eternally.*

*"And to appease Thy wrath, Thy burning eyes*
*Upon me cast, Thy swaying arms begird*
*My body, and Thy fiery tongues arise*
*Consuming. Let my life atone for theirs*
*That lovers die no more of lonely sighs."*

*Forth reached the swaying arms to crush the man*
*In their embrace. The tree closed up to look*
*Like an unopened bud . . . It spread again.*
*The monstrous Deity its branches shook.*
*It laughed and rolled its tongues and thus began:*

*"Each year a Virgin beautiful and young*
*In sacrificial ceremony swallowed,—*
*With morsels in between to tease the tongue,—*
*Is mine. And you would stint my annual diet!*
*You puny, teasing, pre-digested, lung!"*

## The Awakening

By Frances Gardner

*I love the wind when it blows wild,*
*Bowing the trees down low,*
*Lightnings that dart across the sky,*
*Dazzling dull earth below.*

*For then I am as a feather light,*
*Or tiny child, all full of joy*
*That sudden gleams make bright the night.*
*That earth is quickened so.*

*Then I forget I'm flesh and blood,*
*My spirit answers freshening gusts*
*It revels in swift, fragrant drops,*
*Which deepen into floods.*

*Though Youth is on the wane*
*And childhood's long since flown;*
*I gain them back forevermore,*
*In the wind and rain.*

## Caught Mood

By Eugenia Rawls

*Because I want you so and cannot have you,*
*(And oh this pain, a dark and secret thing)*
*Because always you must remain forgotten,*
*And sunken in the memory of a dream;*
*Because without your nearness I am shaken,*
*And into my swept mind old thoughts are blown,*
*I fear without your certain strength. I hunger*
*For tremulous young laughter we have known.*

## Madonna

By K. Alison LaRoche

*You at the twilight when the shadows fall*
*About you like the rarest purple lace;*
*There on your eyes and lips is wistfulness*
*And all of a Madonna in your face.*

*Raphael stealing back, and seeing you,*
*There at the dusk time, when your heart is calmed;*
*A tear dipped brush, a shadowy dream his palate,*
*Would paint you a Madonna empty armed.*

# *Davy Crockett*

*The Yellowest Flower of the Forest*

)By Philip hill Milhous(

It has been my pleasure to hunt the elusive quail and to miss with repeating shotgun numberless rabbits coursing over woodland dells that once re-echoed with the heroic tones of Davy Crockett's challenge to the buffalo and bear. I was born where that same Davy Crockett between times of killing three bears in thirty minutes and one hundred and thirty seven in a season harassed the painted Cherokees and Creeks "from hell to the Horse Shoe Bend." And so, as one near pagan savage to another, I hail you, Davy Crockett—American, Barbarian, and Gentleman!

"Half Horse and Half Alligator"

When Davy shouldered his long rifle and marched off to fight with General Jackson, he said to his protesting wife, "If a man waited for his wife to get willing thar wouldn't be no wars till folks was murdered at their door." And that was ever Crockett's way—"*Be sure that you're right, then GO AHEAD!*" And when he was sure, neither the fear of God nor 'Ginril' Jackson could stop him.

It is a drama, this story of Crockett; I can see it in no other way. That is why I begin with the picture of his marching off to war. And it was at the close of the Creek war that an incident occurred which is prophetic of the end. Davy Crockett decided to go home. His enlistment was three months out, his clothes ragged, his family uncertain of his fate. Andrew Jackson opposed. He opposed with a cannon in the middle of a bridge and with the cocked rifles of a firing squad . . . It was great welcome Davy Crockett had when he got home.

It hurts me to give only one fight here. "I felt mighty wolfish about the head and ears," says he, relating a scrap provoked with a flat boatman on the Mississippi, "and thought I'd spile if I wasn't kiv-

*(Continued on page seven)*

## But after that

By M. F. P.

*"My gift shall be my absence while I live,*
*But after that, my dear, I cannot swear."*

*Peacefully shall I grow old,*
*And quiet my heart shall be.*
*(Though it be numb as winter's cold,*
*No one shall see.)*

*Each spring shall wake the earth again,*
*Each bush put forth new leaves,*
*But not my heart—it shall remain*
*Dead—though it grieves.*

*Mem'ries of you will bring me peace,*
*And longing bring me tears,*
*But naught but death shall bring release*
*From bitter years.*

*For after that, my dear, I cannot swear.*
*I cannot swear . . .*

## "Many Sisters to Many Brothers"

By E. L. S.

*The trees have burst into strange yellow bloom,*
*Pale flowers blaze along the bare black limbs.*
*The cold winds strip the blossoms from the twigs,*
*Whirl them to heaven, fling them on the ground.*
*. . . They say two kings met once upon the Field*
*Of the Cloth of Gold . . . The ground beneath the trees*
*Is golden now with fallen yellow blooms.*
*You stand beside me in the early dawn.*
*We watch the white stars fading, silently.*
*The first rays of the sun fall on your hair.*
*Our hearts are full of tears, our throats are choked,*
*We cannot speak, we are too proud to weep.*
*We part as silently as we have stood.*
*I go back home to empty, silly tasks*
*And you go back to France to fight again.*

*A month ago we stood among the leaves.*
*Then they were gold. Now they are brown.*
*And you . . .*
*You lie beneath them.*

## Sleep

Anonymous

*Sleep, that presses wise cool fingers*
*Upon my lids—*
*Sleep, whose wise calm eyes*
*Caress me—,*
*Into your arms drifts*
*My submissive body, relinquishes*
*Self-will. Into your sheltering embrace*
*I give myself.*
*Dark lover, claim me—I am yours.*
*Kiss away the memory of past loves,*
*Bind me to the present.*
*The past a shroud, sheltering dry bones;*
*The future a cloud, beckoning, elusively tinted,*
*Mobilely shapeless—*
*Only thou art sure; take me now.*
*Surrender is sweet upon my lips.*

## TEETHING IN EDUCATION

*(Continued from page one)*

I glared at him in amazement and then muttered, "And you worry about the evils of subsidized athletes," as I took myself out of his office.

The two years that have passed since then have not erased the feeling that the subsidized graduate student is out of place as a teacher of the American undergraduate. I will grant that the majority of them have sufficient basic knowledge of their subjects to teach elementary courses. But—is knowledge of one's subject sufficient qualification to assure the best interests of the student, who, after all, is the important consideration, being protected? I think not, for there is that indefinable something, known as teaching ability, without which a man may pack any amount of knowledge into his head, where it will remain as far as his classes are concerned. Nor does the lone fact that a man is a graduate student mean that he has acquired teaching ability. His need of support has nothing to do with the question —most people need support, but that is no reason why most people should become teachers.

I will admit that there is some justification—some legitimate reason—behind the practice. It grew up in most institutions largely as a result of a lack of funds. In the beginning young men were hired as laboratory assistants, quiz masters, or in similar positions where the questions of their teaching ability was unimportant.

At the same time, men who had been out of college a few years teaching in high schools or preparatory schools, were being taken into the university faculties as instructors. Many of these men did graduate work as a sideline.

About this there can be no complaint, but the system began to get out of control with the result that, instead of the graduate work being done as a sideline, the teaching became the sideline. Now the majority of the younger university instructors fall into the class against which I write.

As I say, my university is not the only offender. The condition stands out as a blemish on the face of education in all parts of the country. In the larger colleges the dean sees to it that each student has his work fairly apportioned between competent teachers and what they call "section hands." In the smaller colleges, however, it is quite possible that a student may carry his entire first two years' work under men who are scarcely aware of what they are doing, or who are so conscious of their position of superiority that they must needs spend whole lecture hours impressing their unfortunate classes.

This class of man is the abomination that every student learns to hate. His entire time is devoted to an effort to let the student know that his teacher has, perhaps, the greatest mind on the campus. There is no field of mental activity his mind has failed to explore and there is nothing he doesn't know—if you believe him.

I had one who spent many hours telling the class not to try any tricks on him, for he knew every trick of the undergraduate mind. Having established this fact in the minds of the class, he devoted himself to informing us that the mind of the undergraduate was that of a kindergarten pupil. We often wondered how, in the year he had been out of college, his had developed so far. The Dean would have explained it, I suppose, by saying that the conferring on him of a bachelor's degree and the resultant need of support had eliminated all traces of the kindergarten stage.

Then there is the matter of broadness of outlook which—and I say this with no attempt to disparage —no man, fresh from college, has. Yet this factor is one essential in the good teacher. Under men without it the student loses a large part of what he hopes—and has a right to expect—to get out of his college course.

One authority defends the practice by saying that "these young men have their future before them, their standards are nearly always high, and when they make mistakes, as they do, they are likely to profit by them."

Granting all this, how much does the innocent freshman profit who is the victim of the mistake? Certainly the results are not as serious to him as the fatal error of a young physician (who no doubt, having his future before him, has high standards and will profit by his mistakes), but the principle is somewhat the same. And, I must still insist that the student, not the instructor, should be the important consideration.

Volumes might be written in defense of the system; volumes would fail to defend the system unless they could show some justification for exposing a student, already suffering from the sharp shock of entering college fresh from high school, to the unskilled mercies of a pseudo-teacher.

College heads and administrative officials everywhere spend much time explaining to the public the big jump a youth takes when he enters college. They dwell at length on the dangers that will beset him unless he is prepared for the jump. These officials would do well to remember that one of the worst dangers in the new students path is one of their own making and do something to remove it.

Deans spend hours telling students that they have come to college now—that they must be on their guard at all times to avoid being wrecked on the shoals of new conditions before they become adjusted to their new life. Deans might remember that worse than the shoals in the students course are the sharp, uncharted rocks, dropped in the channel whenever an incompetent teacher is assigned to a class.

That the Deans realize that something is wrong with our present system is shown by the following excerpt from a letter written by one—the Dean of the College of Liberal Arts of a member of the Association of American Universities—to his undergraduate faculty:

"Of 232 students in the College of Liberal Arts last year only 72 passed all the work of the freshman year and a good number of these were taking some work below the college level. We are not getting anything like a fair amount of work from our students. There are various reasons for this state of affairs. A good number of students come here with the intention of working, that is according to their understanding of what work is, but who, by the time they have found what real college work means, have gained an attitude of futility or have learned how to avoid work and then spend all their time in useless pursuits of one kind or another."

I wonder just how many of these failures—attributed by the dean to a lack of interest resulting in an attitude of futility—are really due to failure of the teachers. It has been my experience that most first year men are eager to learn, and will remain in that frame of mind as long as they are encouraged. Could not an experienced teacher, in sympathy with his students, do much to foster such an attitude, where a young man, more interested in himself than in his students, would fail? Is it any wonder that young boys gain an attitude of futility when day after day they face immature men whose very efforts at teaching are the essence of futility?

Frankly, I think that most university heads would do well to turn half the energy they spend in saying nothing into an attempt to do something that will give the student a chance to have contact with mature minds, men of personality and vision, and men who take a living interest in their students. Administrative officials as a class, however, show almost no interest in removing the greatest of the dangers they talk so much about, although it is the one most within their control. Its removal, I believe, is a fundamental step in making a college education the really worthwhile thing it purports to be.

I have heard it argued, by men high in the field of education, that the underclassman does not deserve the good teacher. I ask these men why. What have the underclassmen ever done that keeps them from deserving good teaching? I have yet to find anyone who can say who, more than the freshman, deserves the better teachers; nor can I find anyone who can tell why the freshman should be punished because, through no fault of his own, he is three years younger than the senior.

On the other hand, when the theory of education comes up, I hear over and over that the freshman is having a hard time, that he must be given every aid, and that everyone should turn to and lend him a guiding hand. In practice, though, these same theorists stand back and allow, even support, the very system that denies to the freshman the very things they say he should have.

One authority, Mr. F. P. Keppel, will go this far with me: "It ought also to be possible within the universities to provide opportunities for the undergraduates, and particularly the freshmen, to meet the really big men, even though for only a part of a term."

This, I contend, is not only desirable—it is the duty of every institution calling itself a university to see that some way be found to give the undergraduate, and particularly the freshman, his chance.

Mr. Keppel goes on to say that "Such men cannot be blamed for hesitating to give up an entire term to a class of youngsters, but I believe, though I have never been able to get my teaching colleagues to agree with me, that they could be inserted to good effect in an undergraduate class for four or five meetings toward the end of the term."

Personally, I am of the opinion that any of the big men can and should be blamed for hesitating to give up part of their time to teaching—whether their pupils be youngsters or old men. Those who not only hesitate, but deliberately refuse are akin to those soldiers who deliberately turn their backs on their duty and become traitors to their country. Administrative officials allowing this to occur rank with them, for only because they condone the practice can it continue to occur. Nor do I think that the "four or five meetings toward the end of the term" that Mr. Keppel offers is more than an admission of guilt and a sorry apology therefor. Certainly they would make a meager portion of salve to offer a class bruised and battered for weeks by the teaching crudities of an incompetent.

And, leaving all argument aside, does anyone, even a freshman, pay good money for the drudgery of serving as a teething ring?

# No Longer Barren

*By* ROBERT W. BARNETT

Allen Clark was saying as he stood gripping James Rice's skinny hand,

". . . and now before I go, tell me that I can depend on you to say nothing of it. Not a word until after I die."

Clark disappeared into the green mist of the night. Rice turned and entered the chill gloomy emptiness of his own mansion.

The following morning, the morning of August 5th, 1874, the bank speculated mildly as to the cause of Clark's absence from his office. By noon Clark's beautiful young wife sent a little negro boy to her friends' homes to inquire if Mr. Clark had been visiting. By evening the town was buzzing. A week passed and the state was in a foment of excitement. Clark had dropped out of life as completely as if he had been killed and carried underground by one instantaneous flash of lightning. The whole of Kentucky was mystified and concerned.

No one asked James Rice if he knew where his friend Clark was. Rice was not the sort of man people approached for information. The whole of James Rice's being retreated from any compromise with the contempt he bore for human kind. Smothered night after night in the solemn fustiness of his library and frowned upon by the mockery of his dusty murals his contempt had grown to embrace his own lonely self. Only momentarily and then at rare intervals was this contempt dispelled. For James Rice enjoyed only one dissipation—and that a friendship. Allen Clark was his only friend. Those that knew of the friendship considered it a strange one.

Allen Clark was Kentucky's favorite younger son. A genius in finance, a gay and handsome club man, and an eloquent orator, he was the most envied man in the entire state. Not a month before, he had married Gwendolyn Ashmore, the most desired and lovely creature in the southland. Within the year he had been offered the governorship, but with characteristic modesty and good humour asked that he might wait until his hair began to turn grey. As a matter of fact the prospect of a political position did not appeal to Clark. He was too full of the excitement of freedom.

The friendship of these two men was nourished in one by the heat of admiration, in the other was the water of sympathy. For James Rice, it was the only force that relieved his life from the monotony of continuous misanthropy. And when Allen Clark disappeared James Rice withdrew with a vicious finality from contact with all human beings, letting his deformed mind brood upon the cruelty of the act that robbed him of his only joy. A plan for revenge was born of jealousy and hatred.

Then news dribbled through the vast country between Kentucky and Texas that a man named Clark was leading a regiment of soldiers. Newspapers hastened to him to discover the reasons for his departure and mysterious silence. Clark never spoke. Clark never intimated why he left and whereas the mystery had once been baffling, now it was both baffling and tantalizing. The state and then the country speculated upon his reasons for leaving Kentucky. No one knew or could find out.

With Clark's early death in Texas the country was once more reminded of a dramatic and mysterious career, for Clark at his death was once again, in Texas this time, the popular, powerful, leader and man of genius that he was known to be in Kentucky. Encomiums were written about Clark, "the man who had captured the imagination and loyalty of two states by his personal charm and ability."

Newspapers, historians, college professors, publishers clamoured for information about Allen Clark. But all reports were incomplete without an explanation of his early break with Kentucky and his early life. Investigations were carried on and followed with great interest through the country. Allen Clark became a premature legend, a noble hero, a fantastic Peer Gynt.

Then by accident a reporter overheard an old colored cook say that she had heard Clark talking to "Massa Rice" the night before he disappeared.

In a minute the reporter was banging at Rice's heavy front door. If Rice would tell his story it would be the scoop of the century. Rice came to the door. Once grey, he was now a white, emasculated spirit poisoning his soul with his unconscionable misanthropy.

The reporter pressed Rice with questions. But Rice only smiled and replied,

"I will tell you this. Before Clark left he said to me, '. . . before I go tell me that I can depend on you to say nothing of it'."

The reporter left in a fury of frustration. In a flash the country learned of the man who knew the secret of Clark's departure. Short story writers, novelists, psychologists, historians swarmed to Rice's cold mansion; each sure of his understanding of human nature; each sure that he could wrangle the secret from James Rice. They all left as ignorant as when they came. Newspapers damned him for his asinine perversity. Publishers mailed him blank checks to pay for his secret. College professors pled with him to contribute to the "body of human knowledge." The country came to know of Rice as the man who knew "the secret."

To those who knew him James Rice remained the lonely misanthrope he had always been. But within his own library he was no longer barren, no longer cold. He would sit by a great table with a huge brown book before him. In this book he was pasting clippings—clippings about himself. With each snip of his scissors he would smile and feel the heat of joy. He was famous, he was powerful! Never had Allen Clark enjoyed *such* fame!

At his death eight brown books lay by his bed, each book bulging with stories of James Rice and his "secret." Reporters, unwilling to let the secret slip out of reach pressed him to tell it. He only smiled. And those that were with him debated, when the smile became fixed on his dead mask, whether that smile was the smile of a loyal friend or a devil.

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Ten thousand newspapers carried the news of James Rice death. He had become a national figure, but one cynical reporter troubled himself to clip the stories. He carried them to Rice's mansion to enter them with the rest of the strange collection.

Upon leaving the mansion he asked a man on the street,

"Who is James Rice?"

"You don't know who James Rice is?" The man was incredulous.

"By the way," the reporter continued, "who was Allen Clark?"

"I've heard his name, but . . ." and the man turned impatiently away.

The reporter thought to himself that James Rice's smile was the smile of a devil.

# Murder

*By* ALDEN STAHR

Barney was not an amateur detective; he had been on the force for seven years, but he still lamented the fact that he had never yet been on a murder case. Thus far he was an ordinary plain-clothes flatfoot whose chief occupation was the apprehension of small boys for stoning windows in deserted houses. But he never despaired of getting into big time. Sooner or later, he avowed, he would distinguish himself, and with this end in mind he frequented all the dives which seemed to him to smack of the underworld.

On Saturday night of October fourteenth he propped his stubby form against the bar of Torlucci's cellar speak-easy and hid his face in a mug of beer. Not that he ever got drunk; he absorbed one beer each evening to avoid being conspicuous, and he also realized, after having been so informed, that alcohol dulled the keenness of the snooping senses.

After the third imaginary drink from his already empty stein, he heard the buzzer sound, and Teufel, the bar tender, grumbled, "You wait for me; I waited for you." He uttered this as a sort of formula each time someone called him to the door.

He returned from the other end of the cellar in a moment following two white-frocked men, evidently doctors, who put their feet on the rail and their elbows on the bar as they were accustomed to so doing.

"Two beers, please, Teufel," one of them ordered. Barney removed to a discreet distance, but not out of earshot.

"What's the matter, boys?" asked Teufel. "No rickeys tonight?"

"No, we have to operate in a little while. Gotta have a steady hand for a change."

So—Barney mused. —From a hospital and drinking before they operate. Shouldn't be allowed.

When the bartender went to fill an order at a table, the two doctors talked in low tones between themselves.

"That was a bad case with the gastric tumor this afternoon, wasn't it? She was too weak to moan. Think she'll pick up enough to operate on by morning?"

"I doubt it. She'd be just as well off dead if you should ask me."

Barney moved closer. They talked lower.

"What should we do about the one the car ran over? She had both hips broken, internal hemorrhage, and possible skull fracture. I gave her some of that nembutal sedative to ease the pain for a while, but she hasn't got much of a chance. She'll be crippled for life even if she does recover."

"It would be more humane to put her out of her misery. I'm getting sick of this sentimental regard for life that forces the maimed to live. A shot of strychnine will save her pain and us a lot of trouble."

"I hate to do it—she's such a beautiful creature. But nobody'll ever know the difference. They never check up on the medical profession."

"Yeah, we better get back and get it over with

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## MURDER

*(Continued from page five)*

while she's still doped up." He raised his voice to normal. "Good night, Teufel. Sorry we can't stay longer, but we have a lot of work to do tonight."

"Good night, boys. Hurry back."

Barney took a step after them as they turned to go. He was horrified, and his pulse thumped hard in his veins. They had been planning a cold-blooded murder. He knew from hearsay that it was just as much an officer's job to prevent crime as it was to apprehend criminals after their crime was committed, but something held him back. There was no glory in arresting on suspicion. But he felt guilty after the door had shut behind them; so he decided to follow and still prevent the crime before its commission.

"Teufel," he asked hastily. "Where are they from?"

"Wilson Hospital over on Essex Avenue."

"Must be a private one. Gotta be going, Teufel."

When Barney was outside he looked for the two doctors, but they had already driven away; so he started in the direction of Essex Avenue. A police call box tempted him on the way. It would have been simple to call the wagon and so prevent the commission of the crime to which he had such immediate evidence. But in the back of his mind were newspaper headlines concerning the cleverness of Detective Barney. It would make great stuff for the tabloids. So he passed the call box with eyes averted and hastened in the direction of the hospital.

The walk had taken fifteen minutes, and when he turned into Essex Avenue only a few lights burned dimly in some of the brick houses on the street. As he hurried along toward a building with an unlit sign hanging over its entrance a long-sustained wailing howl reached his ears from somewhere down the street. Barney was not a coward, but the sound checked his stride and so gave him time to reflect. The howl had a note of death in it, and when men caused that death they would be desperate in defending their own lives. It was with this thought in mind that Barney retraced his steps half a block to a drug store, from where he called headquarters. This was no longer a case for him to handle alone.

"That you, Riley?" he asked. "Lissen, send the wagon down to Essex and Grove in a hurry. Murder case. Make it fast."

The chief was standing at the desk when the call came in. "Who's that?" he asked.

"It's Barney. Looks like he's got something big at last. He wants the wagon on a murder."

"I'm going on it. I want to see how he handles things."

The patrol wagon sirened for Barney as it came down Grove Street, stopped briefly to pick him up, and then turned down Essex. Barney was elated to see the chief. This would mean publicity, promotion, no more juvenile cases.

"Stop there, by the hospital," he directed the officer who was driving. The chief looked around but said nothing as they climbed out and up the porch steps. One cop went around to watch the rear door. Barney rang the bell inportantly, then pounded impatiently until he heard steps from within.

"Open in the name of the law," he commanded.

The group of officers waited expectantly, ready for anything. Barney's face was flushed with the wine of excitement. His hand gripped tightly the butt of the gun in his pocket. A light flashed on above them, illuminating the porch, the group of policemen, and a large brass plate on the door. Suddenly Barney was heard to groan. The plate, as well as the sign above the entrance, bore the legend:

WILSON DOG AND CAT HOSPITAL

## *Chaucer Gets it in the Neck*

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

It was a cool, clear spring evening in the year 1394. The doors of the Tabard Inn were flung wide open to receive the fragrant air from the English moors. Outside the tavern could be heard snatches of drinking songs, raucous, angry voices, rasping and chortling to bawdy jokes. Into the midst of this confused merry-making walked a slight, shy man, evidently of the upper class. He was threading his way through the motley throng of men and women when a flamboyantly dressed, florid-faced woman grasped his sleeve.

"Just a minute, my man. I think I've something to say to you."

"Hardly," he replied. "I don't know you."

"Well, I know you," she declared emphatically. "Yes, sir, you're the poet fellow that went with us to Canterbury about five years ago . . ."

His face eased into a smile. "Why so I am. I'm pleased that you remember me."

"Remember you?" she shrieked. "I just guess I do. Listen, you little field-mouse, I've a mind to box your ears. Ever since you wrote in them tales of yourn that I had five husbands my doorstep has been loaded with suitors. I've had to marry two of 'em to save myself being trampled to death. Of course, I'm rid of 'em now, but I'm telling you I don't want no more. I'm gettin' too old for such doings. You leave me alone, understand. You and your po'try too."

With face like a persimmon she turned to the crowd, "Here he is, that fellow that we been talking about. Why don't you tell him what you think of him?"

The good wife of Bath had been too much for the court poet. He sank down on a stool and weakly called for ale. Before the order-ridden host could serve him, a high churchman thrust himself before him.

"So you're the one who wrote all that stuff about me? That I went hunting, that I didn't obey my orders, that I was wearing a love-knot? It was you who had me hauled up before the bishop to take the worst tongue-lashing of my life. Because of you I've had to live like that stupid parson of yours these past years, only lately getting out for some real amusement. I'd like to burn you and your damned verses too."

Beside the monk there sprang a friar and a pardoner to increase the poet's misery. Shaking his hairy fist in Chaucer's face, the former cried, "I'll break every bone in your body if you ever say again that I dally at my labors." To which the pardoner added, "And mind you, no more of that talk about my relics being false. It has been lean with me since you wrote those scandalous lines."

The poet drew himself together and prepared to answer the furious churchmen, but he was interrupted by a courtly knight. "Now see here, good men of the robe, this fine fellow meant no harm. Keep your tongues away from him." Then he bent over to whisper into Chaucer's ear, "Those were nice things you said of me, but, say, I could tell some of my real adventures in the Holy Land and Constantinople that would make that tale of the miller look like a Sunday-school story."

"Well, let's hear it. Anytime's the right time for a good tale," said the poet, settling himself on his stool.

"It was like this," the knight began, "When we visited the sultan we had to pass by the harem and somehow . . ."

The sentence was cut short by a fierce voice bellowing, "Where is he? Where's the wretch? Ah, here you are," roared a red-faced, white-bearded franklin pushing his way toward Chaucer.

Beard flapping, eyes blazing, he shouted, "Do you know how much you owe me? My stewards are still reckoning the account and, by God, you shall settle in full or I'll have you before King Richard himself."

"I—owe—you?" queried the flabbergasted poet.

"Of course you do. When they read in your tales that I ran such a fine table they came to my estate in droves. They've all but eaten me out of house and home. Truly, it cost me less to feed them than to keep them away; there were so many of them. You shall pay or be hanged."

At this juncture, the franklin was jostled aside by a swarthy sailor. He brandished a knife in Chaucer's face and spat at him, "You're the mate who said I'm a thief, eh? On every bark that sails they tell me of your words against me. You white-livered sea-gull, I'll run you through and string you to a mast." So saying, he made a lunge for the terror-stricken poet but found himself held in a vise-like grip secured from behind.

"Not so fast, you son of Davy Jones. I've got something to settle with this parrot first." The brawny miller turned to Chaucer, who by this time heartily wished himself free of his poetic gifts. He inclined his head and pointed to an ugly scar across the center. "You see that. That's what all your talk about breaking doors with my head came to. The neighbors didn't believe that I could do it, and neither did I. But, egged on by your lies, they taunted me until I tried it. I was in bed three years for the crack I got. Now I've come to settle with you, you knave."

Things really began to look bad for the poet, for both the sailor and the miller were struggling to get at him. But once again one of the pilgrims came to his aid. The nun rushed to his side and scolded the brawling roughnecks. "For shame, leave this gentleman alone. He has done no real damage to any of you. Get out."

Having rid the poet of his tormenters, she quieted him and made him drink some ale. "I was much surprised to hear from you that I wept over dead mice. In truth, I can't abide the creatures and shrink from them dead or alive," she remarked. "How the sisters have joked with me over that! It has not been easy to forget."

Meanwhile, the inn was growing noisier and the voices angrier. Expressions of indignation filled the air.

"And because he said I didn't believe in the Bible, I've lost my practice."

"And I'm supposed to seem busier that I am, the nerve of that fellow."

"And that stupid tale he said I told, the dolt."

The infuriated pilgrims, led by the sailor and

miller, were advancing upon the poet and his defender. Savage looks and bared weapons presaged no good for his safety. Imploringly his eyes sought those of the knight.

That son of chivalry suddenly skirted the edge of the oncoming crowd, picked the poet up in his arms and bore him out of the inn. The deed was done so quickly and to such general amazement that the nun had time to bolt the door and prevent all exit.

Once outside, the knight hoisted Chaucer upon his horse, gave him a friendly slap on the shoulder, and bade him god-speed.

"But, really," began the poet, "I meant no harm."

"Quick, get out of here before they tear you and me to pieces," answered his saviour.

Chaucer took the advice and urged his horse forward. Then, as he was rounding a bend in the road, he heard the knight's voice call, "And, say, don't forget about the harem."

## DAVY CROCKETT

*(Continued from page three)*

vered up in salt, for I hadn't had a fight in about ten days."

The stranger remarked that he didn't 'value a feller' who chose to tell him how to run his boat. Thereupon they looked at each other 'slantendicular' for a time and: "Said I, 'Come ashore. I kin whup you!' . . . He was a right smart coon; but hardly a bait fer a feller like me. I put it to him mighty droll and in ten minutes he yelled enough and swore I was a ripstaver. Said I, 'Ain't I the yallerest flower of the forest? I'm all brimstone but the head and ears and that's acquafortis!' Said he, 'You're a beauty an' if I knowed your name, I'd vote fer you next election'. Said I, 'I'm that same Davy Crockett, half horse and half alligator, a little touched with the old snapping turtle, that can wade the Mississippi, leap the Ohio, ride on a streak of lightning, and slide down a honey locust without gitting a scratch. I can whup my weight in wild cats, hug a bar too close fer comfort, and eat any man that's opposed to Jackson!"

The above speech was repeated with still more lurid additions one cold winter's night in Raleigh when Davy was on his way to serve his first term in Congress. He had ridden all the way from West Tennessee in a frontier stage coach. It was raining and he was cold. Furthermore, nobody seemed inclined to make way for him at the tavern fire. As he was pushing in, a man shouted, "Hurrah for Adams!" Says Davy, "Hurrah fer hell and praise yer own country!" And he was given wide berth in Raleigh that night, this quixotic bear hunter, this satyr Americanus who would eat alive any man opposed to Jackson. Poor Davy! How he would have liked to qualify that statement in a few short months of opposition to 'King Andy.'

### The Chrysalis Broken

And now comes one of the most amazing metamorphoses in the annals of world history. Somewhere between the braggart backwoodsman, the young Lochinvar of the canebreaks, and the short-lived idol of a nation the real Davy Crockett emerged full grown. "He presents the startling spectacle," says Emerson Hough, "of a middle aged man educating himself to statesmanship, and that within the space of a few short months. He displays a clarity of vision nothing short of marvelous. He surprises friend and foe alike. The husk of the chrysalis has been broken. The Westerner has been born into the American!"

"I didn't know what the Government was," he says, "I didn't know but what it was Andrew Jackson!" But a little later he was to say, "I have opposed Andrew Jackson because I thought he was wrong. I had rather be politically damned than hypocritically immortalized!" And so even his language had changed. But Davy Crocked was not ashamed of, nor had he lost, the homely, vigorous individuality of expression he brought with him. "Look at my arms, you will find no party handcuffs on them. Look at my neck, nobody yet ever hung a collar on it with the engraving:

*My Dog*

*Andrew Jackson*

Crockett is now a famous man. At Philadelphia five thousand people turn out to welcome him and 'shake the hand of an honest man.' At Boston, New York, Cincinnati, and Louisville the same thing happens. He is showered with gifts and flattery, but through it all his simple heart maintains its equilibrium. Up to this time he had never encountered any danger of a nature to inspire fear, any difficulty he could not overcome, any hardship he could not endure. But he learned to his sorrow that manhood, courage, and honor will not always serve, and at the zenith of his popularity he suffered his first and irremediable defeat.

The bucolic horse play of the frontier hand changed into a rapier thrust, crude it is true, but none the less irksome and deadly to the man who was in the president's chair. Davy refused to lecture at Harvard because they had conferred a degree upon his antagonist and one LL.D. was enough for Tennessee. He referred to Jackson as "the manufacturer of equivocations" and the stout-hearted 'Old Roman' could neither forgive not forget. Upon the shoulders of Andrew Jackson, whose heaven-vaulting ego was responsible for half the ills our government has been heir to, rests the final stigma for the death of Crockett.

Furious at Jackson's outrageous handling of the National Bank and his equally reprehensible conduct toward the Cherokee Nation, Crockett once more arose from his retirement in the canebreak, where he was literally 'resting on the crack of an earthquake', and announced his intention of returning to Congress. His final announcement was, "You can vote for me or you can all go to hell!"

But now the relentless hands of the heavenly twins, Jackson and Van Buren, smote heavily upon the district of Crockett. There was talk of money . . .

### Thermopylae

Crockett, Bowie, Houston, and Coffee—can Texas forget the Tennesseeans who gave her birth? Tall men, they shouldered their long rifles and marched Westward into the sunset, and the Shadow of Death went with them. Whether they walked in the forest with its filtered sunlight or waded the sinister marsh, the Shadow was ever present, dogging unwary footsteps, stalking the brave and devouring the craven. Across turgid waters and plains of the desert it trailed them, and at last in a mission of the Jesuit padres the Shadow tracked them down, tall men of the rifle, brave men of the blade.

"Thermopylae had three messengers of defeat; the Alamo not one!"

The Mexican general, Santa Anna, had the bodies of Bowie, Travis, and Crockett pointed out to him. Hacked to pieces in a corner of the fortress lay Davy Crockett with his rifle shattered and, it is said, a half smile upon his face. Two thousand, five hundred men against an hundred and eighty-two!

And so I close this little story of Davy Crockett, this tiny sketch that began in the sunlit forest of Tennessee and ended in the Texas sand. And no one has told me any more to say, but my heart goes out and my two eyes are bright for seeing yet another chapter. The scene shifts and I think I can feel something of the hurt, somewhat the silent grief of that little Irish wife in Tennessee, when the news comes back, the news that the man she had never really known, the man who was always marching away to Congress or to war, would not come back. And there are no stage lights to dim for her, no sad music to prepare the audience for her sorrow as the curtain of ninety and six years draws back upon its dark proscenium.

"Davy Crockett . . . Davy . . . Crockett!" The yellow flower of the forest, shattered, crimson in the desert air.

## THE PASSING CHILDHOOD

*(Continued from page one)*

is not the man he once was.

His convictions are no weaker than they once were. He is still the collegian, but a spirit of tacit complacency has settled down over his once turbulent outer-self in lieu of the raucous and spirited shell that he once represented.

Let us follow this transition and discover wherein have been its salient influences and motivations. The trend in collegiate manners has generally hinged on the modern emperor of sports, college football. His rise served to weld together the vast collegiate assemblage of his followers. At his height in the late Twenties he was supreme and he demanded obeisance and extreme servility from his adherents. He formed about him a great mob of rabid enthusiasts whose patriotism to one ideal comprised a compact band.

The collegian, casting about for something new, threw his lot in with college football, and soon we had an attitude pattern of amazing uniformity. It made the college man a distinct type. It inspired the term "collegiate" and it turned blase cartoonists to drawing caricatures depicting the college man as one of a vast army garbed in bell-bottomed trousers, yellow sweaters and outlandish head pieces. Here and there a flask protruded, and it was not unusual to see our college man clinging to (or vice versa) a yellow haired damsel in short skirts known as "baby" or some such inane appelation. But this renesance did one thing—it banded college men into a rather inseparable group where individuality had no place. They became stereotyped to the *nth* degree.

The change came in the late middle Twenties. Steel above two hundred and Republican promises etched in the bright blue horizon were too good to be true. Wild spending became something to muse over for our grand children. The world went broke, and "rah-rahism" trooped along.

Hearts once filled with "do or die for dear old Rutgers" and throats swollen with inspirational "three long boombs and an ah for team" became instilled with fear. Men began to wonder where the next quarter's tuition cheque would arise. Fifty dollar week-ends became a phenomenon, for at

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## POPPY LUCE—1866

*(Continued from page one)*

house and waited for her sister to die. Gradually a legend wove itself about her. People would meet her on the deserted paths of the mountain at dusk, and she would be leading the black beast on a silver chain. She seldom spoke to anyone. And sometimes she could be seen on the ridge of the mountain, etched against the late afternoon sun, always leading the she-panther. And there is a fantastic tale told of Poppy and Steptoe Barbellion. The dust of sixty-odd years has not dimmed the luster of this strange tale, nor have they erased the memory of the terrible, mysterious happenings on that night when Steptoe came back from the War to claim Poppy for his wife.

* * *

The horrors of war gone, if not forgotten, Steptoe Barbellion trudged homeward by foot. He had gone to war riding gracefully and gallantly on a fine, blooded horse, a horse with triumphant nostrils and trim, dancing ankles. With his two brothers and his father he had gone proudly to serve in a war which brought them only blood and filth and unbelievable tragedy. Now he was on his way home, his father and his brothers dead in Virginia, his tired body aching from the long, dusty road which he now walked. The smell of autumn was in the air, and the dust-laden winds tore the dead, gaudy leaves from the trees. A dreadful feeling of exhaustion would now and then take possession of his tired body, but the thought of Poppy who had loved him and whom he loved gave him strength to continue. On and on he walked, homeward, to seek the comforting arms of Poppy. This, he prayed, would not be another Lost Cause . . . Steptoe had heard the tale of Poppy's change, but in a world of impermanence, a world where everything had changed, he attached no great importance to it. When these terrible times were over she would be alright, everything would be alright . . .

* * *

Poppy was far and away the loveliest flower of Southern Womanhood, barring none. A thousand old masters, each with a thousand brushes, have painted a thousand beautiful faces, and have failed to equal such beauty as hers; the gods jealously limit the pen of the poet to describe such beauty. Suffice it to say that her eyes were gentians swooning in a white jade bowl, the mask of her face was the envy of all the goddesses—excepting not even Venus—and a thousand rubies had tried and failed to rival the color of her lips. Her hair was to be compared in color to moonlight on dripping honey. The thought of her beauty had tided Steptoe over many otherwise unbearable situations.

Finally the long, weary miles were behind him. He came to the foot of the mountain where he could see the great stone house, and the thought of Poppy filled his heart with a lightness which was greater than the heaviness of his feet. He almost ran up the little path which led to the top of the mountain.

When he arrived at the top he saw the tall figure of a woman leaning against a great oak tree, and noticed that on a long, silver leash which she held lightly in her hand, was a graceful, black cat, roaming restlessly to and fro, straining delicately at the chain which bound her. The woman's face was impassive and still, and she looked at him as though he were a stranger. She looked away from him and studied the red and golden leaves which eddied about her feet. His heart leaped when he saw her, and then sank back like a surging wave on a beach.

"So," she whispered when he came up to her. "You are back."

Steptoe made a move as if to take her in his arms. The huge cat ceased his prowling and was tensely motionless. Poppy moved back a step and cried out, "No! No!" She glanced nervously at the panther. "It is not for myself that I speak. It is for the whole world. You must go away!"

"And you shall come with me, my darling. We will leave all this." His arms swept the whole of the country about them. "We shall forget the past and begin life all over again."

Poppy's lips were muted, and she looked away from the man she loved to the cat. There was a ghastly sense of finality in her silence. She stood there for a moment in the gathering dusk, thin and white, beautiful and mysterious, and looked steadily away from Steptoe, steadily at the panther. Her eyes were damp violets in the glowing haze of twilight. She loved him, but this terrible obsession took possession of her.

Steptoe acepted her silence as evidence that she had ceased loving him. Or perhaps she never had, he thought. His mind ran over the long, lonely hours when the thought of Poppy had been the only beautiful spot of his existence.

"It is extraordinary," he said, "that something could mean so much to one that it changes the whole course of his life. And then, after accomplishing the change, that it should cease to have any meaning at all." He laughed, without humour.

"Don't be bitter," she cried. "It is not that I do not love you, but that I have—obligations."

He pleaded with her. "Come with me, dearest. You owe no one anything." He coaxed, he humored, he attempted to intimidate her. "You know what they are saying about you in the town. Come away with me."

"I am not tempted to rest my peace of mind on such shifting sands as public opinion," she said. "I shall stay, and you—you must go." Her voice was like a violin sobbing in a dusty attic.

The black she-panther remained motionless all the time, its golden eyes fixed steadily on Poppy. Poppy's face was a small, white oval in the darkness, and she shivered in the wind. She heard Steptoe's voice coming to her, harshly now.

"Now I know why they call you Poppy. A poppy is a beautiful, cruel, evil flower—"

"And it blooms at night," she added.

"You are the woman all men dream of. You are beautiful and desirable, and you are evil as sin. I shall go away, Poppy; I shall leave quickly, but you will not forget me. You will wake up in the middle of the nights and wish for me."

Poppy's eyes could not tear themselves from his face. Something was clutching at her throat. "Ah, no!" she cried as she threw her arms out toward him. "It is not someday, but it is now. I cannot save myself—"

Her voice was cut short as the great beast which she had forgotten leaped into the air. There was a savage hiss, and it sounded to Poppy like steam escaping from Hell. A quick flurry of silken black fur was before her eyes, and she jerked vainly at the silver chain . . .

Steptoe stared at the evil beast, which suddenly turned and fled, quickly as a shadow.

The pale mask of Poppy's dead face was kissed by the moon, and the dark depths of her eyes glistened, blue and shamelessly open. A frozen Steptoe stared at the great, evil beast, which suddenly turned from the broken body of Poppy and fled, quickly as a shadow . . .

## Storm Over Asia

*A Review*

Publishers Henry Holt offer to the public a book of extraordinary contemporary interest and importance. The book selling under the apt title, *Storm Over Asia*, concerns the critical situation which has arisen in the past decade on the other side of the Pacific.

Mr. Paul Hutchinson, author of *Storm Over Asia*, presents a dramatic, somewhat appalling picture of the forces that have combined to create the intense political, emotional, and philosophical congestion of the Far East.

In his book he has achieved a delicately balanced emphasis upon the two approaches to the field of study. His emphasis, as should be the case, is primarily upon contemporary events, but the presentation also includes a discriminating and necessary analysis of the historical background. However, one feels throughout his book that his heart is with the Chinese-Japanese struggle. This is, perhaps, as it should be, in view of the particular pertinence of this phase of the Asiatic struggle in the life of the Western world at this hour. *Storm Over Asia* is written in an excellent style and reads like a good novel.

Mr. Hutchinson's book has the peculiar quality of arousing emotional sympathy with, as well as intellectual curiosity in the forces in conflict in the East.

—R.W.B.

## THE PASSING CHILDHOOD

*(Continued from page seven)*

home, the two car garage of the period known as Calvin the First became a harbor for rusty garden tools. Prosperity was as far distant as its fabled corner, which somehow seemed to lose itself in a maze of blind alleys and one way streets. Even high schools and prep schools, training camps of "rah-rahism," began to feel the wane of spirit. The freshman of 1930 and 1931 hit college pre-disillusioned.

Student discussion groups and political youth combines took a new lease. The book store, once forsaken for the petting parlor and the pep rally, dusted its shelves and prepared to embellish the precipitation 'round the fountain of learning. College curriculums suddenly discovered that sociology, philosophy, psychology and the classics were drafting an army of avid adherents. Our re-born intellectual grew like a garden weed in April. The college campus began to admit the outer world.

Conservatism in dress and manner became an integral part of the changing attitude. Mental sobriety displaced a waning dizziness once warped by collective demonstrativeness. The college man dimmed his high-flung spirits and shunned the conspicuous.

This shell of conservatism has become increasingly encrusted about the modern undergraduate. He is truly not the man he once way. He shudders at the term "collegiate." His triumph is one of individuality.

# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

*Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina*

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## *Technocracy--What of It?*

*By* Don Shoemaker

Gliding behind a cloud of befuddling terms and technical phrases, Technocracy has arrived. This eleven-letter word, denoting all that is mystic to the layman, has occasioned the greatest flow of publicity in the history of any of our current "isms." Newspapers clamor for news of what that little group of sober scientists esconced in a laboratory at Columbia University is achieving; a dozen magazine articles dealing with this latest phenomenon are on the newsstands or rolling off the presses; even the great radio broadcasting companies of the nation pass verbally to us the latest reflections of authorities pro and con on this now moot question.

Yet it is amazing to perceive that Technocracy, or at least its theories, is comparatively mature. Those volumes which purport to make its several issues more lucid, now on the press, are builded in part on publications which have preceded the popular conception of the theory by a number of years. I have reference particularly to Veblen's *The Engineer and the Price System*, Leach's *The Paradox of Plenty* and some volumes which date more than twenty-five years back. Meanwhile numerous articles fill the popular magazines, both technical and literary. *The New Republic*, *Harper's Monthly*, *The New Outlook*, and *Fortune* are some of these, all of them dealing either favorably or contrariwise with the subject. And as aptly do they for the most part fail to cast any primary analytical light on the subject. It is here our task to reveal from a mass of recently acquired material just what it's all about.

Technocracy was born sometime during the years 1921-22 after its present Chief Exponent, Howard Scott, had contacted an organization known as the Technical Alliance, a group banded together for the purpose of studying the social implications of the machine age. Little qualification other than this has been found for Scott's participation in the venture which ultimately came to be known as Technocracy, since he has clouded his past beyond this date. The inception of this group was duly noted in the press though no furor was precipitated at that time. But the Alliance busied itself with research and assembled a portion of the facts which now compose the fabulous charts and data of Technocracy. Then two years ago, after listening to Scott's constant preachings against the potential terrors of the machine age, Columbia engineering authorities placed a laboratory at Scott's disposal, and with several of his old Alliance cohorts, Technocracy there took root overnight. Discovered by the press last August, and more thoroughly last December, Technocracy has gained by leaps and bounds.

But what is Technocracy?

Technocracy, plainly, stands for three separate fundamentals. It is the name given to the group of scientists, engineers, and economists who com-

*(Continued on page two)*

## *The Artist's Fable*

*By* Geraint George

The sun's rays reached there but faintly, as though with an effort. The surface turmoil of the sea was felt there but faintly, as though tentatively reaching and relaxing, feeling and releasing. The oysters lay on their luscious moss-strewn bed somnolently, drowsily, stupidly.

An oyster mused, his consciousness not lulled but excited by this sensed life-force, glimmering, rhythmic. Here, said he to himself, here there is a dull glimmer, gloom; there is a frail rhythm, feeble. But I must reason, he cried to himself, I must cogitate, ratiocinate, rationally, logically. But there was no answer . . .

Days passed.

But there was no answer.

Weeks and months . . .

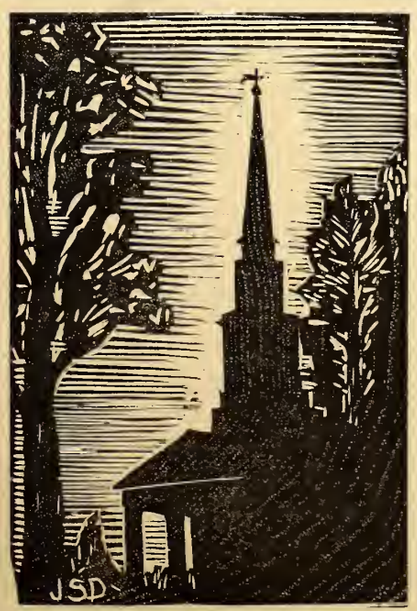
His being ached. Somewhere . . . he thought . . . somewhere . . . in that which lies beyond . . . somewhere . . . there is . . . his brain buckled . . . but his senses took up the refrain . . . somewhere . . . somewhere . . . there is . . . there is . . . light—bright, brilliant, burning; life—speeding, striving, succeed—

But before he could finish the last word, a roar of raucous laughter broke around and over him. He had thought too loudly. The barbed jeers of his fellows, awakened from their slumber, stung him. But more—they confused him. He could not remember the last word.

Days passed.

He could not remember the last word.

*(Continued on page eight)*




*Chapel Hill's Presbyterian Church, often thought of as the village's most beautiful little church, has been caught in silhouette by Mr. Jack Dendy, the* Magazine's *woodcut artist.*

## *Edna Millay and the Critics*

*By* Nelson Lansdale

An American man of letters once remarked that he sometimes wondered whether books are written to be read or reviewed. I do not attack literary criticism—we should have suffered much without it—but I do believe that, with typical American impetuosity, we have carried criticism too far.

The novel is not on the stands which is not acclaimed a masterpiece; the biography does not appear which is not hailed an authentic and definitive work, however carelessly written it may be; and when an author of established reputation produces a new work the mad rush of the lesser critics to improve their standing in the public eye by joining in the salvo of not-always-deserved applause would be funny if it were not so hard on the writer himself.

The critics do not damn Edna Millay's later works with faint praise, do not, with few exceptions, depreciate the rare excellence of her poetry, and they seldom hint that she is an incompetent poetess—such a charge is ridiculous anyway. Jaded by contact with so much of the trash they are asked to consider seriously and intelligently, they find something of value at last in Edna Millay's poetry, and in their enthusiasm they almost invariably over-state her case. The man who buys, influenced by these outbursts, finds the gap between Millay's book as it seems to him and the book as it has been advertised so wide that his disgust extends not only to the publishers, who are usually responsible for this sort of nonsense, but to the helpless author.

Such an outburst greeted—and damned—*Fatal Interview*, a book of fifty-two sonnets. Her latest published work, *The Princess Marries the Page*, a play, seems in less danger at the hands of the critics. It was written during her undergraduate days at Vassar; and has, to my knowledge, been given only two productions—one at Vassar, and one by the Provincetown Players, in their MacDougal Street Theatre in Greenwich Village. (Miss Millay was associated with the Players both as an actress and playwright in the days when the Provincetown was developing the genius of Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, Robert Edmond Jones, and Paul Robeson.) At any rate, the manuscript of the play was lost, and it has only recently been found and published. This belated appearance offers the critics the opportunity to be pleasantly condescending about the promise of genius we have been happy enough to see fulfilled. They are taking the opportunity almost unanimously.

I think they are mistaken. There is none of the delicate satire or hard brilliance of *Aria da Capo* in *The Princess Marries the Page*. It does not sound the depths of a woman's emotion reached in some sonnets of *Fatal Interview*; it is not animated with the swashbuckling romanticism of *The King's Henchman*; and it has not the healthy wit and vigor

**(*Continued on page six*)**

# The Carolina Magazine

*Oldest College Publication in the United States*

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 15, 1933


## NOTES FROM A CHAIR

Broadway still glitters with the strange brilliance of a fairy land where worries do not exist and silver tinkles on gold pavements. But the backstreets are not bright. They are dismal this winter with the pathos of bowed backs and whining, hungry voices. The panorama of New York is still a mysterious anomaly. Poverty and affluence stride side by side not quite touching but with the brightness and gaiety slowly being swallowed by a heavy slow gloom that presses in upon it. One leaves New York this year with the memory of flat voices and despair. The crisp civilization of the New Yorker has drawn him away from humanity and this winter leaves him empty handed without even the consolation of miserable, homely intimacies.

* * *

At once it is a shock and a relief to find Americans who have ceased to believe "that things are going to work themselves out in the end." The realization leads them to turn to an overwhelming sense of futility or a birth of a new feeling of resentment and desire for change. Neither alternative can produce immediate relief. But change was impossible under our prevailing code of complacency and now, at least, we may hope that masses will have the imagination and courage to attempt new paths.

* * *

Phillips Russell predicts the appearance in the next decade of a new academic phenomenon—the perpetual student. The Continent has supported them for decades. They are the men who cannot find work, fortunately have a small income, and study, study, study until at last they die off. This form of scholastic perversion is an ugly portent of an ugly social condition. Brain suckers, book suckers, professor suckers who suck and suck, filling their brains with information and have no active service to perform for their society—he is both pathetic and disgusting. And yet the return of post-graduates to this University and every other university in the country for no other reason than they cannot find work indicates the appearance and growth of just this sort of thing. To be sure scholarship is an admirable pursuit, but enforced, desperate scholarship is a ghastly form of it.

It is with books as with men: a very small number play a great part; the rest are confounded with the multitude.—*Voltaire.*

# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

Technocracy, whatever Mr. Man-in-the-Street may think of it, is helping the publishers out of a tight spot. The usual slump in book production after Christmas is to some extent being allayed by a Technocratic orgy. A California firm recently brought out a pamphlet comprehensively entitled, "The What, Why, Who, When and How of Technocracy" and sold 10,000 copies in two days and four times that number in a fortnight.

In addition to this, there are promised more or less authoritative pro and con works on the subject by Stuart Chase, Howard Scott, Wayne Parrish, and Graham Laing.

* * *

1932's roll of departed authors is surprisingly small. Besides those two eminent biographers, Gamaliel Bradford and Lytton Strachey, the only other notable literary figures who died last year were Sir Gilbert Parker, the English novelist, J. B. McMaster, leading American historian, and Edgar Wallace, whose works will be missed as much by the King of England as by any college professor.

* * *

As one of the greatest living singers, as an intimate of numberless personages, and as one of the most dynamic personalities in the art world, Feodor Chaliapin has lived a remarkable life. The Russian basso offers the story of his operatic and concert success in his autobiography, *Man and Mask.* Generous with anecdotes, he tells of his close relationships with Tolstoi, Lenin, Trotsky, and Gorki. Particularly interesting is Chaliapin's treatment of the events which transformed him from the soloist to his Majesty, the Tsar, to the premier singer to the Soviet people.

* * *

*Never Ask the End* by Isabel Patterson has been greeted as the first significant novel of the new year. The choice of the Literary Guild for this month, it deals with the semi-tragic lives of two American women and a man touring Europe. Their mistakes and disappointments in love and marriage and their quest for a peaceful solution in their middle-age make for a powerful plot. Miss Patterson, herself a critic and literary gossip for the New York *Tribune*, has received startling commendation from her critical colleagues for the excellence of her characterization and the beauty of her prose.

* * *

Louis Kronenberger, who is now a reviewer for New York publications, reminisces in *The Bookman* on his days as a publisher's reader. In a slightly exasperated tone he writes, "A fine anthology could be made of paragraphs from unpublished manuscripts. It would be the funniest book in the world. The trouble is that everybody in America is sure he can write and on the advice of his high school teacher, his grade school principal, or his kindergarten teacher, sends out what he has written in search of a publisher."

He bitterly concludes, "All you know, all you hold sacred, all you hold self-evident, is likely to be swept away by these ladies and gentlemen who defy grammar, science and human experience."

* * *

Once again James Gould Cozzens has conquered the Book-of-the-Month Club. This time that body has selected his novel *The Last Adam*, which has for its main character a representative of a passing American institution, the family doctor in a small town. The author scrutinizes New England village life through the eyes of the physician and the ears of the ever listening-in telephone operator. It is the laxity of both these characters that plunges the town into the misery of a typhoid epidemic, causing widespread death and the ultimate downfall of the doctor.

* * *

Conversations have now and again cropped up in our literature. The latest contribution to this limited field is Emil Ludwig's account of several talks with Mussolini. In the volume, Il Duce defends his censorship policy on the ground that he, as the government, is doing only what private interests do to newspapers in other countries, notably the United States. The strong man also revealed that he believes there will be no Duce to follow him because "Italy couldn't put up with him."

## TECHNOCRACY—WHAT OF IT?

*(Continued from page one)*

pose the "Energy Survey of North America"; it is the theory of energy as a gauge of man's wealth; and lastly it is an economic system which its principles hope to effect. By the first term we state the technical name of the technocrats. They are Technocracy. In the second, we have the theory or theories, another one of which ventures that our price system is doomed to crumble. Lastly, the economic system in the words of its Prophet is "(a new system) of social and economic philosophy . . . government by science." The technocrats would have us ruled by engineers instead of politicians. All three come under the general name of "Technocracy."

Technocracy (and now we speak of the science) has arisen principally out of a combination of circumstances: the Depression, and the loss of popular faith in government. Herein might lie the phenomenal popularity of the subject. Its reception is due to these factors as well as our current nebulous speculation, the crash of the latter, and the plaintive cry for "something to save us." Whether this something is of resucitative proportions is another question.

The Energy Survey of North America has elicited interesting information concerning American commodity and industry. It is estimated that we have 11,000 industries which manufacture articles giving men work. Of this number the Survey has investigated only 250. At this rate, if we represent these 250 studies as the work of Technocracy since its innovation twelve years ago, it will take approximately 168 years for the survey to be completed. But in the real merits of the case this conclusion is too fantastic. Only a comparatively small number of these 11,000 will bear investigation, and considering the efficiency of the group, the fact-finding capacity must have increased several hundred per cent. Some of the facts, a few of which may be listed as of the more sensational variety, are:

We could build an automobile to run 300,000 miles without overhauling and produce a leather that would make a pair of shoes last two and a half years. (To the former statement General Motors' Charles F. Kettering responds, "I'd like to take the automobile it is said they predicted could be made now that would last fifty years. Even if never used, this automobile would not be worth anything except to a junkman in ten years . . . because of the changes in men's taste and ideas . . . I wish I had those fellows for my competitors . . . ")

In pig iron production a man can accomplish in one

*(Continued on page eight)*

# A Portrait

By Thomas McKnight

Bill raised his elbow while the bartender wiped the bar.

"How's the beer?" asked the bartender.

"Lousy. Where'd you get it, down by the vinegar works?"

"Nine dollars a barrel," growled the bartender.

He wiped the bottom of Bill's goblet, exchanged one dirty rag for another, and wiped his forehead.

"You make plenty of profit," ventured Bill.

"Sure, but it's the risk and the protection. You've got to consider them things. Trenton is the dryest city in the South.

The bartender was a short man with a shapeless body that grew larger and larger until it disappeared under the bar. His bullet head resembled a bruised coconut. It was supported entirely by chins, two in front and one behind.

Bill drained his glass and pushed the brown leather dice cup across the bar.

"You lost the last round, let's roll again."

The fat one sighed and threw the dice.

"Three fours is the limit," he moaned. "Some days I can't win for losing."

Bill threw and smiled.

"Three sixes. I'll take another beer."

The bartender grunted and refilled the goblet.

"You damn newspaper guys will ruin me yet with them dice."

Bill laughed. He was a tall young man, and slender. His firmly moulded chin and mouth shaded the gleam of optimism in his blue eyes into a fascinating twinkle. It was a sensitive face on which each emotion stamped itself for its moment. When the emotion was a pleasant one, it was a strikingly handsome face. Now, for instance.

"Not before your damn beer ruins them newspaper guys."

The bartender raised his hairless skin over his eyes and looked at Bill closely for the first time. "Are you a new man on the *Times*?"

"No. Westchester *Post*. Covering the football game over at Province University tomorrow."

"You came in with Mr. Dewitt and them fellers; I thought maybe you was a new man on the *Times*."

A man draped on a stool at the other end of the bar lifted his head in interest.

"I used to go to Province University: I'm greatly interested in the school." He seemed to regret the energy he had expended and sagged back over the bar. His eyelids hung in a semi-closed position, adding to his general appearance of complete exhaustion. He was nursing a small glass of corn liquor, making little diagrams with it on the polished oaken surface of the bar.

Bill walked over and extended his hand. "My name is Powell."

"That's fine," said the exhausted one. "Mine's Parks. I hope Province wins tomorrow."

"When were you at Province?"

"Years ago, when the world was very young. I can't remember."

"What were you studying?"

"Women, and their handiwork. I was in the school of medicine. It was my father's idea."

"Is your father a doctor?"

"Well, not exactly."

Bill laughed. "'Not exactly.'"

"No. You see, my father is even lazier than I am. If you were to hold me to a definition, I'd say he was a thinker."

"A thinker?" Bill was puzzled. This was indeed a strange bird.

"Yes. You see, my father isn't a very active man physically. He shares my belief that energy is a sacred thing not to be squandered carelessly. He prefers thinking to working. A very wise man, my father, and likely to reach a distinguished and useless old age. I'm an only son."

"Are you a thinker too?" asked Bill. He saw that Mr. Parks was a man of intelligence but slightly in his cups.

"He writes editorials for the *Times*," put in the bartender. "He says he's a poet too, but I never seen any of his poems."

"Uncle Joe's lack of mental development prevents a conception of poetry as anything beyond scribbled doggrel. I don't write poetry, I live poetry. Every artist, regardless of his mode of expression, is trying to create perfection. He paints, and carves, and writes, and sings, and plays fiddles. I live. My life is a painting, a statue, an opera, a sonnet. To me a waste of energy is a careless splashing of paints, a misdirected chisel, a discord. For instance, I never drink beer. When a man gets drunk on beer he has to carry at least a gallon more liquid from bar to mouth, a distance depending upon relative height of bar and mouth, than would the same man getting drunk on liquor. All of which reminds me, will you have a drink?"

"I'll finish this one, thanks. What will you have, Uncle Joe?"

"Let's shake them damn dice for it. I can't always lose."

They shook. Uncle Joe lost and sighed deeply. "Some years a feller just can't lay up a cent."

He drew two beers and poured Mr. Parks another drink of corn liquor.

It was getting dark and Uncle Joe waddled from behind the bar to put on the lights. Bill watched him with interest. He had been wondering if Uncle Joe wore trousers. Now he had a reassuring view. Uncle Joe had his pants on.

Mr. Parks appeared to be asleep. Bill sipped his beer and studied the mural decorations of the Trenton Press Club. The exposed beauty of a voluptuous lady of doubtful age. Tex Rickard shaking hands with Jack Dempsey. A newspaper clipping announcing the death of Lincoln. A facsimile of a document attesting the fact that one Mr. Thomas Jefferson had been granted a license to run a saloon, together with a list of the prices he might charge for various liquors. Walter Hampden as Cyrano.

A bell run under the bar.

Uncle Joe went to the door. Bill heard a giggle from behind the door. Women.

Uncle Joe opened the door and Bill saw them. One was tall and slendor, very slender. The other had black hair and blue eyes. Bill liked blue eyes. He adjusted his tie and straightened his hat. Mr. Parks was awake again.

The girls crossed directly to the bar. When they saw Mr. Parks they smiled.

"Hello, Bob," they greeted.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Parks.

"Two shots of corn, Uncle," said the girl with blue eyes. Her voice was a caressing purr.

Mr. Parks, caught in the grip of a social exigency, bestirred himself and slid from the stool.

"This gentleman is Mr. Powell, a very old friend of mine. Mr. Powell, meet Miss Quigley and Miss Deladrier, both of the *Times*. If you will buy them a drink you may call them Marie and Rose."

"Which is which," laughed Bill.

"I am," said the one with the blue eyes.

"That's fine. I was hoping you would be. And I suppose you are Rose?"

"How did you know?"

"I had an Aunt who drank corn liquor and her name was Rose."

"Well, can you beat that?" said Rose.

"Easily. I had two Aunts named Rose and they both drank corn liquor."

"That's certainly a coincidence," said Rose.

"Oh, I don't know," said Bill, "a rose by any other name would still drink corn liquor."

"Nuts," said Marie, the slender, very slender, one.

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Parks. "Brazilian."

Uncle Joe put "two shots of corn" on the bar.

"Pour me another beer," ordered Bill. "What will you have, Mr. Parks?"

"I'll take a mint julip this time, Mr. Powell. There's nothing like a little hay in your corn liquor to kill the taste."

"I thought you fellows were old friends," said the slender one.

"We are," said Mr. Parks.

"Then why do you call each other Mister?"

"Mutual respect," said Mr. Parks.

"How long have you been drinking?" asked Marie.

"Approximately forty years," said Mr. Parks. "I went directly from the breast to the bottle."

Marie giggled. "I meant today, silly. You sound as though you were drunk."

"It's your beauty that intoxicates me, Angel. Finish your drink."

Mr. Parks bought the next round.

Bill bought the next one.

The next one was on the house.

Mr. Parks bought the one after that.

Bill felt great. Rose was a great kid. She had a sense of humor, and warmth. Her eyes were like sunset in Spring. The perfume she wore had a January smell about it. Seasons, that was the word for her. She was akin to the rain and the sun and the sky above. Hell, he must be getting balmy, and on beer, too.

Mr. Parks had overcome his exhaustion and was speaking with the dignity befitting the editorial writer on the *Times*.

*(Continued on page four)*

# Winter Rain

By Sara Hall

*A mob of silent weeping trees,*
*Great black boughs at morose angles,*
*And over all the mist of rain;*
*The slick tan earth under a torn carpet of dejected leaves;*
*Between tall trees*
*Naked saplings flaunting skinny arms.*
*Gray clouds mope and drool,*
*Mucky puddles froth,*
*And the sluggish brook with its load of silt*
*Mutters sullenly.*
*The earth is out of humor; it has had a quarrel with the sky.*
*The world awaits the reconciliation, bathed in gloom.*

## A PORTRAIT

*(Continued from page three)*

"Yes, sir, the Brigadier and I were walking along as straight as anybody when up came one of those French cops and stepped on the Brigadier's hands. The Brigadier called him a lousy frog and tha—"

"Oh, hush, Bob, Mr. Powell isn't listening and Rose and I have heard about you, the Brigadier and the Bastile before."

Bill released Rose's hands and faced the audience. "But I *was* listening. Captain Spaulding was telling us of his African experiences.

Marie giggled and took Mr. Parks by the arm. "Let's get some air, I'm getting the jitters."

Rose was holding Bill's hands again. "Get your baggage, Bill, and we'll run you over to Province. Won't we, Bob?"

"Sure."

"Baggage?" Bill laughed and began patting his pockets. He laid a toothbrush and a tube of paste carefully on the bar. "Those," he pointed, "and that portable typewriter yonder, are all the King's horses and all the King's men."

Rose laughed and helped him put the baggage back in his pocket. "Aren't you ever serious, Bill "

Bill kissed her ever so lightly. "For you, my dear, I could be intense."

"Nuts," said Marie.

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Parks. "And still Brazilian."

### II

The road was a long splinter of moonlight. A harvest moon. It reflected with kaleidoscopic softness against the wooded hills and stubble fields. The odor of dry leaves, sapless foliage, and ripe grain stored in barns along the road, added to the mystic enthrallment of night.

The hungry tires whined on the pavement and the body of the big sedan creaked with the strain. Mr. Parks, very drunk, drove like an automaton, his half-closed eyes fixed on the silver shaft that was the highway.

Once, on a bridge, they stopped and took a drink from a fruit jar. The little towns were going to sleep, and the noises were noises of the country and of night. A bullfrog croaked, a lonely hound dog howled at the moon, her demon lover. And always the whine of the tires and the rushing whistle of cloven air.

All talk had ceased. Marie watched the dancing spot made by the headlight's focus. Her face wore a mask of stupid fascination. Too drunk to think of protesting, she was hypnotized with fear. Rose was oblivious to any danger. Corn liquor and Bill's arms held her in complete subjection.

The car swerved off the pavement, then lurched back to the middle of the road. Bill's mind struggled with a dilemma. It was impossible to give his whole attention either to the girl in his arms or to the feeling of impending disaster pounding at his drunken consciousness. The hurtling car and its drunken driver seemed unreal, a hideous delirium. Passion and fear danced a mad tango while corn liquor played the fiddle. Suddenly the spell was broken. A light gleamed far down the road.

"It's a barbecue stand," Marie shrieked in Mr. Parks' ear. "Let's eat."

Mr. Parks didn't move.

"Please, Bob. Please stop here. I'm hungry."

"What?"

"Stop here and eat," Marie screamed in desperation.

The little sandwich was almost abreast. Parks spun the wheel and tried to pass a light touring car. Their heavy bumper nicked the rear fender of the touring car.

The shock stiffened Parks. He drove in the clutch and pushed the gear lever. The car shot backward across the road way, the rear wheels dug gravel, then lurched forward.

Bill twisted himself around to peer through the rear window. The driver was already in the road, shouting curses after them; Bill could see no more.

"We'd better stop, Bob," shouted Rose.

"Like hell we had," said Mr. Parks. "We've got liquor with us. They'd give us road duty for this."

"Pour out the liquor," wailed Marie.

"Keep it, we'll need it," ruled Mr. Parks.

They were gathering momentum at a sickening rate. Parks switched off the lights.

"They're following us," cried Marie.

Bill looked back again. He saw headlights of the car.

"Are they gaining on us?" asked Mr. Parks.

"No, they're about the same."

"Good," said Mr. Parks, pushing the accelerator against the floorboard.

The car reached its maximum speed. Without lights, it seemed like a ghost car in the moonlight, the purr of the motor merging with the roar of the wind into a mocking, errie whistle:

Far ahead, a lantern was hanging on a post. A detour sign. The brakes squealed. They skidded to a stop two feet from the barricade. Then they turned down an embankment onto a rickety log bridge and up a curved country road. Sharp turns. Perilously narrow dirt shoulders. Little bridges. Overhanging trees that shadowed the road, defeating the moonlight. Parks was driving skilfully, holding the wheel with fingers of steel.

"Let me out! Let me out! My God, we'll all be killed. Please let me out. Oh-oo." Marie was hysterical. She was pounding Parks about the neck and shoulders.

Quickly Bill pushed Rose to the far side of the seat. He reached over and, grasping Marie under the arms, lifted her up and backward. In the back seat, she struggled a moment, then went limp.

"Pass out?" shouted Mr. Parks.

"Cold," yelled Bill.

"Good. Are they still behind us?"

"Can't see them."

"Highway ahead," called Mr. Parks.

They shot up an incline and were on the paved highway. Marie was moaning faintly. Rose held her in her arms, stroking her forehead. The car was climbing a steep incline.

"How far to Province?" asked Bill.

"About five miles," Parks answered. "We're climbing the hill now that overlooks the town."

Two miles of silence, broken only by the noise of the motor and Marie's sobs.

They were on level ground again and picking up speed. All at once, as if someone had drawn a curtain aside, the panorama of the lights of Province spread out below them. A great red flare from a blast furnace on the right. Golden splinters, crossed like jack-straws, casting a bright reflection a hundred feet into the air, to be met by the rays of the moon and swallowed. And away across the Choctaw River, on the high bluffs, the twinkling lights of farmers' cottages.

They were shooting downward. Bill knew it was useless to try to dictate to Parks. Now silence seemed suicidal. The speedometer registered eighty. He set his jaw and waited. Rose, to whom fear seemed an alien, was watching his face over Marie's inert body.

Slowly Parks began applying the brakes. Bill released his breath in a long sigh. Parks turned sharply to the right and into a country road. He drove a half-mile and stopped.

"Don't get out," he cautioned.

A few minutes later headlights came into view. A light touring car shot past them on the highway beyond.

Parks threw back his head and laughed for the first time since Bill had met him.

"Are we safe here," asked Bill.

"Not here, but we will be where I'm taking you."

With lights off, he drove slowly for a mile to the bridge that spanned the Choctaw River. The moonlight was almost tangible as it ricocheted off the water onto the car and the fields beyond them. Bill kissed Rose very definitely. Gee, it was great to be alive!

Fifty yards beyond the bridge they came upon a small cabin, nearly hidden by giant water oaks. They circled it and stopped facing the road.

"This is Tim's place," said Mr. Parks.

"I guess we need a drink," said Bill, pulling the fruit jar from a side pocket.

"In France," said Mr. Parks, "I used to drive the Brigadier around in an armoured car. He said I was the lousiest driver that ever lived. Said he was going to have me court-martialed for trying to kill him."

He took the jar from Bill, unscrewed the lid and lowered the potent liquid an inch.

"We can get some glasses for the girls inside," he said.

"Can't wait," said Rose, taking the jar out of his hands.

She drank neatly.

"You're a great kid, Rose," said Bill.

"Same to you, professor."

Marie was shaking her head and rubbing her face. Rose shook her. "Here, honey, take a drink, it'll straighten you out."

Marie took a sip, made a face, and handed the jar to Bill. He took a long drink.

"Your drinking," said Mr. Parks, "is a credit to your house."

"Thank you, I come from a long line of drinking men."

"Well, suppose we go in and see Tim," said Mr. Parks.

"We'll do just that," said Bill. "Ups my dears."

Bill stepped out of the car, stumbled and sat down quickly on the running board. The excitement had cleared his brain, but his body was drunk. He got up carefully and took Rose by the arm. He was drunker than he had thought.

"Be careful," he warned, "we've got a bad ground swell."

They steered an uncertain course to the house. Rose found a bell and rang it.

### III

The bridge Bill was standing on was a high one. Way down below he saw the river. As he watched it, it began to rise. Soon it was a mighty torrent rushing beneath his feet. He watched, fascinated as the angry waters continued to mount. They sur-

rounded him, covered his head. He felt he was drowning. Everything was very black. In the distance he saw a face, a beautiful woman's face. Then he saw another. All around him there were faces, all women, all laughing at him. He struck out with both arms. The effort awakened him.

He rolled over and opened his eyes into the sunlight. His body was covered with perspiration and he felt utterly miserable. He kicked the cover back and closed his eyes, trying to collect his thoughts. Suddenly he remembered Parks, and Rose, and Marie. The wild ride through the night. He sat up quickly and felt the top of his head being ripped off. He groaned and shut his eyes again. He must think. Think. Why wasn't he in his own bed? The football game, that was it. He jumped to his feet and looked at his wrist watch. It was after eleven o'clock. He crossed to the window and looked down on the street below. A street car was stopping at the corner. Did Province have streetcars? In God's name, where was he? If he just hadn't taken that last drink at the place called Tim's. He didn't remember anything after that.

He looked about him. The walls, covered with a gaudy flowered paper, resembled a blood-spattered butcher's pen. Through a half-open door he saw a tiny bathtub. He shuddered. His clothes were thrown across a chair. On the table he saw his typewriter. The sight of it cheered him. Somehow it linked him with himself again. He was a newspaper man, he had a job, work to do.

He saw a telephone on the wall.

"Hello," he said into it.

"Hello," it said back.

"What town is this "

The telephone had a girlish voice. It giggled.

"This is Province."

"Are you sure?"

The voice giggled again. "I'm practically positive of it."

On the desk he found several sheets of writing paper. He turned them over carefully. Whoever had brought him there had left no note. What a night! What a girl that Rose had turned out to be! Parks must have brought him to the hotel. God, he felt terrible.

He crossed to the bathroom and started the cold water running in the tub. It was rusty at first, then it cleared up. He let it run and brushed his teeth. If the top of his head would just quit spinning!

The cold tub didn't help much. He picked up his typewriter and left the room. A rickety elevator groaned and rumbled its way to the lobby, five floors below.

The elevator boy was a grinning darkey. "If you needs anything, Cap'n, remember I'se number three."

Bill tried to grin back. "I won't forget."

He found the lobby crowded with people. Some were wearing red and black ribbons, others were wearing gold and black. All were jostling and arguing. A lazy blonde was reading at the switchboard. An old grad with loving-cup ears was lost in a serious contemplation of the blonde's sturdy legs.

In the dining room, Bill ordered tomato juice and coffee.

"Is that all?" asked the waitress.

"Yes."

"Big night?"

"No. I'm on a diet."

"Oh, yeah?"

The press box was enclosed with glass. It was hot with sunlight and stuffy with cigar and cigarette smoke. Bill loosened his collar. Lanny punts to Province's forty. If his stomach would only quit jumping maybe his fingers would settle down on the typewriter keys. Kreger stopped by the mass, no gain. What a girl that Rose had turned out to be! Henderson breaks through tackle for twelve on a spin play. First down. Or was it a spin play? Maybe it was his head that was spinning. Province offsides. First and fifteen. After he'd filed his running story he'd call Rose and tell her to meet him at the bus station in Westchester. Henderson gets four on a spin play. Second and eleven. The first edition on the morning side didn't go to press until nine-twenty. He could file his night lead from Westchester. Pass from Kreger to Henderson knocked down by Drew. Lord, he felt terrible! Pass from Drew to Roder good for twelve and first down. Ball on State's thirty-seven yard line. McCracken knifes through and spills Kreger for two yard loss. Henderson gets five on a spin play. Rose was a great spinner. No, that wasn't right, Henderson was a great spinner. Henderson picks up four more on that same spin play. Rose was a great spinner. Fourth and three. Kreger punts out of bounds on State's five yard line. Yes, Rose was a great spinner.

## The Boy Next Door

*By* JOHN S. DAVENPORT

*She has not felt such pain as I have known*
*Or had that empty ache thru vacant years.*
*She has not been as I have been, alone,*
*Unloved, even without relief in tears.*
*Oh, she has never loved me, that I've seen,*
*While I have worshipped always at her shrine*
*And always shall, tho others may forget their queen*
*One faithful follower holds her still divine.*
*Rarely she walks now in her garden bowers*
*Or smiles in condescension o'er the hedge.*
*Our lives like those of these October flowers*
*Have drooped and withered with the browning sedge.*
*Yet, patiently I wait, hoping a call*
*Will once more bid me climb her garden wall.*

# *Bony*

*By* ALDEN STAHR

Bony scurried squealing away from the warm stove and cringed behind the pedestal of the operating table. All this, because a muff of fuzz on four short legs had towed a lady on a leash through the doorway and had barked at him, one puny "wep!".

He decamped again when the doctor brought the puppy into the operating room, but he trotted more confidently now, swinging his pendulous ears which looked big enough to wrap up the whole hound. The collie pup yiped lustily when the innoculating needle poked through his skin; so Bony looked back less fearfully and thumped down by the stove again, not ashamed of having been a coward, only annoyed at the loss of a moment's warmth.

And he had need of all he could get. Hook worms had sapped his strength until nothing but bones and skin remained, hence the name which had been given him by Scrud, the keeper of the beasts. Perhaps this weakened condition explained Bony's cowardice, but he looked the part, nevertheless, like a skinny man in a gymnasium shower. No one expected him to be belligerent; so he was permitted to run at large in the kennel room and office in the company of Psst, a grey Persian cat who kept his belly warm at night.

Bizarre bedfellows though they were, these two were steeped in the bliss of conjugal felicity when Mizs was brought in with a broken back. (The boy called her "Mizs Scrud.") Bony was more sullen than afraid when the doctor and Scrud placed her on his favorite spot before the stove; so he growled deep in his throat. Psst, after a half hour of owlish contemplation, began to inspect the new patient, a huge female police dog.

Bony, appeased, came forward with his nose to sniff things over with Mizs. Something was evidently wrong, for she did not rise to swap sniff for sniff with him. Immediately he felt less inferior; here was one more helpless than he. But he made no overtures of friendship, and that night they kept not hostile but neutral camps on opposite sides of the stove, Mizs on one side, wrapped in a robe, and Bony and Psst by the coal scuttle, wrapped up in each other.

Then for some reason Psst was taken away, and Bony was left alone with Mizs. He kept his distance all afternoon, but late at night when the fire died down he shivered and tried to hide his nose under his hind leg, and at length he curled his quaking skeleton on top of the robe in the depression between Mizs' fore and hind legs. In the morning Scrud found him under the robe against the police dog's warm belly. A little heat had removed his prejudice, and once the ice was thus melted, the broken-backer and the bony worm-dog became as one. Mizs kept Bony warm, and Bony kept her company.

Fear entered Bony's heart once again when an enormous white bull dog with a long tail and a pug jaw was brought in to have his face straightened out after his latest battle. Bony crept closer to Mizs when the white juggernaut was dragged snarling past, but he should not have relaxed as soon as he did after the bull was gone. The pug broke the hook off his cage door within two minutes and charged madly for the two free dogs. Bony almost died at sight of him. He paused for a brief instant, seeming to consider which course to pursue; then he fled precipitately with the roaring Bull hot on his hocks.

As Bony made for the drug cabinet on the other side of the room all the dogs in the circle of cages cheered uproariously, barking, baying, howling, yapping. Mizs raised her head and almost moved her paralyzed hind quarters. Then as Bull's teeth clicked an inch from Bony's tail he spread his legs and slid on his stomach under the cabinet, and Bull crashed solidly against the hard wood. Doubly enraged, he fought to push his great head under the cabinet. It rocked precariously and would have upset had not Scrud aroused from his chair-tilted lethargy by the racket in the kennel room. He seized Bull by the loose skin of his neck and dragged him off to a stronger cage on the porch.

Instead of hiding for an hour as Bony was in the habit of doing he came out immediately that Bull was out of sight, licked Mizs' ear, and flopped down beside her, not to sleep but to watch. And Scrud, spitting out a toothpick, reflected, "Wun-

*(Continued on page six)*

## BONY

*(Continued from page five)*

ner if Bony run away becuz he was scairt or if he wuz tryin' to keep Bull away from Mizs?"

On warm sunny days Mizs and Bony were put outdoors; in the next run a rat terrier scurried whimpering back and forth trying to wean her eight-ounce pups; and in the second pen removed, Bull glowered and became more enfuriated every hour. The terrier irritated him, and whenever he looked at her he saw Bony and Mizs, so that his small fighting brain became inflamed with a desire to kill the scrawny mutt he had failed to catch before, and the indifferent couchant police dog as well. He butted and chewed at the wire between him and the cause of his irritation until he broke one of the strands. After that it was easy for him to wedge his head through the opening already started and to catapault himself through the small hole by which the terrier was in the habit of visiting the adjacent pen. Bony and Mizs were cornered. This time the skinny dog did not attempt to run away. He stood in front of the helpless police dog, snarling defiance, and went down before the impact of the heavy bull's charge. It wasn't much of a fight. Bull got Bony's fore leg between his jaws and hung on, and the lesser dog raked the attacker's face again and again with his fangs. Blood flowed copiously, from the gashes in Bull's face, not from Bony's leg. Mizs snarled and growled helplessly, and finally when Bull's rat tail slapped against her jowl she seized it and bit it off with one convulsive clamp of her jaws. Bull reared, but instead of relinquishing his grip he squeezed harder. Bony stopped his terrified snapping and howled his agony until the bedlam brought Scrud running from the office. He belabored the bull dog with fists and kicked him with his heavy-shod foot, but his efforts served only to lend the added twist necessary to break Bony's tortured leg. Then Scrud thought after having acted that this was no way to make a bull dog let go; so he picked up the pan by the pen door and poured water over Bull's face and in his nostrils. Only then did the insane brute open his jaws so that Scrud could drag him into the kennel room. Bony whined pitifully. Mizs licked his hurt.

When the doctor arrived he set Bony's leg, taped up the stump of Bull's tail, and injected a strychnine solution into Mizs' heart. She was dead on the instant; so Scrud fastened a chain around her emaciated neck and dragged her off down the hill to bury her. Bony, his leg encased in splints and clean white bandages, was placed by the stove and covered with Mizs' robe.

He awakened from his drugged sleep late at night. His leg hurt terribly; so he gnawed at the bandage in order to lick his wound. But the bandage and the pain remained. His befogged brain cleared after a while, and he could faintly remember the awful incident. The bull, the pain, Mizs. Where was Mizs now? He sniffed for her, but she was not near. Perhaps he wondered where she had gone. But he was warm, because he had Mizs' heavy robe over him, and her scent was strong all around him. The effect was the same. Perhaps he lamented her loss, perhaps not. Bony unwrinkled his puzzled brow, heaved a large canine sigh, and relapsed into troubled sleep and dreams of bones and trees and bull dogs with jaws like crocodiles. Mizs, already compensated, was already forgotten.

## One Speaks

*By* K. ALISON LA ROCHE

*To you—someone to pass you a book,*
*To throw a log on your winter fire,*
*To talk with you of trivial things.*
*To me—the glow of a silver candle,*
*Fingers against my heart*
*Stilling its yearning for the infinite.*
*Yet should we meet,*
*You and I,*
*You would pass me by unknowing.*

## EDNA MILLAY AND THE CRITICS

*(Continued from page one)*

of *A Few Figs from Thistles.* What it does have, however, is a matinal freshness I do not find in the work of a more mature Edna Millay. It seems to me that *The Princess Marries the Page*, written as it is with easy grace and pleasant simplicity, which somehow escape triviality, is worthy of rank with the best Miss Millay has written.

People with minds of their own sometimes disagree with the critics. As in Greenwich Village in its "pre-arty" days (that is, before the smart set found it "quaint" and drove the artists, who objected to being stared at like monkeys in a cage, elsewhere), there are some sequestered corners of America where it is no sin to have an idea of one's own. By people with these ideas of their own it has, and not without reasonable grounds, been charged that Miss Millay's work is decidedly uneven—that there is chaff in with the wheat. Whether Miss Millay has not the rare quality of self-criticism, or whether she deliberately allowed some more or less inferior lines to slip in with the best to expand her various books into suitable size for publication, it is not my aim to decide. If the rest of *Fatal Interview*, for instance, were written in Chinese, there are four or five sonnets I would buy the book for.

When the Metropolitan Opera Company produced *The King's Henchman* in 1927 with the libretto by Edna St. Vincent Millay and the score by Deems Taylor, it was stated, and not without truth, that Miss Millay's libretto is impossible for Deems Taylor's or anybody else's, music. The trouble seemed to be that Miss Millay's words, most of them of Malorian extraction, although they lent a tremendous amount of atmosphere to a play of Arthurian England, were most difficult to set to music. That doesn't concern me either. Whatever else *The King's Henchman* may or may not be it is good poetry, and as such it ranks with the *Idyls of the King* and Robinson's brilliant *Tristram.*

Of *A Few Figs From Thistles* a critic in the Chicago *Times* said: "They are half-humorous apologies for the failures of the emotions." But no less an authority than Carl Van Doren, speaking in the *Bookman* of the same work says: (She admits) the variability and transience of love and realizes that it does not always vibrate at its first high pitch . . . Greenwich Village, instead of affording her a Freudian God in her own image, has quickened her humor."

People who are intelligent, like her; people who are intelligent, dislike her. But my opinion is that, when the ballyhoo produced on her behalf by the Brothers Harper, the adverse reviews, and the natural reactions to both have been cleared away, Edna St. Vincent Millay will remain, "clara in luce refulgit," the first lady of contemporary American poetry.

## *Death and the Scholar--After Holbein*

*By* J. G. BRIGGS

One night I went down to the medical building to see some of its exhibits. The doors closed behind me, and I was engulfed in the sickening-sweet odors of formaldehyde and acid. I went doubtfully up a seemingly endless flight of stairs, through one door, down a narrow corridor, and paused timorously for a moment before I threw open the door and stood blinking in the unexpected light.

A dozen chandeliers lighted a scene which would have brought joy to the heart of Holbein. In his famous "Alphabet of Death" that grisly power is depicted summoning away men from all ranks of life. The soldier, scholar, king, emperor, peasant, preacher, all look up in fright at the specter who stands at their shoulders. In the letter which is missing from the alphabet, however, the positions are reversed, and Death, in all his sombre majesty, is made to crouch on a table-top like a frog, subjected to the calm scrutiny of the scholar, who lays his ischium bare to the bone.

But was this really Death? This dried and shrunken figure, black as ebony and ugly as incest, bore no resemblance to a living, pulsing being. He looked like a mummy which had lain under deep-piled desert sand for centuries; his black hide, where it had been split and drawn off, was like leather from the tanning vat.

As this latter fact was borne in upon me, I gathered courage, and, swallowing my Adam's apple, ventured across the threshold.

Within were long tables, rows and rows of them, each bearing its sinister burden. All were covered by heavy canvas, except the one which was being disintegrated. I examined the Negro more closely. The skin was entirely gone from one leg, exposing the red, raw tendons and muscles, flexed by the crouching position. The ischium was a mass of mince-meat, and was slowly vanishing under the skilled fingers of the scholar. All the tough skin, which reminded me of the outside of a salted ham, had been taken off, a canvas jacket laid next the muscles, and the skin put on over that. His shoulders were split, giving a curious impression of muscles which had burst the skin and bulged out. His fingers were perfect, with nails cracked and broken, the ragged cuticle which comes from much grubby labor, and even specks of dirt under them—as if he had been working in someone's garden that very morning.

His dull eyes, under his shaggy brows, stared straight ahead, seeming to glower hatred of the whites who thus disturbed his rest. His blunt face was sullen, unrelieved by crinkles about the eyes or a smile on the lips. No hope showed in the cold clay—only hate and despair. Seeing this, I was suddenly aware of the potency of the dead, and was seized by a desire to get fresh air.

The scholar, who had not moved an eyebrow, sniffed faintly as I hurried out; and this only strengthened my resolution to be cremated as soon as possible—a resolution which I have not since broken.

Literature is so common a luxury that the age has grown fastidious.—*Tuckerman.*

# Chinese Art

*By* Robert W. Barnett

Chinese art is the supreme and complete expression of the Chinese character. In the mysticism, the symbolism, the delicacy, and peacefulness of Chinese painting there is brought to complete expression the soul of the race. So, it is possible to understand the Chinese race through a study of their art, and, quite as truly, it is possible to grasp a part of the subtle significance of Chinese art through an understanding of the people.

Early sinologists were misled in their studies of Chinese art by having an incomplete supply of examples at hand to study. These works were brought to the West from China and Japan by Englishmen and Americans who bought bits of pottery and painting according to their own western taste. Hence, Chinese pieces of art in this country are largely of the sort which most closely resemble our own art. Chinese themselves consider these relics which are so highly prized by us as exceedingly insignificant.

The highest florescense of Chinese art was the most ancient. Subsequent masterpieces, with the exception of the Sung period work, have been little more than mere duplications of former works. An analysis of this early golden period of artistic expression will reveal the fact that the Chinese artist was concerned primarily with three aspects of his painting. The painter emphasized the importance of line; his painting was the effusion of deep religious sentiment; and, his painting was determined by the racial psychology of the ancient Chinese.

European art critics blamed Chinese art in proportion to the degree that it varied from European artistic canons. The European failed to recognise the fact that Chinese painting is a synthesis of technique and feeling and that taking a work of art out of its cultural, religious, and psychological setting means that any explanation of the art must be grotesquely inadequate. The Chinese painter is not interested in perspective, in shading in blacks and whites, and in other things which are artistic prerequisites for the European painter. The Chinese ignored them completely if he could achieve his artistic purpose otherwise. It happened that in the use of line the Chinese artist found the final expression of his artistic craftsmanship. The delicacy, the tenderness, the deftness of a quickly diverted stroke of the brush were, for his purpose, far more expressive than photographic realism of nearness and farness and actual contour.

As in Egyptian funerary reliefs, even as in the Renaissance Madonnas, Chinese art was at one with the profound beauty of consuming religious conviction. In Egypt the reliefs declare that in the after world great happiness and luxury awaits. Life in that eternity would, they believed, be like the earth they knew. The fertility of the soils, the warm, balmy weather, the comforts, and the absence of dangers made life pleasant for the Egyptian. He constructed his heaven to be like his earth. The Renaissance painters conceived Madonnas not as mysteriously and divine beings, but rather as lovely human beings. The religion of Europe in that day, even as today, constructed God and the Son of God as glorified men. It was impossible for the early Chinese to do this. The teachings of the great mystic Lao Tsu and the religious prophet Buddha implored man to seek after the infinite and complete good and not merely the satiation of human passions. This good is not existence but the cessation of existence, the utter loss of feeling. Life is conflict and change and turmoil. Behind it all, behind the glittering life of today the Chinese poet and painter glimpsed a great immobile, immutable force which is nothingness, yet which is complete and controlling. The Chinese can gladly lose his own personality in the assurance that when he has crushed all feeling within himself he can become one with the grand and timeless spirit of the Universe. The painter loses his own personality in an ecstatic contemplation of Nature and the spirit behind it which it symbolizes. Thus the supreme expression of the Chinese artist is in somehow capturing in stone or in color and lines the impersonality and the sublimity of this conception. Chinese art, then, attempts to suggest the grandeur of the infinite and the impersonal. This is his religion.

If it is possible to classify Chinese artistic motives at all, one must say that the third of these is the desire to express the Chinese racial psychology. At best this is vague. But to be more explicit, the Chinese artist willingly submits and submerges himself as a personality in the enveloping spirit of all-pervading Tao. Therefore the painter attempts in his work not to describe anatomical beauty or sheer realism, but rather if possible, to appreciate the beauty of quietude and resignation in a great Universe.

These qualities and motives characterize typical Chinese art. However, a significant movement against this tradition was carried on by the Sungs in their capital at Hangchow. Their motives were diametrically opposed to former and subsequent ones, and yet they were so genuine and so perfected that today Sung art is considered unsurpassed in its refinement and delicacy, and masterpieces from this period must be accepted as among those premier artistic works of all time.

Emile Hovelaque, distinguished sinologist and art critic, has described Hangchow, the Sung capital, and its civilization as one of the "perfect moments of humanity." Marco Polo, who visited Hangchow at this time calls it the "most beautiful and sumptuous town on earth." The inhabitants of Hangchow carried no arms; there was no sound of dissension; they were gentle, hospitable people; boats floated on a crystal lake like gilded palaces; and, as Marco Polo again says, "the courtezans were adorned with all the charms of the mind as well as those of luxury, so subtle, so fair, so intoxicating that they made Hangchow a paradise for which all men sighed."

It was in this remarkable city that a courageous yet gentle revolt against the artistic tradition of the past took place. The Sungs attempted to break down the stagnating influence of Confucianism. As Hovelaque says, "a breath of idealism passed through the land; the artist and priests were the equals of emperors and of statesmen and all worked together as brothers, and with a like fervour to make beauty, truth, and sweetness reign among men." Life was characterized by a spirit of splendid toleration and freedom. China, under the Sungs, became a land of highest moral inspiration and untrammeled liberty. Artists expressed a new sweetness and good humour in their work.

However, the most significant aspect of this movement was the fact that man stood, in this new interpretation, at the very center of every picture. A new importance was attached to the individual. Nature and the metaphysical beauties of the infinite were beautiful only in so far as man was related to them. No longer did artists sit in "morose contemplation" of the Eternal and seek to express the subdued, defeated, annihilated spirit of man before an incomprehensible and vast spirit; artists during the Sung period added zest and joyousness to their workmanship. To quote Hovelaque again, "it is this constant interest in human emotion which gives to the Sung art both its epic grandeur and its lyric penetration."

The Sung florescense occured during the twelfth century but with invasions from the north it gradually degenerated and was irreparably mutilated. Other periods of artistic enterprise followed various masters and had varied purposes and methods according to the teachings of these men. However, the above mentioned characteristics have marked practically all Chinese art during all periods.

The Westerner finds it almost impossible to appreciate the subtleties, the lightness, the symbolism of Chinese art. In the first place it is impossible for him, rugged individualist that he aspires to be, to understand the philosophical background of the art. He cannot imagine a person who could be willing to sacrifice his capacity for sensation, for thought, for growth, in order to attain something which approaches complete non-existence. In the second place, the Westerner does not have the time or the patience to exhaust all of the possibilities of artistic appreciation and expression. He cannot, consequently, fully realize the complete beauty of a Chinese porcelain, for example, where the texture of the piece accounts for a large part of its beauty. The thinness, the fineness of design, the smooth, suave, sensual feel of the porcelain work is usually lost on the Occidental. The Westerner manufacturer finds a formula for a laquer-like paint and sells it in great quantities. Every family from Maine to Oregon splashes this covering of color over its wood-work. Everyone is happy because they feel they are introducing a touch of art into their homes. The Chinese differs from the Occidental in that he works for years, perhaps generations, one a process for producing a warm, vivid, rich shade of orange laquer. The shade is found. Lovely vases, tables, chairs are made and covered with the precious laquer covering. The laquer ware is art. The secrets are kept within the guild, and laquer ware is always rare and precious for it is the expression of the aesthetic temper of some artist who worked for years in perfecting it. There is the story of the Chinese gentleman who rolled over agate stones so that he might make his body more sensitive for the appreciation of fine textures. No Westerner takes his art that seriously.

Lastly, the Occidental is married to his own artistic traditions, and a recasting of these traditions, or an attempt to reliquish them while trying to understand others, is far too much of a drain upon his energies and his mentality to be worth the trouble. So it is that the Westerner does not take the trouble to try to understand the very different, spiritual, metaphysical, purposes the sometime fantastic techniques, of the Chinese artist. The Westerner refuses to place himself (or he is not intellectually capable of doing so) in the place of the Chinese artist and see his problem as the Chinese must see it.

## THE ARTIST'S FABLE

*(Continued from page one)*

Weeks . . . months . . .

The other words became dim.

A day came.

He struggled.

No longer will I try to remember; I will try to forget. But he gave himself answer, no. And again and again the answer came back to him, dully echoing and reechoing in the recesses of his being, no, no! He strained, trembled, strained. His shell-like arms opened and reached, reached upward. But only for an instant. A fiercehurt, stabbing, piercing, and his arms contracted in a spasm of fear and anguish, and he hugged the hurt to himself, clasped to his breast the chance-carried note. The pain overcame him . . .

He woke. His being sobbed with the throbbing hurt. He strained to reach the surface of his consciousness. But he could not remember. Nor could he forget. He could not think. He could only feel.

Days passed.

His fellows sensed his differentness, and tried to reach him. But he repulsed them. They had given him the crook of solitariness, and now he made of it a staff of self-sufficiency.

Days passed.

His hurt healed slowly. But as it healed it took new form, its substance became transmuted. He regarded it carefully, curiously. It was beautiful. He regarded it. He caressed it.

Days passed.

He continued to caress it. This, he thought to himself, is now more to me than my being. My former being. This, my soul, is now my being, be rationalized: Since I am achieving, creating, and since other oysters but exist and propagate and lie in the stultifying ooze as I once did, therefore I will not subscribe to that order of things, will not propagate other oysters. This wound I have taken to myself, that which has come of it is something better, finer. To it I will give my existence. It may be . . . indeed, it may even be a link to that which once puzzled and wracked me, that which lies beyond . . . and above.

Days passed without end. He was happy and content with his new philosophy. Days and days and days . . . . . .

A day came.

Wrenchingly he was lifted—upward! Upward! But there was no pain. He swooned. There was a horrible tearing sensation. There was no more.

* * *

There is really no more to this tear-wrenching tale. But the author, in his anxiety to appease those who wish to hear more of this poignant story, has appended, not one, but several epilogues, to wit:

EPILOGUE THE FIRST—HEAVEN: He awoke to the consciousness of a delightful soppily humid existence. When he adjusted himself to his new surroundings, he found that he was—oh! heavenly feeling—no longer below but above. And as he looked down from his eminence, he saw the world as a lovely, lustrous pearl of infinite beauty. He basked in the timid appreciative admiration and respect of his fellow oysters. He smiled, and regarded the world.

EPILOGUE THE SECOND—HELL: The heat was searing. He cried out in pain. He cried, why? why? why? And he was answered, you did not conform to the rule of life, and live thus and so, and propagate your kind according to the precepts. But, he retorted, happy over his command of logic; but the others were mere sodden biological beasts— I achieved, I created beauty. Sins of the flesh, sins of the flesh, the shrieking chorus reminded him. And he broiled on in the infinite Oyster Stew.

EPILOGUE THE THIRD—PURGATORY: His disembodied shell lay soaking in the muck. He wondered what had become of the Soul he had created for himself. To each returning oyster he turned eagerly. Have you seen—did you see—have you seen—? Finally, a returning shell shook in affirmation. Tell me—tell me—tell me, he cried to it. The other looked away. Yes, I have seen your soul. As I stared up from a plate, glittering under a blinding light, I caught a glimpse of it. It was on the gross, fat, stolid neck of an animal of mountainous size, almost buried in the flabby folds of the flesh. The oyster dug himself further in the ooze, and, once more, tried to forget.

EPILOGUE THE FOURTH—FINALITY: As has been said before, there is really no more to the tale.

## TECHNOCRACY—WHAT OF IT?

*(Continued from page two)*

hour what it required 650 hours to accomplish fifty years ago.

A New Jersey rayon factory is nearing completion which will operate twenty-four hours a day without a single worker in the plant (being regulated by an executive in a New York office building).

A road making machine, now waiting for the public, can be run by three shifts of two men each twenty-four hours a day, in that space of time tearing up an old roadway and building a new one (foundation and pavement), sixty feet wide and eight miles long. Thus in a little over two months a perfect road could be constructed from Chapel Hill to New York, a venture that would take several years were it projected at one stretch.

A new machine making electric light bulbs is now in operation which produces 442 bulbs a minute, replacing the labor of 10,000 men.

Six million men, working with implements no more advanced than those of 1829, were needed to cultivate the 1929 wheat crop. Whereas, using the equipment of 1929, the job would only have needed 4,000 men.

Three turbines, now in existance, can each produce 9,000,000 man power, or combined, the man power of the entire nation.

One automobile plant located in Milwaukee can with 208 men produce 10,000 automobile chasis frames in one day.

A photo-electric cell, now being perfected by General Electric can produce three-color photo-engraving plates in half an hour instead of thirty-six.

A razor blade made to last a lifetime and costing but thirty cents is ready for the market but has been held up by frantic manufacturers.

Suppose that the last technological inventions were applied to setting this article in type. It could be typewritten in the CAROLINA MAGAZINE office onto a roll of tape and electrically carried to the printing office where it would be reproduced on an automatic linotype machine through a photo electric cell without a human hand touching the type setting process. Similarly applied in the newspaper business, editions of the New York *Times* could be composed simultaneously in New York and Chicago, arriving on the street at the same minute for distribution.

Thus is the technological advance of civilization as pictured by the technocrats. But Technocracy does not end here. It subtly proposes that if the present scientific implements were used in modern industry, no man would need to work more than four hours a day for a five day week, at the same time realizing a salary equivalent to $20,000 a year. Thus it is predicted that even if the 1929 level of prosperity becomes a reality, there will be employment for only one half of our population. And likewise is a near future predicted when only one man out of twenty or possibly one man in one hundred will have work.

Technocracy further proposes to supersede the price system, which it maintains is crumbling, by one whereby energy will be the unit of wealth. The dollar, the Technocrats say, is too unstable as a yardstick for the measurement of wealth. For the dollar they substitute an energy unit which may be called an erg or a joule. Energy is constant and never changes in value. It is the same today as it will be in 1950 or the year 2000. Technocracy, then, realizes a state run by engineers wherein production and consumption is so arranged that each individual may be consigned a certain amount of "ergs" represented on a coupon. This coupon, which would resemble a cafeteria ticket exchangeable for commodity. Thus, Utopian Technocracy approaches a purely socialistic state.

Varied and vitriolic have been the indictments brought against Technocracy. It has been denounced from every quarter. Unhappily, its debunkers have risen in many cases only to allay the amount of supposed fright and terrorism inspired by a new and radical doctrine. This conservative defense is characteristic. It seems that we cannot be told what is wrong with our system. We must not believe that there are other theories than those now in force—and in what puny force—in America today. Technocracy may be wrong (there are those who have suggested the substitution of a "z" for the last "c" in the term); it may not be the way out of our present difficulty, but it is reasonable that we should be stirred into concerted action by some publicized means, even though its doctrines possess little feasibility.

Many of the Technocracy figures have been found to possess amazing errors. Mr. John H. Van Deventer, the capable editor of *The Iron Age* criticizes the technocratic statement that in pig-iron production, one man working one hour can do what it took him 650 hours to accomplish fifty years ago. Here is found a discrepancy of some 627 times, for the 1929 pig iron production figure indicates that one worker produced 1,710 tons per year while in 1897 his capacity was 73-7 per year. Thus the output has grown but 23.2 times.

In many cases critics have misinterpreted figures existing in reference to the amount of work necessary *if the present technical implements were used.* They fling about statistics disproving technocratic figures on the ground that more men were employed in certain industries than Technocracy admits, not taking into account the fact that under modern methods, this employment is unnecessary. Another argument states that machines are necessary for the manufacture of labor saving machines, thus employing men in the manufacture of one appliance that will supersede another, but we must remember that at technology advances, more and more methods are found to simplify this manufacturing process.

And so go the arguments. We are readily convinced that many technocratic figures are unreliable. We, however, seek rather to confound technocratic theories rather than to investigate this wealth of data which is an actual cataloguing of the state of economics. When the wave of fear blows over, perhaps we shall be able to weed out these fundamental vices and awaken to our plight.

The decline of literature indicates the decline of the nation. The two keep pace in their downward tendency.—*Geothe.*

FEB 3 - 1933


# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

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## *Songs of the Cowboy*

*By* J. F. Alexander

The harsh drone of a man's voice and the twang of a guitar—some station far east of the Mississippi is broadcasting cowboy songs.

*O lay down doggies, don't ramble no more,*
*My bronco is weary, I'm tired and I'm sore,*
*O lay down doggies and close up yo' eyes,*
*Cayse it wont be long till the sun will rise,*
*Move slow doggies, move slow.*

Out in a dark western night long past a man on a drooping pony was lulling to quiet the fitful herd. Lounging in the saddle one leg swung over the horn he rolled a cigarette as he intoned the doleful plea to the doggies that were on the verge of stampeding. As the weary horse swung around the stamping cattle they started and snorted, then reassured returned to cropping the prairie grass. From out the black shadow of a mesa came the almost human scream of a coyote, but the cattle did not fear. The voice of the man meant safety, had it ceased for long thousands of dollars in beef and hide would have scampered off into the black void of the prairie night.

It was a herd of long horns bearing the brand and earmark of some Texas cattle king. They were bound for the ever hungry slaughter houses of Chicago. Driving several thousand head of cattle some thousand miles thru wild rough country was not a pleasant task for twelve men. When night fell there were no fences, no pastures to hold the restive herd while exhausted men slept. The only confining barrier was the voices of a few men as they rode slowly around the herd soothing the fears of half wild steers—telling them as best they could that all was well.

Night and day these dozen sang and their songs were sad. Tunes from back home were there, but the life had changed the tempo and the words. Out beyond the fringe of civilization rode these men day after day, ceaseless, vigilant, as they watched the herd roll on before them. Never out of its sight or its smell or its noise, months of riding. Night herding, day herding, sleeping, eating, always riding. Not the diversion of a gallop but the slow walk of the pony through the dust of the bellowing herd. The endless prairies stretched far out on all sides to meet a cloudless sky. The bellow of the steers, the whinny of the horses, and the shouts of the men rung in their ears. The smell of the cattle, of hot leather and sweating horses pierced their nostril day after day. The warm dust settled on everything and stayed. Senses were numbed by an eternal repetition of sight, smell, and noise.

But even in the trance they were sad, they missed the pleasures of life. They missed their kin back home, their girls, they were inexpressibly lonely and they pitied themselves. They sang and their songs were dirges lamenting their unhappy lot. Voices crying in the wilderness.

Tragedy was the keynote of that frontier. It was a life of men separated from homes, families—from everything. And it was cruel. Death was common and life cheap. Shooting was neither a rare nor a heinous offense. Billy the Kid having conceived a great hate for the cattleman Chisolm dropped by the camp fire of a lone puncher one night and asked him who he was riding for. "Chisolm" was the friendly reply. "Well here's your pay" was Billy's less friendly response as he shot the man whom he had never before seen through the heart. The writers of sensational fiction could do little to improve on incidents such as this. In Dodge City, Tombstone, and other old cattle towns are still to be seen the cemeteries "boot hills" in which are buried the hundreds of men that died with their boots on.

The gun was not alone. A fall from a half wild horse, a mad steer, or a band of Apache Indians did their share in thinning the population. Disease took many while others got lost and after pursuing cruel mirages across the sand wastes left their bones to bleach amid the cactus and the chaparal. Many came out and few returned to the

*(Continued on page four)*

## *IN THIS ISSUE*

"Songs of the Cowboy," by J. F. Alexander, describes the note of tragedy to be found in the cowboy ballad. Alexander has lived on the Arizona ranches and knows the psychology of the cowboy . . . "Mossy Point," by Robin Jones, is a story of the love of a lonely man for a lonely eagle. Robin Jones is the pseudonym of a well-known writer who graduated from Carolina a few years ago . . . Foster Fitz-Simons, the author of "Lady Beyond," has become known here as the promising playwright whose play "Four on a Heath" was produced last quarter . . . Alex Neuman is the pen name of a man intimately connected with football. His article deals with the subject of football from two angles; the first regarding football and its critics; the second, the players and what is expected of them . . . Thomas McKnight's letter from a marine is an actual bit of correspondence from an educated man who is numbered among the thousands who are now feeling the devastation of the depression . . . V. N. Garofol, a student in the University, recently returned from a break in his academic career, contributes "This is Our Exile." Mary Frances Parker, poetry editor of the Magazine, is the author of "Lament." Sara Hall is the pen name of a frequent contributor to the Carolina Magazine. She contributes "Reflection" to this issue. Alden Stahr has written for the Carolina Magazine for four years. "Inglorious Mute" is his contribution. Joseph Sugarman conducts Book Marks for the Magazine—a column dealing with contemporary books and writers.

## *Mossy Point*

*By* Robin Jones

The truth about how Dr. Charles H. Millidge met his end in a duck blind in the fall of 1915 can be told now, because Old Man Ed Racer is at last dead too; after the first and only sick day of his life. I have just come back from seeing him die, as naturally as he had lived. He simply breathed hard a couple of times, heaved a long, tired sigh, and opened his eyes to stare past Doc Mebane and me at the dark pine ceiling. Then there were in his little wainscoted cabin the dignity of death and the silence of two men who have just witnessed the passing of a friend's soul.

For Doc and I loved Old Man Ed. Everybody, whether city lawyer or swamp nigger, who fished or hunted down here in Brunswick County, was fond of him. He was soft-spoken and kind-hearted, and he didn't have an enemy in the world. He was especially well-liked by hunters and fishermen because he knew everything about the woods and winds and water without being averse to bestowing his knowledge where it would be of use to someone besides himself; a unique quality, as far as the low country is concerned.

Most of the old-time proggers down here are dead clams when it comes to airing their weather and game lore; even when they're paid not to be. From the way they act, you'd think they'd rather chew Indian turnip and swallow the juice than to yell to a one-arm man in a canoe that a first class squall was coming down the line. But Old Man Ed wasn't like that at all. If he saw you, or me, or Johnny Woodson's boy going floundering when you could hear the loons bellowing down in Cranky Bay, he'd say, "Now fren, you know it's goin' to blow hell offen its hinges 'fore night, and you know that ain't no flounderin' weather." Or, if he saw a perfect stranger leaving Snicker's Landing to cast for drum at the inlet on a day when nigger geese were coming up the river close down on the water, he'd say, "Mister, don't you know you can't cast fer drum in such seas as 'il be breakin' on the inlet today?" Or if he came across green deer hunters on Sweet-Bay Neck he'd respectfully tell them that there hadn't been a deer in that locality for years, and then he'd tell them where they could find the best deer country in eastern Carolina.

That's the kind of fellow Old Man Ed was; and it's no wonder that he was the last person in Brunswick County the law or anybody else suspected of knowing anything about the death of Dr. Millidge.

If you were reading the papers in this state in the fall of 1915, and if you weren't entirely taken up with war news, you probably remember about Dr. Millidge. He was a well-to-do surgeon from up Charlotte way who used to come down here to get in his duck-hunting during the first few days of the season every year. A good shot, a good sportsman,

*(Continued on page seven)*

# The Carolina Magazine

*Oldest College Publication in the United States*

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 29, 1933


## EDUCATION AND THE STUDENT

Comparisons of American students with those in countries abroad are odious, to be sure, but may nevertheless be useful in remarking some of our collegiate characteristics. American students have demonstrated a dramatic apathy to the essential significance of developments in the field of education. Upon the Continent and in the Orient undergraduates manifest a concern in their own welfare. This concern has not been casual lip service; rather, has it been impertinent, psychotic, and rash. But these students have been listened to and their demands considered.

Demonstrations of violence abroad may be regarded as barbaric and unintelligent, but they are preferable to the complacency and nonchalance to be found on many campuses in this country. Violence somehow is proof of conviction. If these convictions be in error they may be changed, but a youth without convictions is like a level dry desert beyond excitement or stimulation, unlike the level ocean that may be whipped into fury before it subsides. Beliefs and demands among college men are healthy symptoms of vitality.

Viewed objectively the murderous amputations of educational facilities by the state legislature will certainly have disastrous effects upon the state as a whole, both at the moment and in the future. But from the personal point of view the cuts in the budget have alarming implications for the individual.

The spread between the expert and the unskilled is daily widening. Society has need for both varieties of men. But a mediocre or ill-prepared scholar can only suffer gnawing dissatisfaction and hunger, because he is a misfit and will be without employment. Our society needs the expert who has enjoyed the very best that our education can offer. A university without adequate facilities is a curse rather than a blessing.

North Carolina needs men trained in her own state to meet the complex responsibilities of our time. Should she fail to provide this training she invites a new era of carpet-baggers, with men who will invade the state with knowledge learned in the eastern and central states. A break in the continuity of our educational system will inevitably mean a break in the rising leadership of North Carolina men. North Carolina should expect a rich and happy future growing out of an enlightened, educated leadership intimate with the particular problems of this state. To weakly sign away this expectancy would be both cowardly and stupid.

There has grown a healthy sentiment of self-interest upon this campus during the past week. The sentiment is concerned both with the immediate desires of the students and an insight into the future of the state. The voice of the student should be well attended. The student should be commended for raising his voice in protest and hope. It is a sign of vitality and imagination.

## Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

H. G. Wells is furious again. The portly, prolific Englishman has just taken another satiric swipe at society in his new novel, tongue-twistingly called *The Bulpington of Blup*. Blup, let it be known, is the fancy cognomen given the English coastal town of Blayport, and Bulpington is the chief character who suffers from what Wells caustically terms a "literary" education.

He styles his work "the adventures, poses, stresses, conflicts, and disaster in a contemporary brain" and uses it to trumpet his theory that those who neglect Science must reach as vacant an end as did his Bulpington. This figure is the butt of Wells' social mockery in which he vents particular scorn on the pretense to such ideals as freedom, liberalism, and patriotism.

* * *

The close of each year sets the statisticians off with a vengeance. In compiling the best sellers of 1932, some industrious gentleman discovered that no less than six of the twenty most popular books of that year were published in 1931. Pearl Buck was the only author to have two works appear on the list, and *The Magnificent Obsession*, a product of good old 1929, was the most venerable best seller.

* * *

*Can America Stay at Home?* is the question Frank Simonds, experienced international observer, poses in his new book. He thinks not. For the achievement of a lasting peace it is absolutely necessary that this country link itself economically with Europe. The writer, whose work on the Versailles Treaty was one of the first to reveal the rout of Wilsonian idealism, advocates America's assisting in placing the Kellogg pact on a practical basis. He recommends "participation in economic and financial sanctions against the nation which violates the pact."

* * *

New attributes, dreamy and poetic, come to those Norwegian immigrants of O. E. Rolvaag in his posthumous novel, *The Boat of Longing*. The late professor of Norse literature, who had his writings translated from his native tongue despite his many years in this country, tells of a legendary ship in Scandinavian waters, the sight of which impelled a lad to sail to America. His adventures in lumbering camps, grain fields, and large cities offer a more romantic view of immigrants than do Rolvaag's stern earlier books. Parallel with the boy's experience is a poignant picture of his father's dramatic attempt to visit him.

* * *

This business of titles bothered even the most reputable of writers. H. Vincent Brone tells of the struggles that Charles Dickens had evolving *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It began as Sweezleden, changed quickly to Swiezleback and Sweetsway, veered off to Chuzzletoe and Chuzzlebug, switched to Chubblewig, stumbled over Chuzzlewy, and came up triumphantly as Chuzzlewit.

In the same article in the *London Bookman* E. E. Benson names the Book of Proverbs as one of the most fertile sources for titles, while W. B. Maxwell calmly confesses that he doesn't write a line until he has a title.

* * *

Back come the muckrakers in the astounding volume *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs* (who are you, and you, and you). Under the direction of the Consumer's League, Arthur Kallet and Fred Schlink have exposed the dangers in connection with the manufacture and distribution of foods, drugs, and cosmetics. A sample of their information is the item which tells of the practice of spraying fruit with a solution containing enough arsenic to be more than a little dangerous to unsuspecting buyers.

* * *

A woman revolutionary leader, of Ireland, masquerading as a man, is the central figure of Francis Stuart's novel, *The Coloured Dome*. She and a male follower of the cause voluntarily assume the death sentence and fall in love while awaiting its fulfillment. Upon escaping death, the woman is left to work out the problem of her love born of such strange conditions. Stuart's solution is unusual and startling, strongly indicative of the mystical, philosophic tone of the volume.

## *Inglorious Mute*

*By* ALDEN STAHR

A weary perusal of the writing which appears in pulp and college publications and in equally superficial novels has led me to the unpleasant conviction that straining for cute effects and ornate periphrastics is much the same as the unavailing labor of stillbirth; or again, like straining old wine above a sawdust pile. The clear potent juice escapes through myriad perforations, and the dregs alone remain. Or it might be the straining of egestion. In any case, the residue is desuetude. All this from fools who know not, but write regardless.

The equally tongue-tied but more discreet mutes who see and lament this condition avert their sentient eyes in pity at the spectacle, and think: *too many pregnant pens lie rusting, too many hopeful sheets of paper are yellow and wrinkled with waiting for the easy and unobtrusive lines of some few men whose thoughts will be laconic and whose words will be such that we dumb fools will see in them a familiar gleam and sigh, "Ah, yes, that thought was mine long years ago, but not till now had I hoped to see it spoken so."*

When my mind first began to throb with inexpressible thoughts I hoped that soon I would be taught some means whereby my stiff new tongue might be broken in and that some rare oil might free the frozen joints of the hand that held my pen. But expression cannot be taught; it cannot be forced; it must come. Deliberation and afterthought avail nothing without this kind of oil which flows at objective zero or at the high subjective heat of passion.

I have reflected now so long that words by swarms mount in my gullet to gag me, and on some

not-so-distant day, I know these unregimented and unphrased words will bring rest to my impatient grave. Then a future Gray will passing by look down and say, "Some mute inglorious Milton here may lie." Mute and inglorious, yes. And here I must recant. These despised "young writers," inapt fools, may yet be more happy than I who cannot speak, for at least the bile in them passes and will not some day contrive to choke them, as it will an aphonous fool like me. To write not knowing how and so find a dubious dysentery relief, or to restrain the anxious hand and die with words "on the tip of the tongue"—that is the perplexing, the insoluble problem.

## This is Our Exile

*By* V. N. Garofol

*This is our exile.*
*The numb sense which, senseless,*
*feels the dumb decay of living things*
*and summons the arrogance of words.*

*The reasoned pattern,*
*(a pattern clean with methodic change)*
*frustrates the measured minutes*
*into timeless, ceaseless reckonings.*

*This is our exile.*
*The sound of dense imaginings which, echoed,*
*feeds fuel upon abandoned flame*
*and suffers the impotence of prayers.*

# *The Lady Beyond*

*By* Foster Fitz-Simons

As the years passed, the family spoke less and less of the Young One and the Lady. Teresa felt it in her heart and it hurt her. She felt it in their suddenly averted glances, in their quick, dark silences when she spoke of the past. The conversation held a strange tautness at times if she mentioned the Young One's name. It was as though they held leashed behind their tongues something that threatened to leap out and destroy the tranquility in which they dwelt.

To think that they were hiding something from her was impossible. There could be nothing to hide about the Young One. Still she knew the old eagerness to discuss him had gradually dropped away from them leaving her alone with the desire to recall the dead days. Those small chapters in her memory had been like an old faded shawl in whose dim colors she could delight again and again. She knew, too, that she possessed some tie with the Young One that the others did not have. All through their years together there had been between herself and him a gentle understanding. It was the richness of this knowldge that transcended any small doubts and made her peace whole and impregnable.

That he had left her and never come back again was something that was his alone. He had done it; that in itself made it unquestionable. Even then, at times, she had been conscious of a small, dull hurt deep down in her being, a bewildered, treacherous little demand to know why. She would smother these small betrayals in a flood of feverish interest in the family affairs. And life continued upon its serene way.

One evening it came upon Teresa that her days were drawing swiftly to a close. It did not frighten her. It was as if God had opened a little door in her simple Spanish head, and suddenly the knowledge was there. Just as plainly there as the Granadan hills outside the casa, the sky, or the dust-white road to the South. She did not say anything to the others, having known them many years. They would have laughed in their kindly indulgent way, and then let it pass quickly out of their minds. She was an old woman, and her life had been well-lived and full. But suddenly here at its end she felt that it was incomplete.

After supper she seized her olive stick and fled out into the darkness away from the others. There was a group of boulders on the brow of the hill overlooking the South, and upon one of them she sat down, a small figure lost in the gathering tides of night. Something warm and yielding pressed against her knee; a faint, rumbling purr rose on the quiet air. Godo had been brought back by the Young One on his last home-coming. He was a huge cat, black as death; and his small pointed face in some way gave one the impression of vast wisdom. Teresa pulled him into her lap, and as her fingers wandered through his thick fur her memory flew back over the years to the time of the Young One's birth.

Emelia Yelos had died in giving him to the world. Teresa had often thought secretly that it had been for the best. Emelia had not been of the Hill people; she was a queer, intense little woman with alien gypsy blood running somewhere in her veins. And why Big Pedro Yelos had taken her to wife only God knew. But she had given the family a male child, and then gone upon her way.

He had been the Young One from the very first. There was nothing else to call him once you had heard him laugh. And he laughed often as if from some eternal wells of joy within him. God had given him eyes that were remarkable even in that land where all eyes are beautiful. But one was never certain that they looked at you or at anything. It was always as if they were seeing something far beyond the range of ordinary vision—something placed there for him alone to see. Sometimes Teresa would catch him to her breast with fierce challenging possessiveness as though to shut out those invisibles from his sight.

They all had worshiped him. Even the early years came up gracefully to claim him, leaving him a certain dark slenderness. He was like a flame burning among their solid, peasant spirits. And he did not belong to them. They knew that. "It is his mother's blood," they would say among themselves. "He is not of the hill-folk." And then they waited and watched as those do who watch a fledgling bird preparing to leap into sudden flight.

Then one night gypsy pipes wailed in the valley below the casa. The next day he was gone. Teresa had known it the moment she set foot in the kitchen that morning. The whole house shrieked with the loss of him; but no one said anything. If it had been Cecilia of the yellow hair or Tomaso the hunch-back, there would have been cries of surprise and hasty conjectures, a sudden clatter of hysterical tongues. As it was, they said nothing. They had been waiting for it unconsciously, with a helpless expectancy. Teresa had retired to her chamber and rocked to and fro in her chair like a mad thing. Even the priest had been unable to get to her. She paid for a mass to be said at the church and dismissed him. It was as if someone had died.

When she came out, she was calm and herself again. The family must go on through the simple intricases of daily life, the sweeping, the washing, the vines tended, and stray limbs pruned as always had been done. They must never know how sharply she had been cut, how deathly afraid she had been. If he had gone, they must believe that he was coming back again some day.

And he did. One morning of the following year he came striding up the hill, the air echoing with his beautiful laughter. Teresa thought that her joy would kill her, sitting opposite him at the kitchen table again. Ah, he had not changed, that one; he would never change. The same strange eyes, the same burning slenderness. She had known that he would return! Teresa's heart sang in silence.

All day he talked to them. They deserted the olive groves and the vineyards to hear the marvelous tales of his wanderings. And when he told of the far corners of the earth and the people he had seen, they exchanged wondering exclamations among themselves. How could it be? Men as black as night, winters that covered the world with a great whiteness? Ah listen, listen. What is this thing that the Young One tells us? They hung upon each word that came out of his mouth as if it were flowing gold.

That night he opened a pack and distributed little gifts among them. He had forgotten no one. Such strange little things he had brought too! Small knives for the men, carved and inscribed intricately upon the blades. Cloths like clouds of color for the women. And for Teresa a little flower in ivory, so delicately fashioned that each petal seemed to tremble.

For one short week his dark head moved about the hillsides among the gnarled trees and aged canopies of vines, his voice making music in the silent places, his foot steps beating with remembered intimacy across the round smooth stones of the patio. Then like the East Wind he had suddenly and swiftly gone. No farewell. Nothing left but the intangible certainty of his return. They savoured his stay, remembering wistfully everything that he had done or said long after he had gone. He satisfied something frustrated in their hidden selves, something that was not bound to the hills, to the pungent smell of upturned sod.

In the years that followed he came back again and again. Never to remain for long. They had lost him forever, but he brought them some magic, a flashing glimpse of things they would never see.

*(Continued on page five)*

## Lament

*By* Mary Frances Parker

*"We'll love," you said, "through all eternity.*
*Your heart shall beat with mine. Our souls, remote*
*Though they may be the length of one thin note,*
*Will find each other swiftly. Then shall we*
*Know only peace, content and quietness.*
*Deny that love shall end! Deny that death*
*Shall make us two cold, lifeless, without breath*
*To breathe our deeper thoughts — our happiness!"*

*Happiness, did you say, and endless love?*
*A breathless blaze of ecstacy? Well did you move*
*My heart with your sweet words. I watched love die*
*And did not weep. No tears of mine could bring*
*Balm to my aching heart, pricked by the sting*
*Of this one thought — that your two lips could lie.*

# Football

By ALEX NEWMAN

Coach C. C. Collins of the University of North Carolina eleven once said that a football team might be compared to a new automobile. "It is not the shiny coat of paint on the outside of an automobile which makes it a good machine, but rather it is the power of the engine, the line of the wheels, and the strength of the chasis. It is not the speed or agility of the halfback that makes a good football team, but rather the ability of the team to block and work to-gether as a whole."

There is nothing in football quite like the slashing block or tackle. The crowd sees the tackle, but it is not interested in who made the tackle, but rather in who was tackled. How many yards did the back make? They failed to see the man who fell down on his blocking assignment. They overlook the effort that the tackler put forth in his effort to get the ball carrier. In a like manner if the back dashes sixty yards for a touchdown the crowd can only see his flying feet and weaving hips. No doubt his feet and hips did do a great deal toward making the run possible, but there were other factors which were equally important. The work which the interferers did goes down as forgotten.

The newspapers with their staffs of highly trained experts are but little better. The *Chronicle* blazes forth with the statement that Miller ran through the entire Blue team for a touchdown. "Red" Grange, a great football player and the man who has received more newspaper publicity than any other idol of the gridiron, said that without the able assistance of the other members of those great Illinois teams the runs of the Galloping Ghost could never have been made. Britton was the one man most responsible for Grange's success, and I doubt if there are even a few rabid football fans who remember that this man was on the same team with the famous redhead.

The persons in the stands are often very critical of the players and especially the coaches. It is unquestionably the right of the crowd to criticise. They pay the bills which are run up by the football teams. The expensive equipment and the highly trained coaches are present only by virtue of the spectator. The coach and the player feel that football is a business. To the coach this is entirely true. They do not like to hear anyone criticising a game about which they are totally or partially ignorant. The coach feels that he has made the training of football players his life's work. It is his duty to know how and what to do with his team. The boy who plays football spends a great portion of his time in the absorbtion of the fundamentals of the game. He feels that he and the coach are better judges of his playing than the persons who sit in the stands.

The sports writers on the newspapers are also very critical at times. Most of these writers do have some knowledge of the technical side of the game, and they are in a better position than the spectator to criticise. Very few of them, however, gained their knowledge through actual playing experience, and those few who did have forgotten the terrific strain under which the players and coaches are continually placed. The reporter sits in the cozy confines of the press box and writes a bitter story about the mental error of the quarterback which cost his team the game. The writer forgot that the quarterback had only thirty seconds in which to decide what play to call; that he was one lone man on whom the eyes of thousands of eager persons were centered; that he was the most anxious to win of any person in the huge crowd. Recently a well known coach caused his team to lose an important game because he walked onto the playing field without permission to protest a decision against his team. His team was penalized and as a result lost the game. Without doubt the coach was wrong in going on the playing field without permission, but since there was some doubt as to the validity of the decision his action was partly justified. One paper came out with the following headline: "Coach . . . . . is the only coach who ever walked his team out of a championship." The particular writer who composed this striking statement will go down as the most ambiguous newspaper man in history. Several years before this event the same coach produced one of the outstanding teams of the country. The same writer was continually lavishing the highest praise on the shoulders of the man he was later to condemn as a "Judas Iscariot." It was no doubt an effort to secure more free tickets or a good story. The coaches and the players are open to criticism. They realize that they sometime deserve it. The newspaper man is the person best fitted to offer this advice. All that is asked of these clarions of public opinion is that they use their privilege like gentlemen.

The boys who compose a football team are not unaware of the crowd and the headlines of the newspapers. They would be persons of superhuman ability if they could assume such an attitude. The praise or criticism heaped on a player's shoulders may be very detrimental, and on the other hand it might help. I know of one promising young quarterback who fumbled a punt in an important game. The fumble was recovered by the opposition and converted into a touchdown. The publicity over this one mechanical error ruined this boys possibilities. Since that day he has lost all confidence in himself, and he is just another back on the squad. There was another boy who was one of the greatest running backs that I have ever seen. The newspapers lavished the praise that was rightfully his. The publicity went to his head. He soon came to the conclusion that the team could not play without him. He was rudely awakened one day when he was dropped from the squad for an infraction of the training rules. The penalty reformed him, and he came back to play some good football.

The majority of the boys accept the newspapers headlines as a matter of course. All are secretly elated when their names appear in the sport columns. The paragraphs are clipped from the paper, and placed carefully in the bottom of a trunk. They are then forgotten.

The cheers of the crowd are more easily earned, and more easily forgotten. Most of the boys earn their plaudits unconsciously. They are so absorbed in the game that they seldom even hear the cheers.

The hours before the opening whistle are a great strain on the players. It is not so much a weight on the mind as it is a weak feeling at the pit of the stomach. This slight tinge of uneasiness comes from a desire for the game to start, and not from fear or uncertainty. The boys are anxious for the game to begin in order that they may test the calibre of their particular opponent. They want to win

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## SONGS OF THE COWBOY

*(Continued from page one)*

folks back east, but found their last home in some hasty grave with a few rocks heaped upon it to keep the hungry coyotes away.

It is not surprising that their songs were sad, few sang because they were happy. After weeks with the same few men conversation lags and around the chuck wagons at night they sang to break the terrible monotony. Riding along behind the cattle by day they sang to have something to do, and at night their singing quieted the herd. Lonely and away from women for months their ballads drip with sentimentality. Good women and true love were denied them, they idolized them in their songs and perhaps compensated their loss by singing about them. The tragic element is always present. Cowboy Jack broke up with the girl he was engaged to and went west to forget. He failed and returned home to ask forgiveness and marry her.

*"But when he reached the valley he found a new made mound,*
*And his friends they kindly told him they had laid his loved one down."*

Another returns to his girl after an absence of a few years but,

*"She said young man I've wed a richer life,*
*Therefore young fellow you can seek another wife."*

A third is no more fortunate as the young lady's parents did not like cowboys,

*"Her parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor,*
*They say I'm unworthy to enter her door."*

The usual reaction of the unlucky young men was,

*"To go right back where the bullets fly,*
*And follow the cowtrail until I die."*

Taking them at their word we return with them to the lonely life and follow them to their deaths. Out on some lonely expanse where "the buffaloe stamps o'er a prairie sea" the first is dying. As his comrades gather he begs to be buried on the green hillside back home by his father's grave. As the sun goes down he gasps out his dying plea,

*"In a narrow grave just six by three"*
*O bury me not on the lone prairie."*

The second seeks to forget in cards and liquor, an insult is passed, shots are exchanged and dying he tells his sad story,

*"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing,*
*It was once in the saddle I used to go gay,*
*First to the card house and then to the dram house,*
*Got shot in the breast and I'm dying today."*

The third is camped with some outfit out on the Red River. A "norther" comes blowing out of the west and all hands are called out to hold the nervous steers. The frightened animals break into a wild stampede and it is some hours before the men have them "kind of quieted down." The extra guard returns but one is missing.

*"Next morning just at daybreak we found where Rocket fell,*
*Deep in a wash-out twenty feet below,*
*And beneath the horse mashed to a pulp, his spur had rung his knell,*
*Was our little Texas stray, poor wrangler Joe."*

So it went, sorrow and sudden death were the portion of the great majority. The western story and the movies have not overdrawn the violence

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## THE LADY BEYOND

*(Continued from page three)*

Once he brought with him something else,—a haunting thing. He was sitting one afternoon in the doorway at Teresa's feet, the lines of his head etched sharply against the gray plaster of the wall. Teresa had leaned toward him suddenly.

"Ah, son, why do you not stay and live among us? It is time that you choose a wife."

He had looked at her for a moment in silence, a sudden veil over his eyes, and then he had laughed softly.

"*Abuelita,*" he said, "Little Grandmother, I will tell you a small secret. There is a woman for me already; a lady. You should see her for her eyes are green or blue by turn and deeper than the deeps of night. Her voice—you would know her by her voice alone—is low and lovely like something lost, or it is angry and high—beating in the wind. And she is beautiful. Little Grandmother, with a beauty that eats the heart and claims the mind." One hand rose to his breast as if he felt a swift pain, but his lips still smiled.

"Where dwells she?" Teresa had whispered.

"She is the lady beyond—" one graceful sweep of his arm toward the south where the Sierra Alhamilla sprawled purple across the horizon.

She did not question him further. It was enough. Already her mind was weaving a shimmering image into reality. The Lady Beyond! It was another bond between them. This time, bit by bit, word by word, the others gained possession of it. And they laughed and talked among themselves and joked with the Young One about his lady; he only smiled. Teresa hated them a little for their clumsiness. And whenever they spoke of the lady to her she could never understand that note in their voices that was like a prelude to laughter.

And then he never came back.

One morning the priest, fat and asthmatic, the dust clinging to the hem of his cotta and beads of perspiration to his pendulous lower lip came waddling laboriously up the hill to the casa. Where was Big Pedro? He waved a sealed paper at them frantically. He must see Big Pedro immediately—alone. The huge peasant, a broad smile upon his face, appeared and the two closeted themselves in an empty store room off the kitchen. Teresa became angry at the way the others hovered about, upsetting pots and pans and walking nervously here and there over the kitchen floor. All this stir about a mere letter that the good padre had brought to read to Big Pedro! Irritated beyond endurance, she went outside.

Presently Big Pedro came to where she was standing beneath the lemon tree. The smile had left his face, and she noticed that his great hands had twitched, something dumb and suffering in his eyes.

"The Young One—," he had choken on the beloved name. "The Young One has taken his lady. He will not come back."

Teresa had looked beyond him to where the others stood watching in the doorway. She smiled. This, then, was all. That night she drank a cup of wine—a thing that she had not done for many years. There had been a feverishness about the others' gaity, a hollow ring in their laughter.

To Teresa sitting alone in the darkness there came suddenly an answer to the dim questioning of the intervening years. Between the woman who had cradled the Young One's youth and she who had at last taken him, there must be something, however intangible. And Teresa knew that before she died she must look upon the face of her who had won him. There was no doubt in her mind, no questioning, no reasoning. She rose softly to her feet, dropping Godo to the ground. Somewhere there in the south beyond that curtaining blackness was the Lady. Stumbling blindly, she returned to the house feeling strangely that it was for the last time. Tomorrow she would go.

Teresa did not know that in the silent chill of before-dawn she looked like a crooked shadow creeping out of the casa. And in the uncertain outline of the doorway she paused unconsciously, as if an unseen hand had tapped her shoulder. These were her hills. Her blood had been born, had passed away, and been born again here. She had never thought to leave them; now it was so. No more to hear the murmuring rush of spring among the olive trees, no more Big Pedro's jovial rumble or Dark Marta's sad songs, no more the high staccato of the hunch-back's voice, or any of the things that had been caught into her life. In the sudden nostalgia that assailed her she leaned against the cool wall. Then slipping to her knees she did a strange thing; she placed her lips over the place over which generations of feet had passed. A moment later her stick was tapping infinitesimal points of sound into the air as she descended the hill. How many times had the Young One gone down this same way to that magic, white road to the south! She must be well upon it before the day caught her. The thought of anything stopping her now hurried her feet. Ah, if she were only a little younger!

At the foot of the gentle incline amidst a little grove of twisted trees was the church. It was squat and unlovely like its keeper, and the copper cross on the point of the gable was slightly awry. Teresa felt a pang of guilt as if it looked upon her in mute accusation. But it was gone when her feet struck the road. The road that leapt out before her in graceful cadences, rising and falling over the swells, and fading, fading beyond where the gray light drew it in a soft silver line. A tiny cloud of dust rose beneath her and she began to breathe painfully. Suddenly she felt that she was not alone. And looking down beheld Godo trotting complacently at her side. She halted dismayed, as if she had been found out. But, no. It was as it should be. Godo belonged to the Young One. Teresa laughed a little to herself and stepped out again. Of course. She nodded her head at the absolute fitness of it.

And the sun came up blazing and flooded the land with a hard brilliance through the clear air. Over the hills grass spread in an incredible green smoothness, and on some of the distant uplands the white dots of grazing goats moved slowly. Still the two went on, stopping now and then to rest upon a bank or at the singing edge of a small stream. A bent old woman and a great black cat. Those two alone in all that vastness. The jagged heads of mountains before them, behind them, and always the dusty, hot road.

At noon she was dreadfully weary, and she faltered every few steps. She could not stop. What if she were to die—no, no—she must walk on. Sometimes she carried Godo until he could refresh himself at the next chorro. Once while she was resting, a hideous sound of screaming and groaning cut the hot, still air. It seemed to come from a distance back over the way she had passed. She got up looking wildly about for some place to conceal herself. For the first time the completeness of her isolation swept down upon her as she turned to flee. She had encountered only two other wayfarers since dawn, and they had hurried by with only a gruff, indistinguishable greeting. Gradually out of the horrid maelstrom of approaching sound evolved a masculine voice raised in song. Around the bend in the road behind her appeared a pair of mules drawing a clumsy cart, whose two unoiled wheels shrieked protest at each wobbling revolution. The fellow on the seat was young and his battered hat rested jauntily upon his head. Teresa stood very still as he drew up with a shout beside her.

"*Hola, Vejarrona!*" he cried pleasantly. "Mother of a thousand wrinkles, a good day to you!"

Teresa nodded dumbly in response.

"Where are you going? Where did you get that devil of a cat? Come now, don't be frightened. I'll not hurt you."

She found her voice under this kindly barrage.

"I am going very far, Señor." There was a quiet dignity in her words. "Very far. To the end of the road, perhaps."

He leapt to the road, hat in hand, laughing.

"Good! I am going there, too. Well, almost there—at least. And it is much too solitary. I desire companionship. Will you do me the honor? I beg you!"

There was no resisting him. There was an honesty and compelling kindness about this person that invited response. And Teresa was tired. She found herself lifted to the seat, Godo in her lap, in the midst of a running fire of words. Was she comfortable? He preferred the company of elderly ladies, on occasion, to those of fewer years and less understanding. Ah, Dios Míos, sí! Was the señora hungry? A bit of bread and garlic and a little *botillo* of wine appeared magically. It was not good for a lady to travel alone. There should be someone with her beside a cat. My God, yes!

And so through the warm hours of the afternoon they went. Above the incessant noise of the wheels he talked and sang. She learned from this queer, one-sided conversation that his name was Eustaquio; that he was a rogue who had seen the inside of every jail from La Coruña to Granada; that he serenely expected to end his days upon the gallows. Altogether he was a fascinating person.

Night caught them a little beyond Alhamas. The mountains towered over and around them, and the ghost of a sirroco swept up from the south. The village lights lay like a broken swarm of fireflies behind them. There was already a subtle difference in everything, and Teresa felt a tremor of excitement run through her in spite of the deadening weariness. She would soon be there. The Lady could not be far now!

Eustaquio built a discreet little fire in a field and they dined on a chicken whose opportune presence he explained with a laugh and a shrug of compact shoulders. He made Teresa a bed of freshly cut hay and an old cloak. But before she lay down upon it she approached him.

"Señor Eustaquio," she faltered, twisting her worn hands in an agony of uncertainty, "do you know a lady—a great lady—a beautiful lady beyond these hills in the south."

He laughed: "Ah, yes, señora—not one, but many. All of them great, all of them beautiful, and all of them willing to sell their souls or slip a knife into you for a pretty bauble."

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## THE LADY BEYOND

*(Continued from page five)*

Teresa sighed. None of these could be she.

Dawn saw them on the road again, the ramshackle vehicle swaying drunkenly. At midday they crossed the bridge into Viator. The land had definitely changed now. There was a rich opulence in the trees and flowers, and the people spoke a less terse, softer speech. Most of the time the way ran near the river which flowed full along its banks. Far away, where the sun struck it, it flashed blindingly like an old Moorish mirror lost among the grasses. Teresa's eyes drank all this in silently wondering. There were terrifying moments when she was overcome by a sharp faintness, a threatening darkness sweeping over her vision. And she would clutch the boards of the seat beneath her rigidly. Eustaquio sang and talked to her, and sang again unconcernedly through the hours.

Evening was approaching when he called his mules to a halt where the road opened East and South.

"There, over the hill, is Almeria. The road ends there, señora mía. It is not far and I would have taken you all the way myself if there were not a certain *guarda civil* there who dislikes the sight of me. You have honored me with your presence. I am desolated that we must part. My God, yes!" He jumped to the road and helped her down.

"Thank you, Señor Eustaquio," she said simply. Then: "*Vaya Usted con Dios*—go with God!"

And he was gone, singing above the sound of the screaming wheels.

Teresa turned and looked up the hill. Godo gave a short cry at her feet. There was a turbulence in her like a flood. She was near the end! Beyond that hill was the consumation of everything. She started upward feeling a joyous buoyancy like the help of many unseen hands. Ah, Young One, how long it has been! No weariness now, no pain. Only the suffocating beating of a mad heart within her breast. You did not know that I would come! Only one hill, one short way between.

The tall shapes of cypress trees loomed up before her, dark candles burning green in the hushed dusk. And suddenly she stood on the top with the wind in her face, a wind like hot wine. Below her, clutching the slope in a jumble of irregular terraces, were the houses of Almeria, their angular cubicles softened in a deluge of changing light. And beyond . . . Mother of God! what was that beyond. Blue, blue-green, green, gray . . . and her eyes are green . . . the half moon of the shore line curving out, and the spume wreathed heads of rocks . . . deeper than the deeps of night . . .

Teresa began to run. Down, down, past the rows of houses, past the indistinct forms of figures and faces. There was a clarion call of understanding within her head. Time nothing, space nothing. She knew now . . . a beauty that eats the heart. She heard an ethereal chiming, the faint musical booming of many distant voices as she ran . . . you would know her by her voice alone . . . why did you not tell me, Young One? I would have understood so well. That was what Big Pedro had meant . . . he will not come back . . . they did not want to hurt me . . . ah, but I should have known. There was a softness beneath her feet . . . almost there, Young One! She stumbled. And it seemed as though dark arms reached up to catch her . . .

* * * * * *

A fisherman, his bronzed torso naked and glistening, was pushing his little *bote* out of the shallows in the early morning. Holy Mary! there were so many fish in the sea that it was a pity that a man had to start before night was over to catch them. His gaze came to rest upon a sand-bar not far away. An old, woman knelt there near the water's edge, her head bowed low. How very still she was! and as he watched a great black cat with a wise pointed face disappeared behind a group of shell-encrusted rocks. It was none of his affair but if that old witch didn't move soon . . . the reaching fingers of the vanguard waves were almost at her knees now. And as he turned to strain at the stern of his craft again, two white gulls wheeled overhead, and beat out to sea before him.

## SONGS OF THE COWBOY

*(Continued from page four)*

of those times and places, perhaps they have understated it. They have, however, imbued the period with an air of romance and light hearted adventure of which few of those men were conscious. It was a life that few led if they could find other occupation or if conditions back east did not make their absence advisable. For all the difficulties, the discomforts, and the dangers the reward was small.

*"I went to the boss to draw my roll, he figured*
*me out ten dollars in the hole,*
*I'll sell my outfit as quick as I can, and I won't*
*punch cows for no damn man."*

All were seeking something better, to make a little and settle down or return back home. The back home theme is a constant and a pathetic one. The life of the cow hand was a hard one, hard company, hard work, hard language, hard living and hard dying. They all wanted to quit whenever they were able and find some other job. Many were not fortunate enough to accomplish this desire. Hundreds and thousands died and their bones lie in the desert or in deserted grave yards of towns that have become almost extinct with the passing of the great drives from Texas to the north. Even in religious beliefs, such as they were, the cowboys were far from optimistic. They knew they were sinners and held no great hopes for future salvation.

*"Last night as I lay on the prarie and looked at*
*the stars in the sky,*
*I wondered if ever a cowboy could drift to that*
*sweet bye and bye.*
*For I know of full many a stray cowboy who'll*
*be lost on that last Judgment Day,*
*When he might have gone in to green pastures,*
*had he known of the straight narrow way.*

*We are told of another great round-up, when*
*the cowboys like doggies will stand,*
*To get marked by the Riders of Judgment who*
*are posted and know every brand.*

*I'm afraid that I'll be a stray yearling, a maverick*
*unbranded on high,*
*And get cut in the bunch with the rusties, when*
*the Boss of the riders goes by."*

The curtain falls on the strange era and the men it created. Out in the West of today their children and grandchildren keep alive the stirring memories of that day. When night falls on the comfortable ranch houses, the scientific barns, the pure blooded cattle and the neatly fenced pastures, the men and women and children gather at the fire sides. After the topics of the day have been disposed of they turn to the numerous old tales of the past. Guitars, harmonicas, and voices join in the songs that grew out of a different West, a sad, lonely, savage West that has left no truer insight into itself than the tragedy saturated songs of the cowboy.

## *A Literatus Joins the Marines*

*By* THOMAS MCKNIGHT

Headquarters Company,
U. S. Marine Barracks,
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Helen:

So mother told you I was in the Marines. Why shouldn't I be in the Marines? Smedley Butler is. And besides, I like it here. It is probably one of the best ideas I ever had. They are going to make a man out of me. I am already a Pistol Expert. Now I ask you Helen: do you have the remotest chance of ever being a Pistol Expert? The badge is so cute. And much larger than your Delta Gamma sorority pin.

My New York exodus was prosaic enough. Scrivener's decided about the first of November that they could get along with two associate editors. I pounded the pavements three weeks and finally landed as a reporter on the *Evening Telegraph*. New Year's Eve I was layed off with two other reporting slaves. They went home, cried it all out to the little woman, and applied for admission to the hundred neediest cases. I got drunk and went to Cleveland.

But Cleveland wasn't the town it used to be. No stag lines—all bread lines. One night I met a lad from the South who didn't like it either. We decided to go to New Orleans. It took us a long time to get there. Had to keep stopping for gasoline and whiskey, and once in a while for a sandwich. We were pretty sleepy when we finally hit the Ponchartrain bridge. This lad from the South had a friend who had a girl who had an apartment in the Quarter and we went up there and slept for a spell.

This girl (my friend's friend's) couldn't cook very well. Although never let me say that she wasn't willing enough. But we had to keep going out to eat so we decided to move. We got us an apartment of our own and did some entertaining. This lad from the South knew lots of women and things, and thus life became very pleasant. The trouble was that we were putting the landlord and the grocery man on the cuff for bed and board. Every so often one or the other (with the best of intentions, of course. Southerners are long on good intentions) would ask us the most embarrassing questions. Like, "How long you all staying in New Orleans?" Or, "What you all goin' to do down heah?" I didn't seem to know any of the answers.

So I went out and offered my services to any number of people. But they had never heard of me and suggested the bread line. One thing I learned, Helen: with a Ph.D. and five cents, you can get a cup of fine coffee in New Orleans. But finally one big fellow who was hiring Marines said I'd be a good one. And sure enough I was. They made me jump on one foot and read Russian with one eye and cough with the left lung and then with the right one, after which they gave me three days to sober up and catch the train for South Carolina. I

didn't get quite sober, but I made the train.

I will spare you the details of my two weeks here. I was all the time marching and shooting and scrubbing floors and being inspected. Never has my personal anatomy, my private life, my family skeletons, received such careful scrutiny. But at last it was all over and I was pronounced a Marine. Doctors pronounce it safe, I understand.

But then came the rub! They didn't know what to do with their Pygmalion. Here was a guy with three university degrees, a former magazine editor, and reporter and *literatus cum laude* in the Marines! They solved it by making me private secretary to the Chaplain and moved me from the barracks to a dinky little suite in the rear of the chapel. And here I sit in my little office which opens on my little bedroom which opens on my little bath, writing to the girl of my co-ed dreams. Such is the finale of one who has spent seven years behind the cloistered walls of a great University. But one must live, even in the depression. C'est la guerre!

I was surprised to hear of Mary's marriage. Who the hell did she marry? And why? Write to your little Marine.

—Joe.

## MOSSY POINT

*(Continued from page one)*

a Democrat, no braggart, and always generous with any natives he dealt with, a more popular outsider never winged a Brunswick blackhead. And yet, this man, one pretty November afternoon, was found shot dead, and in the back, at that, in a Mossy Point duck blind.

Pete Starkey, the coroner from Sandsboro, rendered a verdict that Dr. Millidge had been shot through the spinal cord with a rifle, caliber undetermined, and firer unknown. The body was taken home and buried, and a migration of detectives came down and stuck their noses into every cot and cove between Upper Horsehead and Riptide Shoal, but the warmest scent they struck was exactly the temperature of a gull's track in deap-sea water. And from that time until three days ago only one man knew what really happened at Mossy Point.

Here's how I came by the story last Friday night: I had poled down to Huntsberry Point to ask Old Man Ed where the Black Swamp flock of turkeys was ranging, as I was expecting some Goldsboro friends down turkey-hunting next day. I found him in the shed skinning a coon by lantern light, and after he'd finished and put the hide on a stretcher, we went in the house to sit in front of the fire and talk.

You certainly could enjoy a talk down at Old Man Ed's on a winter evening. He always had plenty of nuts and apples and good home-cured smoking tobacco handy, and there weren't any womenfolks on hand to fidget about the hulls and cores and ashes falling on the floor. Of course the old fellow's talk was what made you want to stay so long. He'd sit there cracking chinquapins with his teeth and looking in the fire, and he'd tell tales of the Carolina low country until you didn't wonder any more why he knew everything from what makes a sand-fiddler run sideways, to why most gunners can't faze a water-witch at thirty yards. It didn't surprise you any more that you'd seen him gig flounders in the muddiest kind of water, or that you'd seen him follow a posse of turkey hunters through a brake and flush a big old gobbler where they hadn't even seen a chippy sparrow.

Usually the old gentleman didn't care for evening visitors to sit late, but he talked right on up to one o'clock that night. Soon after ten I had asked him a question about the pair of eagles that nest in the top of a big swamp cypress about a half-mile back of his cabin, and that started him off on a long and surprising tale.

He launched into the eagle subject with a gusty will, and before he got through telling me about eagles in general and the pair back of his cabin in particular, you'd have thought he was fresh from gathering material for a Ph.D. thesis on: Why the eagle is such a fine and noble bird. He spoke of the pair that lived near him as if they were human neighbors, and finally ended by saying, "I reckon I'm kind a fond a Old Baldy and his mate. The three a us been livin' down here on this lonesome p'int together fer a mighty long spell. Mor'n fifty years, I reckon, and we ain't had no quarrels yet."

After that he was silent for a time; just smoked and looked into the fire. And I could feel that he wasn't expecting me to say anything, either. He seemed to be pondering something; his pipe went out unnoticed, his beard was still. He seemed to be listening to the long eastern wind that comes in off the Atlantic of a winter night to sob in the twisted cedars of Huntsberry Point.

At last, without taking his eyes from the red logs, he said, "Robin, boy, I been knowin' you ever since the April you come to your maw up at Windy Hill plantation big house, and I never knowed you to speak out a turn yet. You went up to Wilmington to school, and it didn't seem to change you none. You went off to college, and I can't say it done you no great damage, though I was pretty scared for you at the time. And now, seein' as how you can still hold your tongue when ast to, I'm goin' to tell you the answer to sumpin' that's been puzzlin' the low country fer nigh twenty years."

Not knowing exactly how to acknowledge this, I mumbled a few words about being able to keep my mouth shut when there was a need to, and made an attempt to hide my confusion by leaning over to throw on a couple of fresh oak chunks.

Before I straightened up, the old fellow had already begun his story. "Kallie promised me in the winter a seventy-nine," he said, "and when I come down here to build this shack to bring her to, here was a pare a iggles buildin' a nest back there in that old cypress. They got done and started settin' jest about the time Kallie and me moved in, and by the time the little iggles was hatched, Kallie's youngin was on the way too.

"That fall when the days got pretty and nice like they do down here in October, I'd stay home from huntin' and fishin' and set out in front a the cabin with Kallie and watch the ducks and crankies and things flyin' past; and now and nen we'd see the pare a iggles circlin' 'way up almost out a sight, or maybe jest goin' by, or tacklin' a fish-hawk; and we got so we'as kind a fond ob 'em. Kallie'd say, 'Ed, a iggle is certny a fine and wonderful bird. Jest watch him take that old fish-hawk's fish without hurtin' him none!'

"And I'd look up, and yonder'd be Old Baldy circlin' round over a fish-hawk, jest takin' his time, and the fish-hawk squallin' and goin' up higher and higher with his fish, 'stead a headin' for the pocosin like he had some sense. Then dreckly Old Baldy'd swoop down and tap him on the head with his claws all doubled up like a fist, and if he didn't drop his fish Old Baldy'd circle up and swoop and tap him again; a little bit harder, I reckon, 'cause he most gen'ally dropped it that time. Then Old Baldy'd catch that fish prettier'n any other iggle you ever saw. Act like he weren't in no hurry to get started. Jest finish out his upswing kind a easy like, nen p'int his head down and fold back his wings and come zoomin' down in the prettiest, fastest curve you ever saw anything make, and take that fish outen the air as clean and easy as you'd pick a apple. Nen Kallie'd clap her hands and laugh jest like she was up at Piney Creek to a barn dance. It helped her from bein' fretted 'way off down here 'way from people and her folks."

Old Man Ed paused here to kick the chunks apart so they wouldn't flare up so bright. Then, settling back in his chair, he went on with the story.

"Well sir," he said, " 'fore Chris'mas Kallie with her po' little youngin was dead, and the very day we buried 'em up at Good Will Chapel one a Less Fulcher's boys come in with a brown-head iggle he'd shot. Somehow 'er ruther I felt sort a funny about that iggle right off, and sure enough, when I got home next day and looked out across the pocosin, yonder was Old Baldy settin' up on the cypress all by hisself. So there was both a us in the same fix, and I knew jest how he felt. Baldy, I says to myself, it's hard, but we 'as got to bare it.

"Well, 'long about February Old Baldy showed up one day with a new mate, and so far as I know, she's the same one he's got now. But somehow I never follered his good example. After while I did get to goin' up to Piney Creek again on Saddays, but it seem like I never took on with the gals like I had onct; so I finally quit goin' up there hardly at all, and you see me jest as I am now, a single old man straddlin' the top rail of the graveyard fence.

"But Baldy and his new mate got along good. They'd raise a fam'ly most ever' year, and both ob 'em was slick as ever on fish-hawks. Things went along kind a regular like fer a good many years, and I got used to livin' down here without no neighbors

*(Continued on page eight)*

## *Reflection*

*By* SARA HALL

Swathe me in gray mist that I may paint pictures from the past on the dimness. Let me count my jewels, my precious moments, as I take them one by one from the velvet casket. Shut me in like a miser with his treasures; I will polish the gems collected on my wanderings, and I will string a necklace.

And then let me out, let me out into bright windy days; let me see maples like candle-flames in autumn, let me see gay leaves dance over grass before the advancing breath of winter. I would run with life until I hurled myself over the horizon and bruised myself on a heap of fallen stars.

* * * * * *

We are bound together by the night-storm. Old wine and warmth and shadows flickering have kindled memories and set our tongues a-wag. There is much to ponder, dreaming in the uncertain dusk, and hearts beat slowly. Time is not. Each man to his thoughts, sipping the draught that unveils the vistas of the past. Words marshal slowly, summoned from the deep by some strange thaumaturgy of retrospection.

## FOOTBALL

*(Continued from page four)*

the game. Each boy dreads to think that he may be the weak link that will cause the team to lose.

The boy who likes to play in the backfield should learn to pass, kick, and block. Almost any boy who is fast can carry the ball. A coach once said that "ball carriers are a dime a dozen, but a good blocker is a rare jewel." The same thing might be said of a good kicker or a good passer. I know of one boy who was a mediocre back until he began to learn to kick. Once he had mastered the art of punting he immediately broke into the line-up. Another boy would never have played a minute had he not been able to kick the ball from placement. He started every game for two years just so he could kick off. Still another boy made the art of drop kicking his hobby. He, likewise, gets into the game quite often in order to convert extra points. "Red" Grange was always a wonderful running back, but once he became a passer his effectiveness was increased. There are many boys playing first class football because they are versatile in the art of kicking or passing or blocking.

As we pass on from the backs we come to the boys who actually pour out their blood on the altar of sacrifice in order to make the cog-wheels of a gridiron machine turn over without friction. They are the boys who oil the joints and put the old boat in running order. They are the boys who get their pleasure from sheer physical conflict. In line play the primitive instincts of man come out, and a boy's character is portrayed by his conduct. If the boy resorts to foul tactics it is a sure sign that he lacks strength of character. He can give it out, but when his turn comes he can't take it. Line play is tough. It takes a tough man to stand it. The boy who is looking for any easy position shouldn't try out for a place in the forward wall.

The strength of a team lies largely in its line. Few backs, no matter how fast or shifty, can accomplish anything if they are not protected by a strong line. The famous "four horsemen" backfield would never have gained national fame if it had not been for the "seven mules." A passer or kicker's effectiveness is seriously hampered if he is rushed by enemy linemen. As they are first on the offensive so are the first on the defensive. They are the boys who must hold or all is lost. A weak spot in the line is usually disastrous. A smart quarterback will never fail to take advantage of such a situation. A fast rush line is essential to every teams success.

The lineman is usually marked for stardom on account of his defensive ability rather than on account of good offensive work. The man with the ball is the marked figure. Only he and the man who tackle him come before the eyes of the public. Then too, there is something spectacular about a slashing tackle. When a guard breaks through to throw the All-American back for a loss he is marked for future notice. The offensive block has no spectacular qualities. It is seldom even noticed. The blocker does not get the little glory which goes to those seven stalwart backs who blast open the paths to glory and fame for their colleagues who rove the wide open spaces behind the line.

Now that we have finished with the boys who break into the big games every Saturday we come to another member of the football squad. He is the scrub. He contributes a great deal toward the molding of the varsity. The scrub teams at the various schools bear peculiar names. At the University of North Carolina they are known as the "Iron Men" and at Davidson College as the "All Americans." Each week these boys learn the plays of the varsity's opponent for the coming Saturday. They test the varsity defense with their adopted plays. This is no easy job when we realize that each varsity man is so greatly superior to his opponent on the scrub team. The Iron Men are trial horses. They lead a hard life, but they love it.

It takes a real man to be a good Iron Man. It doesn't take nearly so much 'guts' or stamina to play on the varsity as it does on the Iron Man eleven. On the varsity a man feels that he is accomplishing something. It doesn't help one's morale to come out and take a beating every day of the season. It takes guts to come out when nothing is received in return. The scrub does not even get the compensation of having his name in the paper.

Deep down in his heart every scrub has visions of the day when he will be a member of the big varsity. For many of the Iron Men this dream has come true. There are a few, however, who remain members to the bitter end. The experience gained in the clashes with varsity is something which no teacher can give to any candidate. What the boy learns there he never forgets. The school of experience has no superior.

Football is a funny game. It attracts persons like a magnet. Not only is this true of spectators, but also among the players. Once a man sees a football game he always wants to see another. Once a boy plays in a football game he always wants to play in another. He comes to love the game. He can't desert it. Of course, after being exposed to it for some time many boys grow tired of it.

The football player above all is just a normal human being. He will sit on the sidelines eagerly awaiting his chance to enter the game. A player is injured. He is carried off the field. His legs hang limp. His face is contorted with pain. The substitute jumps up and dashes into the fray. The game goes on. Nothing is truer, to normal life than such an incident.

What the bull fight is to Mexico and Spain, the gladiatorial fighter to the Roman, football is to our American public. A game is more than mere entertainment. A struggle of the gridiron arouses primitive feelings, furnishes our non-playing manhood with a vicarious thrill of fierce combat and physical exertion. Though gate receipts decline and cheering sections lose their voices the place of football in the American tradition will not pass. Among evidences of a growing effeminacy and apathy in our American civilization it remains a symbol of ruggedness and energy which we want to cherish.

## The Call

*By* VERNON B. CROOK

I

*The Sea has called! Weep not, sweet Guinivere.*
*Cease, cease to cry aloud thy pain,*
*The misery which clouds our thought with fear*
*We two shall never share one bed again.*
*Prophetic shadows pass in dismal train*
*To touch imagination's pulse with awe,*
*To tinge the gypsy longings of the brain*
*And spectre-like to haunt the joys I saw*
*A-dance upon the waves of Neptune's heaving maw.*

II

*O Neptune, wash the word across the sea*
*To Guinivere who gave me you. Remind*
*Her how at last my gypsy soul is free.*
*Deep, deep within the frozen waves, I find*
*Eternal rest. Though Fortune has designed*
*An icy coffin in a crystal grave,*
*Remembrance burns within my soul to bind*
*The spirit with the constant love she gave:—*
*And this eternal, never-ending void to save.*

## MOSSY POINT

*(Continued from page seven)*

'cept Old Baldy and his mate. The first thing outen the ordinary that happened was word comin' through that a Democrat name Cleveland was 'lected; and nen after a terrible long spell Woodrow Wilson got 'lected, and Mr. Daniel went up there to be his secatary; and it weren't long after that till they opened up the Grassy Pond road, and outsiders commenced comin' down here to hunt and fish and have oyster roasts.

"Well, come the duck season a nineteen-fifteen, and one pretty mornin' found me in the skiff down at Mossy Point marsh tryin' out my old rifle for a change. I was hid down in the grass till all at onct I saw Old Baldy circlin' a long way off but gettin' closer all the time, and I thought: now what's he after? I riz up a little bit, and there on open water was a bunch a nice-lookin' live decoys, and close into the bank a anchored boat blind and a man in it with his back t'wards me. And jest about that time I caught a glimpse a Old Baldy settin' his wings back for one a them long, low stoops a hissen.

"Well, sir, I couldn't scarcely believe my own eyes that Baldy'd so far forget hisself as to take a crack at a decoy duck, but that's 'zactly what he 'peared to be gettin' ready to do. He got low down over the grass and was headin' for them decoys like greased chain lightnin' when this here man in the blind sees him and hauls off and raises up with his shotgun. Well sir, if Old Baldy'd only kept comin' and lifted over the whole outfit head on and full tilt I'd a been willin' to let him take his chances gettin' by on his speed; but 'stead a that he had to make a complete damn fool a hisself by slackin' up and tryin' to turn, which it was jest natchally too late to do, even with all the fear a hell and high water in his heart. And 'fore God A'mighty, when I saw what was goin' to happen, there was only one thing I could do in time, and Robin boy, I done it! P'raps it was right and p'raps it was wrong, but I done it anyway."

Throughout this revelation I had been ill at ease, and in the silence that followed its last word I was painfully confused. What should I say, what did he expect from me? For perhaps a full minute my mind was thus roweled, and then the old fellow was merciful. Without looking at me, and still gazing earnestly into the flames, he said, "Good night, Robin."

"Good night, Mr. Racer," I said.

I was in mental turmoil as I dragged my skiff into the water, as I crept around the dark shore line of Long Bluff, and as I came an hour later within sight of the lamp that always burns at a window of Windy Hill when I am away at night.

And now, in just three days, he is dead, and I am able to unburden myself of his story, dividing with others the task of passing judgment on a lean old woodsman who traded another man's life for that of a bird.

# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

*Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina*

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## Ten Pins

By Alden Stahr

I.

is a superannuated smoothie. He wilfully endures a high chin-rest collar to exhibit his disdain for the modern mode, but his dress whatever its generation, is impeccable. and so with his manners. We who no longer sport manners regard with mild surprise his vain pirouetting of a man mannequin on the awful professorial dais, which he contrives to make lawful by his every act. That is sport for a sport of his sort. And he thinks sneering: *Oh, I'm the stuff. They think I'm an idle pedant, but by God I'll show them the devil isn't idle. Childish credit-seekers! But I must not be sympathetic. It relaxes the morale. There's not a damned one in here who has half my polish, my wit, my unassuming culture. They ought to pay me ten times the salary I get to handle this horde of vulgarians. But it's time I started; the sheep all seem to be here.* "Ah, the requirements of this course are rigid and inflexible—" *Damn! Redundancy. I hope no one noticed.*

II.

has every morning a fresh satanic glimmer in his eye. It glints now in belly-rubbing anticipation of the daily feast of embarrassed sluggish classroom minds, so dull, so comatose, that they feed his sardonic flame and burn impercipient. His een light smiling on Susie T., frowsy, fat, free, and forty, an "us girls" girl. She smirks furtively, dropping her lambent eyes as becomes her gender, waiting, passive and with sudden-summoned interest.

"Miss Tetherhorse, explain Victorian morality, if you please."

"Well, uh, it's kind of, uh, subdued and nice, yes, that's it, nice."

"Do you ever read, Miss Tetherhorse?"

"Well, yes—"

"You should read Faulkner. He describes it as dehydrated lust'. Isn't that aptly put?"

"Well,—"

"And now the Elizabethan morality. What about that?" Not a glimmer now, but a sparkle, is reflected in Miss Susie's embarrassed cheeks.

"Well, uh, I really don't know much about it."

"No, I should hardly expect you to have any first-hand knowledge." His face breaks into a smile cooling to Miss Susie's cheeks. "I mean, you are not old enough to have witnessed Elizabethan immorality." *The hell you ain't*, he thinks.

"Yes, uh, no."

"And Rabelais. Have you read Rabelais, Miss Tetherhorse?"

"NO." *Positively, no.* But as red wine spilled into water a reminiscent flush is diluted into the pale of her cheeks.

*(Continued on page six)*

## A Study in Geology

By Bradford White

*Fierce heat wrote a line*
*In the heart of the granite,*
*And then went away—*
*Not knowing a workman's chisel*
*Would publish it, one day.*

## In the Image—J. D.

By Dewitt Hamlin

I.

"Give me a mirror and you give me a friend. The friend you give me is the intimate of myself, and yet is an image apart. Nothing stands between me and my image looking back at me; and between me and that image is a secret, fond understanding. I love that image for there is nothing that I need keep from it."

II.

I bow and my image bows back to me in a manner natural for me. I look at the image and it looks back at me. How straightforward and clear those eyes are! *There is nothing between us and yet we do not understand each other. Do we?* I smile. We smile together. *We are smiling and yet the smile is not one of happiness. Rather it is curiosity. We wonder how our smiles appear to others.* How sad you look! Ah, I know! *It is because you have been here for four years. You have power. You dominate and rule as a true autocrat over all the others. But you are hated, too. No one likes you. No one loves you. You wonder what love means. I will tell you. It is nothing. Women—you never bother to think of them unless they are under six or over sixty. You wonder what that means? Don't be afraid of it. Only men matter. And they hate you. But that hate is akin to love. They like to have you dominate them. Otherwise why should they have let you build this flimsy structure of politics that you have built so carefully. None of them are strong enough to protest. They are all timid and weak. How you hate them—and need them! You are their energy and their imagination. Remember the time you wrote the address of the president of the student body. Remember the time you threatened to wreck the oldest and most respectable organization of the campus—by your own power. Remember all the times that men have come to you to beg for favors. How fond of you I am. Why is that that all that we do seems to have no meaning? Empty action, without purpose or direction. You and I are diseased! But it is a sickness which makes us strong. We need the others, but they are unimportant. As long as you and I have each other we may be satisfied by this fierce unhappiness.* And now I close my eyes and you are gone! Au revoir.

## Nine Women

By Edith Harbour

Nine women were seated around the oval table in the private dining room of the village's most select boarding house. They were stenographers and clerical workers connected in one capacity or another with the University. The bread on its greasy plate was being passed around. "Well," said the lady who ran the place, moistening her lips over the choice bit of gossip she was now to share, "Miss Deville got her man at last. I've been expecting it for a long time." Confident that she had given her paying guests something to talk about she went on into the living room to impart the news to those who were waiting there for a place at the table. The dining room buzzed.

"Propinquity is the dickens. He'd been engaged to that other woman for three years. The trouble with her was that she sat at home and waited for him to come to see her. This Deville woman ran him down. That's the only way to get a man."

"How do you know?" inquired the only woman present who wore an engagement ring. At the same time she made grotesque movements with her left hand to show it off.

"I don't know," answered the candid one. "But I have observed that it's the women who do the chasing. All the men have to do is to take the one that outdistances the others." *(And if I couldn't catch a better one than you did I wouldn't go around bragging about it.)*

"By the way," asked the faded blonde whose customary remark was that she had ten or twelve pairs of ten and twelve dollar shoes at home she couldn't wear because her feet were so tender, "was that your little tutti-frutti with you at the show last night?"

"Which one of them?" asked the exhibitionist. "Oh, he takes me everywhere and does everything for me. There's nothing he won't do for me." *(I'll give her something to really talk about some day.)*

"It must be grand." *(I wonder what he gets out of it.)*

"Anybody who gets married in Chapel Hill certainly does have to put forth an effort," ventured one who looked as though she might have made the attempt and failed. "I didn't expect to get married when I came to Chapel Hill. I've lived in college towns all my life. I know what they're like. A college town is the worst place in the world for a working girl who wants to get married. She'll keep playing around with college boys until one morning she'll suddenly realize that she isn't as young as she once was. No, I didn't come to Chapel Hill to get married. *(No one will ever know how I prayed that Chapel Hill would be different, that I would have a chance here.)*

A neurotic stenographer who had lingered already

*(Continued on page eight)*

# The Carolina Magazine

*Oldest College Publication in the United States*
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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## EDITORIAL

"I know a guy in the City whose right ear was shot off by a thug, lisps, and drinks nothing but absinthe!" John Smith boasted of this acquaintance with an air of possessiveness and reflected glamour. "Huh . . . That's nothing. In Clayton there's an old lawyer who pleads all of his cases in poetry, has eight mulatto kids, and the best collection of Confederate stamps and money I have ever seen."

Together they agree that life is worth living, plays are written, novels conceived, and the real romance to be had where there are vivid, unusual personalities.

Perhaps no single criteria of the attractiveness of a locality is as frequently used as that of interesting personalities. Visitors rhapsodize about Chapel Hill for its extraordinary people. "They are charming!": or "How intelligent people are here!" They damn Chapel Hill, too, for its apathetic population, and exclaim, "Damndest bunch of numbskulls collected together I've ever seen!"

And yet far too often we find ourselves romantacizing strange and engaging personalities—elsewhere, vaguely convinced that our acquaintances nearby are dull, ordinary people.

The pattern of this issue of the *Carolina Magazine* is based upon the conviction that there are nearly three thousand puzzling personalities on the Hill that defy analysis and yet compel our interest.

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Ah! If I were in New York I would write the great American novel. New York is *so* stimulating. New York is *so* varied. How can I write anything in this dump?

Much too much has been said about New York in the same breath with writing.

One distinguished author remarked not long ago that in New York men *talked about* writing. Living in attics, starving and sharing their misery, they enjoyed sweet delusions of greatness, quite unsubstantiated by results.

Art forms go hand in hand with leisure. Frenzied activity is not compatible with creative eminence. So perhaps it is, after all, the rural, secluded locality that offers the writer his best habitat. There he can reflect and allow his thoughts to ripen.

If there is any correlation between a man's genius and his locale (and there is no justification for believing that this correlation is conclusive) the correlation of a swirling city to productiveness is a negative one.

# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

The original American romance, older than that of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, has been novelized by David Garnett in *Pocahontas*. Once again the Indian princess rescues Captain John Smith, loves him passionately, and sees him wrecked by excessive drinking. Although the savage in the case, she was able to instruct the worldly Englishman in the novelty of personal cleanliness. The major portion of the book is concerned with Pocahontas' capture by the English, her conversion to Christianity,her marriage to Rolfe, and their subsequent eventful journey to England. The author took advantage of his setting to present a picture of the conflicting Indian and European civilizations, the passivity of the former helpless against the forwardness of the latter.

* * *

*The Years of the Locust*, by Gilbert Seldes, is still another type of commentary on these days of depression. It traces the policy of the government toward recovery in conjunction with the fluctuations of the stock market and industrial and commercial worlds. Seldes calls his book a "fever chart," plotting a curve of public opinion which reflects the growing distrust of optimistic official statements issued from 1929 to 1932. He believes that if the Hoover method of reconstruction succeeds the unhappy executive will be ranked a great statesman. If it fails, "he will have paid for his principles with the misery of millions of his fellow-men."

* * *

In addition to the passing of John Galsworthy, death has recently robbed literature of two other notables. One of the last of the Victorians, George Moore, died at the age of 80 after a life devoted to poetry, drama, and the novel. The Irish man of letters will probably best be remembered as a keen satirist, individual stylist, and uncompromising classicist.

America's loss was the death of Sarah Teasdale, one of the most brilliant lyricists of the time. Winner of the Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1918 with *Love Songs*, she continued to write her charming quiet verse until she became one of the best known poetesses of the nation. Many of her fragile, thoughtful lyrics have been set to music.

* * *

Two sisters of famous novelists have taken it upon themselves to make writing a family affair. Thornton Wilder's sister Isabel has just published her first effort entitled *Mother and Four*. It depicts the success of a young widow single-handedly rearing four children to a gratifying maturity.

Anne Green, whose brother is the morose Julian, comes forth with another French frolic. In *A Marriage of Convenience* she offers the interesting results of a wedding which arose from a woman's accepting a proposal purely out of spite to an unwilling suitor.

* * *

There's gold in the hills of Georgia! At least that's what the chief character of Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* believed. So obsessed was he by this theory that he let farm and family go to ruin while he sought the precious metal. Each new plot that he worked was to his mind an area special to the divine being. Combined with this destruction of the Georgia soil is a tempestuous sex theme which, although it involved his own children, did not deter the monomaniac from his mad prospecting.

* * *

*British Agent* tells of the remarkable diplomatic career of Bruce Lockhart, who was England's unofficial representative in Moscow during the Russian revolution. It was his unenviable task to keep his nation in favor with the new government and to influence the leaders to continue campaigning against Germany while England itself could arrive at no set policy toward the Bolsheviki. Although his mission failed because of English invasion of Russia, Lockhart returned to his native land more qualified to comment on the turbulent events of 1917 than ambassadors or correspondents. The volume is the February choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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# *Police Calling*

*By* NELSON L'DALE

Calling police car number 38, calling car number 38, car number 38. Lost:————, a student at the University of North Carolina, a leading campus journalist. Description: Of medium weight, and looks shorter, straw-colored hair which blows whichever way the wind is blowing, a tip-tilt nose which the ladies, those he knows, at least, call adorable, twinkling, friendly blue eyes. Wears glasses, without which he cannot see, except with difficulty. Looks like a blonde owl in the day-time with glasses on.

Further description: Smokes. Looks like a toy balloon in the shape of a sausage which hasn't been inflated all the way when he is on the other end of a cigar, pipe smells like the Chapel Hill incinerator fuming gently any fine spring evening, looks like the journalist he is and has been when a cigarette dangles.

Is not a politician. Has not mastered the commercial smile of the accomplished vote-getter, but all who know him, however slightly, think and speak of him as a good fellow.

Two libelous insults are occasionaly applied to him in the form of descriptive adjectives. One is "snob" and the other "literatus." If either of the words are applied to him within his hearing, he swears grimly through his teeth. The one arises from his near-sightedness, the other from an incurable prediliction for literature and his reputation as a journalist of merit.

Is clever, intelligent, and above all sincere. Happily enough, he has escaped the superficiality which usually accompanies cleverness, and the sophistication which all too often is the mark of a man who wishes to leave the impression that he has "been the rounds." The lack of this sophistication is largely due to the fact that he is always himself. He does much as he pleases, with due respect for the feelings of others—that is, he doesn't step on their toes—but with very little regard for what they will think. Nothing he does or says is done or said for effect—he isn't at all interested in

what you think of him. Like the equator or the South Pole, he's there, and if you're at all interested your investigation and exploration is invited; if not, well, the equator and the South Pole have both been explored before.

His individuality isn't at once apparent. Everything about him contradicts it—he isn't distinguished looking, he's well bred in the most unostentatious manner possible, and he looks like he's never done or ever will do anything which requires as much work as winding an alarm clock . . . in all his life. His lazy appearance is contradicted by the quality and quantity of the work he turns out for several of the campus publications. As to winding the alarm clock, the matter is uncertain. He has never been seen at breakfast, and looks sleepy most of the time. But so, for that matter, would you . . .

Wearing, when last seen, that inevitable dark brown suit of undetermined quality and rather too much quantity—it can't be helped that his clothes, when not pressed (the usual case) hang on him like gunney sacks—a dark brown slouch hat, and his usual agreeably surprised-at-life look . . .

Calling car number 38, calling police car number 38, lost: a hopeless idealist, one who dares do his own thinking . . . lost . . . lost . . . lost.

## Working Girl

*By* EDITH HARBOUR

"I guess I liked men too much to go to college," she told me before I even knew her name. "I always like to have my evenings free so I can just run around and have a good time. Used to, I'd have a date every night, with different boys, you know. But I gave them all up for Sam. He's the one that gave me my ring." A small diamond flashed meaningfully. "It cost seventy-five dollars," she explained, "only he got it for half price on a sale."

"Did you see that boy that just passed in the hall? Tall and good-looking? When he first came here last year he tried to date me up all the time. He used to come up here and hang around a lot. But I couldn't give him a break. Sam'd give me hell if he knew I saw other men. His people have money, you know, but I've managed to convince him that it would be better for me to work after we're married because I'd rather work than just lay around and do nothing."

"Could I help you find someone?" This question was addressed to a graduate student who had entered the office. He requested permission to copy several names and addresses from the directory. "Where did you say you are from?" she asked. He was from Raleigh. "I'm from Pittsboro," she volunteered. "Have you ever been there?"

"No," he said, "I haven't."

"You really ought to come out some time. It's a great town," she bragged. "I'd be glad to show you around most any time." He was copying industriously. "You don't know what you're missing," she added.

He thanked her politely and left the office.

"Gee!" she sighed with a long-drawn-out breath as of relief. "I'm sure glad you stayed in here. That fellow's always hinting for a date with me and I know that if you hadn't been in here I couldn't have staved him off any longer."

## Big Frog

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

"Don't argue with me! Yes, you are arguing. The moment you opened your mouth you convicted yourself of arguing. You're disputing and that's all there is to it. I won't have anything like that around here. Get out!"

That is his method of dealing with subordinates—and it is his policy to count everyone his underling. Student, faculty member, villager, all are nothing more than infinitesimal beings placed around him solely for his convenience and appropriation. Endowed with a remarkable brashness, he has risen to an executive position which requires the personal handling of many individuals. To him those who work under him are merely instruments to execute his commands; they have no feelings, no reactions, and certainly no brains. If one should attempt to assert his individuality, a swift and cutting public humiliation, due a criminal, is his reward.

This small-time counterpart of a Romanov breeds resentful confusion in his associates and yet is able to extract from them their maximum effort. The fury and vitality with which he attacks a problem is too much for them; his dynamic enthusiasm sweeps them into his arms, paralyzes their own personalities, merges them with his often fantastic projects, and extracts from them extraordinary labor. Bluff and braggart, he has the histrionic ability to inspire an audience to startling achievements. What he accomplishes by this dominance is usually a task which he himself is thoroughly incapable of performing.

He boasts of his democratic attitude and sneers at the moneyed aristocracy. Yet nothing pleases his gross vanity so much as to appear intimate with the rich and powerful. Tea with a New York banker or a box at the opera are for him delusions of grandeur. The mention of personage is sufficient to set him scheming to force a meeting which demonstrates his *savoir-faire*, if nothing else. Unequalled opportunist, he is swift to capitalize on the slightest incident as a possible reflector of personal glory or prestige. What he fails to understand, for basically his is a minor intelligence, he brushes aside as unspeakably stupid and unworthy of his consideration. In public he sounds a tin-horn for reform, but in private his ceaseless trumpeting is for the preservation of the *status quo*.

Beneath his autocratic facade lay twin torments to his ego, sham and cowardice. Equipped with a limited yet unorganized store of information, he is constantly on his guard against exposure. He endeavors to worm his subordinates into positions in which they will unconsciously utter the facts and ideas of which he is ignorant. An attack from even an ineffectual source will send him whining for official protection. Next to that of dictator his favorite role is the martyred spirit. He fights, but only when he is the sole weapon-bearer.

Yet, somehow out of his puny knowledge and rickety reasoning come the most extraordinary results. Prejudiced and self-opinionated, he is nevertheless a dreamer of dreams that actually are realized. His facile tongue is everlastingly rolling off plans that materialize with astonishing success. Once he has set his mind on a particular scheme, he ruthlessly casts tact and reserve aside to bring about its completion. The discomfort and suffering that it may cause others is no concern of his.

Although detested by most of the people who come into contact with him, so skillful and persuasive are his political methods that he has been known to weld enemies into a cooperative unit. Only when he attempted to buck social tradition did his ingenious machinations fail. The social aristocracy, which he openly scorns and secretly envies, perceived with wrath this crowning audacity and cast him from power.

He rules by maintaining fear in his subordinates. How this fear is established is virtually inexplicable. Many of those who grudgingly work for him have nothing material to gain from the batterings to which they are subjected. Physically he is weak, and his superficiality and hypocrisy are self-evident. Yet, a dangerous gritting of the teeth, an impulsive blow on the table, or a contraction of the eyebrows is sufficient to transform an objector into the most obedient servant.

The game he plays is an ancient one. The rules are entirely of his own making.

## Gwiasczda

*By* FRU LUPPA

You of the quiet intensity—my friend of few words, and those symbols of the solitary depth of you—you of the eyes that burn, and crinkle suddenly in the unexpected simplicity of a smile—you of the delicate play of words on the surface of emotion, the rare half-glimpses of thought and feeling—you of the thin refined face, of what are you thinking? You who from choice walk lonely paths with your dog, who look at men with quiet scorn, neither dissembling nor revealing, where are you when your body is among the crowds you despise?

The tentacles of his sympathy have embraced one creature, the pup with the expression of well-meaning that bounces so faithfully behind him. All his restrained affection comes into play in his long sensuous fingers when he fondles his dog roughly; all the feeling held tightly in leash flows down his thin flexible fingers and pulses in his music when he caresses the sensitive keys of a piano.

With him, there is little need for speech; one is accepted, or one is rejected. He holds his self-sufficiency in high esteem, and flaunts his completeness before a world that does not heed it, and which he does not heed. Sometimes, rambling on long walks through the woods, he is moved, and tells stories that he has heard, of strange people, of strange happenings, in odd vivid words, with a dash of flippancy now and then as if his objective self were mocking him for the concession of speech. Words must be sharp to break through years of silence.

He does not parley. The essentials, the elemental things about him, one must sense, as he senses with one edged stroke what manner of person walks beside him (and few ever do). He is no child wishing to be reached, wistful not to have retreated too far; he is not of that unfortunate race of men who go through the world seeking that understanding lost to them when they came into it; he is not kin, and so he has separated, has builded a nest far up on a cliff. If you would reach him you must go to him on his own terms. And if he finds you not unbearable, you may listen in silence; and if you are in tune, you may speak; and talk with him is communication, as talk seldom is.

# Three Wise Men

By NELSON ROBBINS

*Robbins, the Master Mind, reveals the Collossal Genius who discovered the Incomparable Iconoclast.*

When I first set eyes upon him, he was virtually unknown, this eminent mathematician, incomprehensible writer of histories and biographies, discoverer of a New World in drama, and mighty expounder of the *ego*. Today, he is almost as well known as I.

It was my first day in a freshman mathematics class at the University of North Carolina. I had just spent forty-five minutes in a vain attempt to solve a simple problem in quadratics. My instructor, a tallish young man with an intelligent face, walked over to me and said, "Mister Robbins, you are the most jejune freshman I have ever seen."

Quick as a flash, my destiny was revealed to me. I had, all my life, been looking for a man who knew of the existence of that word, "jejune." It mattered not, whether he could always continue to use it correctly—the mere fact that he was aware of its inclusion in the English language was enough.

"Sir," I said, "I am just the man to write your biography."

"That makes it official," replied my instructor.

"O. K., Doc, from now on, I shall not be your pupil, nor your sycophant, your Boswell, nor your Sancho Panza—nor shall the world know me as your Columbus—but your Sherlock Holmes."

That was back in 1907, the third year that I was a freshman. Although the Genius had written a short thing of about thirty volumes on *My Personal Recollection of Cleopatra, Tomboy and Noblest Roman of Them All*, besides a few other historical works, an explanation of the theory of evolution with illustrations from college life, about seventy-five western novels, and a text book in trigonometry, nobody had bothered to read any of them. However, the Genius was not wholly unknown on the University campus, as his courses in mathematics were required of all freshmen.

Then, the Genius met the Iconoclast. Boy, what a break for my man. The air was filled with personal pronouns. Radio broadcasting stations had to close down, on account of the static in the air. But, one day, after saying "I" each fifth of a second for thirty-six consecutive days, the Iconoclast inadvertently let slip the word "he." Civilization was in an uproar. "Who is this 'he' that the Iconoclast is talking about?" Men everywhere stopped to discuss this great mystery. Shops closed. Factories shut down. Commerce was at a standstill.

The Iconoclast became dumber than usual. He shut up like a clam and did not speak for the space of an hour. The Genius wished to talk, but the Iconoclast would not let him.

This is where I come in. (Am I having a good time?) How was my time to place the tablets of my Genius, and myself, beside that of the great Iconoclast in the Hall of Fame. "Do you wish to know this man," I said. "He is a biographer. He has written seven unread books about the Iconoclast. There he is—my Genius. He is even now living in the home of the Iconoclast, gathering material for the greatest biography in the world—he admits it. You have seen him time and again, but you did not know that he is my Genius."

The world bowed down and worshipped my Genius. He had not only been mentioned by the Iconoclast, but had been chosen to write for posterity the story of the life of the first distinguished red-headed Irishman who had never been a member of the New York police force.

"And, who are you?" the ignorant world enquired.

"I am Sherlock Holmes," I answered.

Today, I publish my great work. My life has not been lived in vain. I have done a great service for mankind. I have revealed the Colossal Genius, who discovered the Incomparable Iconoclast, who discovered what was wrong with the world. My life is complete. Nothing else remains. Tomorrow, I die before breakfast.

# An Uncut Diamond

By J. G. BRIGGS

Doctor Demosthenes's classes are a refreshing return to kindergarten and grammar school days, with the difference that the morning greeting to the teacher is recited rather than sung by the students. This essential task performed, the doctor surveys his class with contempt for a moment, and then springs a hearty jest. The class bellows: most of the students sit up immediately and begin to look intelligent. This phenomenon is always discernible; it seems to be the result of Doctor Demosthenes's gusty entrance, like a March wind.

The doctor is a gigantic man, so deep-chested and broad-shouldered that he appears short. On rainy days and on occasions of great importance he carries his gold-headed umbrella; the black string of his pince-nez always threads across his shirt front; and the day would not be complete without a faint smudge of chalk on the edge of his coat. He sits down, seeming mentally to roll up his shirtsleeves, and begins to talk. No class of Doctor Demosthenes's is complete without adequate verbal preparation for the mental tasks ahead.

The element of suspense is always present in his classes. No one can ever tell exactly whether or not his preparation for the lesson will be adequate. The doctor is far too subtle for that. It is generally agreed that he is supreme among professors for his ability to trip unwary students. Therefore, in his classes, the cautious student will distrust every question, look as wise as the Academy of France outside a beefsteak dinner, and answer something—no matter what—promptly when called upon.

The Doctor's attitude toward his classes seems to be one of mingled contempt and pity, which is manifested in long diatribes against the growing and progressive state of North Carolina. "Boys," he will say, "Travel. Other states are not so proud as you. They travel, and see what other people are doing and thinking. But you, you know, you are content to stay in Norse Carolina. You say, 'I was born a fool, and bred a fool, and I will die a fool' —or a Tar Heel, which is the same thing. That is the trouble. Your tar heels stick to the ground, and you cannot go away. Boys, I love that, I tell you. I love anything crazy."

Sometimes, however, the state is forgotten, and then students must bear the brunt of his scathing tongue. Rare is the student who can think quickly and coolly with the Doctor's finger stabbing at him. Usually the response brings forth unpleasant rejoinders; Doctor Demosthenes will stand, with hands on hips, glaring for a moment, then, "Mister! Are you absolutely crazy?" Or, "Here, you; give that lazy fellow a kick." If the offense is especially heinous, the doctor goes into details about the offender and adds: "That is as strongly as I can put it with ladies in the class."

He is a strange personality, the Doctor; full of bursts of superhuman energy and pitiless impatience. However, his students are never indifferent to him. They either hate him or fall at his feet and worship. Many are drawn to him by a fascination they cannot resist; others come for the love of being amused. Many come to him from a sense of duty; a few come because they want the thoroughness that Doctor Demosthenes is famous for. It is this last feature, more than any other, which makes his courses valuable; and conscientious students, well supplied with towels, are always to be found in his classes.

# John Finley

By ROBERT BERRYMAN

Soon after John Finley was elected to the Student Council, he walked into our room one night. We were playing craps, three or four of us, over in the corner. A quiet game. Nobody was shooting more than a dime a throw, and more nickles were in the game than anything else. Scotty Jenkins was fading pennies only.

Finley walked in sort of stiff-like. Two weeks before he had been in a game in that same corner and had won fifty-five cents in the course of three hours. This time he didn't kneel down and get in the game. He just looked on. Finally, his face set in a mask of responsibility, he cleared his throat and said: "Fellows, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to stop playing."

Pete had the dice, rattling them. He was waiting for someone to fade the nickel on the floor in front of him. When John said what he did, Pete stopped shaking the dice, and the room was as quiet as a tomb. John walked out of the room. We all stared at each other in silent astonishment.

That was the first time I heard John called, conscientious. "It means that you're the sort of guy who'd report his roommate if he came in drunk," I said to Phil Kenon. "Anyone that thinks it more honorable to betray a friend than a public office is a viper in my estimation. Calling him 'conscientious' doesn't change the matter a bit."

I don't mean to say that John would really have reported his roommate, but he would have come darned close to doing that.

We lived on the third floor, and so did Finley. Although there were monitors on each floor to preserve order, and a president, and a vice-president, and a yap that woke you up at eleven-thirty—if you were asleep then—to ask if your room was okay, and who threatened to have you kicked out of the dorm when you told him to get the hell out; even though all these birds were in the dorm to keep order and Finley was just supposed to sit on the Council and try cases, nothing could happen around the place, even on the first floor, without him bringing his nose downstairs and sticking it into the affair.

He was the same way about anything that happened on the campus. He wore his office around all the time like it was a high silk hat. All he needed to be a policeman was a badge and uniform. He even got so that he'd reprimand students for cutting across the grass!

The incident that woke him up to the fact that for a person with his cast of mind to hold a campus office is disastrous occurred one night about one-thirty. Shorty Blake and Frank Peters were standing in front of the dorm hollering to try and wake up Shorty's roommate. Shorty had forgotten his key and couldn't get in.

John Finley walked downstairs in bathrobe and slippers. He took their names down in a little notebook. They tried to explain, but he wouldn't listen. He was going to turn them in, and that was all there was to it.

The next day, Shorty and Frank went up to his room and tried to explain things. He wouldn't listen. —Finally, he turned formal on them and said: "There's no use in your trying to bribe me. I've already decided to turn in your names."

That night at the Council meeting, the boys explained very simply what they were doing when John took their names. Finley had turned in so many fellows that the Council didn't take any of his cases very seriously. When a vote was taken, he was the only one to vote that Shorty and Frank be placed on probation.

This particular case must have caused John to do a bit of thinking. Anyway, he didn't run for re-election the next year. —And lately his neck has not been so stiff and we are beginning to like him once more.

## *Second Bell*

*By* BRADFORD WHITE

Brook insisted that it was positively the easiest course on the campus. A friend of his had taken it and if this friend . . . I told Brook he had made a bad bargain for himself and only wanted a partner in misery. Brook would not be put off.

"Man," he said, "it's just the course you want. Professor's different from anything on this hill, lets you smoke on class, you know. You'll have to come. Not like Ec. at all. Look up a few birth rates and get your ideals lifted."

Knowing that my sale's resistance could not combat Brook indefinitely, I enrolled.

The first week *was* a shock. I reluctantly admitted my surprise. For five days Professor spent the hour reversing all the old dictums with which teachers usually greet students taking elective courses. The week-end was suddenly forgotten as we heard the pedagogue remark that some mornings he expects to find half the class absent, and will be disappointed if he doesn't. This blow from the shoulder was followed by another, almost disastrous to the calm of the collegiate mind.

"Everyone also will doubtless fail in a few quizzes. That's all right. I expect it. I hope no one is in here to make an 'A.' I gave but three last quarter and we enjoyed the time immensely. In fact the ideal is that we do pretty much as we like in this room . . ."

I could not hear the rest for looking at the phenomenally broad grin on Brook's face.

"Well," I ventured on the way out, "let's count our many blessings . . ."

"Oh, no thanks necessary," Brooks returned. "Just do as much for me sometime." He smiled. "Did you hear the man say he'd like to see us make ourselves at home. He even invites us out to Sunday dinner."

"Yes," I replied, seeing too much satisfaction on Brook's face, "but he didn't say which Sunday."

"H'm." Brook walked away from me. Speech is lost on a confirmed ingrate.

By Monday, I too looked on Professor's class as the only bright spot in my career. That it met early in the morning was now an insignificant fault, yet it was one which kept Brook from arriving on time. Coming in fifteen minutes late, he took his seat in a calm and unhurried manner.

"Mr. Brook!" (It was a voice whose tone could shatter dreams.) "Do you think it is too much to get here on time? It's generally disturbing to have you break in on our discussion. We are running our class on schedule, you know. The second bell."

"Ah," I whispered to Brook, who, bewildered and disillusioned, had sunk down into his seat, "there's nothing left now—but Sunday dinner is there?"

Only a groan from my friend signified that he had heard.

## *On the Church Steps*

*By* ROBERT BARNETT

"I'm *so* glad to see you, Carl," a shrivelled symbol of blessed sanctimony whimpered to Carl Reese on the church steps.

"Thank you." Carl took of his hat and started to enter the church with proper reverence.

"It's good to see you young folks coming to church," the symbol continued sweetly. "You are the fathers of the coming generation." Ah yes. You are the bulwarks of our great Christian Church to come."

"Thank you." Carl reflected grandly upon being a bulwark.

"Do you go to church when you are at school, Carl?" The persistent, smiling face pressed.

"I have been to church every Sunday since my freshman year at the Hill. No. I would never *think* of missing church."

"How fine! What a fine Christian boy you are! Carl you have a great, fine mission to fulfill for our Lord."

Carl reflected on the gerat mission he was to fulfill, pulled off his overcoat and walked down the aisle to the family pew.

The minister announced that after the sermon there would be the election of a new elder. Carl looked cautiously at his brother and winked.

The sermon concluded the minister left his rostrum and announced nominations.

Carl leaned over to his brother and whispered, "Bet you a movie Jenkins wins on the first ballot!" They shook hands.

The ballots were collected and Carl and his brother strained to see the progress of the count.

"No majority on the first ballot!" the minister announced.

Carl's brother grinned and Carl frowned.

Carl leaned over to his brother again and whispered, "Two movies Jenkins gets it on this ballot—by a thirty vote majority!"

They shook hands. Carl's second thought told him that he shouldn't have given thirty votes. That was dumb! The count was being taken and Carl was fully awakened from the semi-consciousness of the earlier part of the morning's services. What a bet! Shouldn't have given thirty votes: why did I?

Jenkins lost. Carl's brother grinned. Carl dug his elbow cruelly into his brother's ribs and cursed.

The congregation was dismissed with a prayer.

On the church steps Carl met again the shrivelled symbol of blessed sanctimony and she whined sweetly that,

"I am *so* glad that we can see that your interest in our church is real. Carl, I was *so* glad to see you and your brother voting for this church's servant of the Lord. It shows a fine, religious interest."

Carl, unable to listen attentively, repeated, "Yes, Auntie Christine, 'fine religious interest.' Brother and I try to do our best."

## *Up Hill and Down*

*By* J. F. ALEXANDER

Short and good looking, a clean cut face and great blue eyes that are always contemplating something far away. A slow drawl that has been mimicked by every boy who for any time has been in contact with him. Athletics are his breath and bread, he lives them and thinks them almost to the exclusion of all else. A good sport he never talks about sportsmanship. Victory or defeat force from him no outward reaction. He meets triumph and disaster in the same cool manner and excites himself over neither nor over anything else. Striving for success he often meets with it.

He was once a Carolina athlete of some ability. He captained a team and though quite some years have since rolled by he is still in as fine shape as he was then. He lives as though in rigid training. Tobacco and liquor are strangers to him but he is not intolerant of their use by others—unless the others are his men. Well liked by the ladies and seen at many dances his name is linked with none and his courting activities and propensities are unknown.

His activity is intense, limited to a narrow field upon which he concentrates and is intent on knowing thoroughly. His knowledge is not broad but deep—he "knows his stuff" and cares little else. To Carolina's most loved coach he is an able lieutenant and seems slated to follow after him. Much of his knowledge he has absorbed from this inspiring preceptor who handled him in his undergraduate days and whose high conception of sportsmanship has played an important part in molding his character and has placed its mark indelibly upon his personality.

Calm and unruffled he handles men ably. Not a disciple of the Notre Dame system but rather of the Carolina "gentleman school," he does not employ profanity. He does not like hearing others use it but seldom voices any objection. He gets along well with his men and they all like him. No one speaks ill of him—he speaks ill of no one. Between him and his men exists no friction or quarrels.

Too old to be just one of the boys, he is too young to command their deepest respect, they like to kid him and sometimes he kids back. But when it comes times for work or action he is cool and decisive, firm and efficient. He knows what he wants and gets it done. Between the head coach and the team he forms a very vital link. He prepares the men after the former's plan and is instrumental in seeing that his orders are executed. When the team is in competition he is invaluable.

The keynote to his character is simplicity and cleanliness.

# A Prof and His World

By LOUISE CARLETON

Before me walked a man I knew I'd never forget, although this was the first time I had seen him. He was a little man, walking extremely erect, with a stiff springiness. He wore a brown hat of antique mode, and a coat which would have looked like him if it was simply hanging on the wall. Fumes from a short pipe were borne back to me.

Beside him went an infinitesimal black and white dog, giving her attention to all that went on about her, but never failing to turn her head at the slightest variation in her master's stride. She adored him, it was plain to see. He called her Patsy, and the name suited her.

I recognized him at once when I saw him as a teacher shortly afterwards. His face looked as I had known it would, from my scant glimpses of it. Curly graying hair, eyes that would never lose their interest in life, and a smile that held amusement, kindliness, and self confidence, all seemed inevitably a part of him. His clothing was unique. He wore a belted grey suit with huge pockets, and an immense flowing tie of many colors. What might not those pockets hold! They bulged like those of a small boy.

His voice was stage trained, and his manner that of a philosopher of sorts. When I heard him recite "To Be Or Not To Be," I knew he was the latter. I also knew that acting was the passion of his life. The professor vanished, and the University. One felt that he became the instrument of truth, which spoke then with his lips. With a shrug of his shoulders, then, we had "Prof." again. He told us of his ramblings in the world, of actors, and of other people who have made their mark.

"Prof's" ambitions of the world reach so high, and are so trusting in the progress of mankind that they are good to hear. Professional dramatists to travel and give plays to every University, drama courses taught by seeing good plays well acted, and a chance for every man to forget himself in amateur theatricals. There are more too—reaching quite heroic size.

The first day in class we found he approved of pretty girls, preferably with dramatic aspirations. Here was one professor who was not prejudiced against girls in his classes.

Before the week was over, everyone was fond of "Prof." Some weren't impressed with him as a teacher, but all enjoyed the opportunity of knowing him. I heard one boy say, "This isn't any Shakespeare course, it's a course in Prof." After all, one could learn Shakespeare from the texts. Prof. taught us some of this; he also taught us many things about the theatre in general; about the South, for he is a Southerner with all his heart; and his general philosophy. He gave us glimpses of a real person, one who has made a name for himself. Here was one man, we found, who thinks the world is getting better; who knows it is a fine place for living. In a cynical age here was one who preserved trust, and the power of enjoyment.

"Here Patsy!" called the object of my thoughts, "What have you found now?" And my mind came down to earth to watch Prof's straight little back as he went across the campus. Patsy frisked beside him, carrying her discovery of the moment—a rumpled paper bag.

# Two Fraternity Brothers

By E. C. DANIEL, JR.

I opened the door to room 612.

It was a bare office.

There was only one big desk, a stenographer's table and a four-story steel filing cabinet.

Evidently its tenants did not expect to remain there long.

My friend pushed back his chair and got up in the same movement.

He smiled.

And when he smiles, you wonder if there is not elastic in his jaws.

It was June and he was without his coat.

Still, his face, his tie, his shirt all looked as fresh and coolly crisp as refrigerated lettuce.

"Well, how do you like my office?"

His smile, his squared shoulders bespoke pride in the office.

But one would not have been surprised to have found it empty.

"We are pretty busy now."

As much as to say, "Nobody but big shots are busy these days."

"How about giving me a little advice on this publicity we are sending out?"

I thought it lifeless, but his eyes told me that he was enthusiastic about it.

"What do you think of the title I made up for myself."

The title and letterhead would have lifted the soul of any corporation menial.

"We have had letters from some big men."

Yes, even the greatest of us would welcome a letter from Will Rogers, President Hutchins, and Admiral Byrd.

"Come in and meet the boss."

We walked into the adjoining office.

Surely I must think that he had the finest boss in the world.

And I did: she was a lovely woman.

II

"Here are some pictures I took on the cruise last summer."

There were a dozen or so snapshots.

"Here is a picture of the boat docked in Charleston."

It was a forty-foot sailing yacht.

"This is a tramp steamer we sighted off the coast of Georgia."

It was a tramp steamer.

More commonplace seascapes and he grew eloquent.

Then, "Here I am holding the wheel."

He was a boy again.

Barefooted, bareheaded, in white duck trousers, he sat with his chin up and head erect.

His rigid grasp on the helm-spokes was like the tense hold which a new driver takes on a steering wheel.

An honest smile—put on for no one; it was just there—pervaded every corner of his face, radiating even from the crinkles around his eyes.

The pride of possession of a small boy at Christmas time was his for the moment.

Literature is the daughter of heaven, who has descended upon earth to soften and charm all human ills.—*Bernardin St. Pierre.*

# TEN PINS

*(Continued from page one)*

*Liar*, he thinks. *You're gloating right now over his bawdy humor. You got a vicarious kick out of the fun that's had between the sheets of Rabelais.* Then he relents.

"Well, go read it, Miss Tetherhorse. That was very good." *I hope they got the irony.* "You're next, Mr. Gray."

III.

tilts his chin down, purses his mouth and looks at his students as though from under a table. O, where are you hiding?

"Ladies and gentlemen, the department does not favor the existing system of comprehensive examinations, but since the, ahem, administration decrees that such there shall be, we of the department find it our obligation to administer it to the letter. Now, we are going to make this just as COMPREHENSIVE AS POSSIBLE!"

*Oh, the explosion always startles them. Wish I didn't have to stand up here and lecture. They don't care what I say. They, too, wish they were not here; so why are we here? I have too much to think about. Now, what was I planning to think about?*

And now he smiles a grimace, a distracted vacuous smile which corrugates his brow. It expresses distaste, not over something distasteful, but just to be doing something. And then it resolves into a dyseptic puckering about the mouth as he exhibits a cigarette and regards it mournfully with a downslanting look out of his downslanting face. He is speaking through a mouthful of smoke, blanketing his words: "It would be wise for you to acquaint yourselves with the historical background of literature." And inside: *I have so much to do, so much to think about. What shall I think about? Oh, the department!*

IV.

is large and fat and mild like a Corona-Corona cigar. He reads to the dreary morons before him. He reads indulgently. If they do not understand fair Chaucer then his voice will be soft to allay their dullard's pain. And he thinks: *Oh, the sweetness of Chaucer, and of Keats, and of Bryon, and of Spencer. I, too, would be one of these, but I never seem to get around to it. But I am comfortable; I am an authority in my field. The life of a poet is too hectic.* He pauses in mid-flight of fancy to regard weightily, musingly, and with the assurance of long reflection, the grass-grown embodiment of Absolute Vacuity, the lawn in front of Murphey Hall. Yes, he is large and fat and mild like a Corona-Corona cigar, and altogether as rich and pleasant.

V.

is a man of three mustaches, all of which look the way your hair feels when you stand on your head in the sand. They move, all three, when he talks, and since his eyes are as eloquent as his mouth, he talks with three tongues, and you listen, not knowing whence come his words: "A pocosin is a sort of swamp, you see "

He regards the flame of a match as he lights the fifth of a chain of cigarettes, endangering the Mongolian-slanting mustaches above his eyes. It is a face which lends itself to caricature, one not easily forgotten; it is a face which consists in the

nature of remembering, one that is remembered without conscious effort. And again he speaks: "You are better off writing about things you know, you see?"

A student reads a paper, his pride; his high school teacher has told him he ought to go on writing "pomes." It is terrible; it is lousy; it reeks and hangs in the air like sulfurous fumes. *It is over, thank God*, thinks the class, and they wait for the professor's remark. He smiles absently, saying, "Yes, but 'quaint cottage' is a *cliché*' —(The wealth of nations, the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon, existence and death, all retreat, all vanish in that breath when the expectant faces strain and find relief in that awful, that inevitable)—you see."

VI.

is reading to his class, his genial face crinkling sometimes with pleasure, sometimes with distaste:

*Leaving behind us the puddling swamp-woods*
*With their spidery vines smothering the sun,*
*And their slim, spinsterly cypress trees*
*That spread suddenly toward the earth*
*Like the skirts of 1890,*
*We came to the bare flat Carolina land*
*Where the lemon haze of the horizon*
*Crept closer and closer, like a circling tiger.*

"Well." He lights his pipe deliberately, puffs, and lets it go out. "That's not so good. The similes are too far-fetched. What would lemons and tigers be doing in Carolina? The poet should rather have talked in terms of grits and gravy. That reminds me of what Tom Wolfe once said to me—"

The class whispers, growing impatient, but he does not notice, reading further to himself. "Ah, here's a line. Here's a line. Listen to this, now:

*Six cool peaches in a white split basket*
*Could not plesae me.*"

Now his old veined eyes glow with all the joviality of a winter fireside and he talks and sentimentalizes and comes close to bursting with enthusiasm. The class gripes and grunts and whispers that he ain't teaching them nothing nohow and he's hopelessly romantic and what's the use of all this anyway? But after all this smoking and reading of poetry and jocund narration, and the griping and grunting and whispering of the students, they float out of the classroom inflated with the hot air of inspiration and go and work their damned heads off, grumbling and glowing with the desire to write a "hundred-nights" play. *Six cool peaches in a white split basket; that's the stuff that plays are made of.* And somehow we believe him.

VII.

is a calm radical who knows the field of English literature quite as well as do the books, and he sucks air through his teeth in prelude to speech. He smiles with resigned contempt at the hopeless provincials of the South, knowing that these are fools, and that their darkness can never know light.

VIII.

has a mouth too full of teeth and a simian upper lip and a pug-nosed baby face, *you darling*. "You know nothing, absolutely nothing," he says. "There's just as much garbage in this classroom as in the movies. You've all seen Greater Garbage in action, haven't you? Terrible, wasn't it, but I have to get one or two like that out of my system every year." And he thinks: *Hell, you couldn't do that*

*(Continued on page eight)*

## *A Sunset with Bill McDade*

*By* Rosborough Leeper

I burst into the lobby in such a flurry of excitemetn that Uncle Bill looked up from his work inquiringly. Grasping his arm I said, "Uncle Bill, come quick and see the sunset."

"Aw right, aw right, young man, I'll come." He shuffled along with me as fast as he could to the portico of the building, carrying his brush with him. " 'Tis purty, ain't it? Look lak a fiah ovah beyon' de trees."

We walked a little farther from the building so as to get a less obstructed view. Some squirrels were racing along the bare limbs of the trees in bold silhouette against the colors of the west.

Uncle Bill said, "Trees in de wintertime 'min' me of black lace. Mos' all de ol' people got some black lace sto'ed away somewhere to wear when dey die."

After a few moments of silence Uncle Bill went on, "Folks don't take de time to walk in de woods an' see de sunsets like dey use' to. Dey too busy, now'days. Thuty-forty yeahs ago de boys were great fo' makin' speeches. Ev'y man dat got his diploma had to make a speech. An' jus' befo' commencement time de woods was full of boys practicin' dey graduation speeches.

"Lots o' big men here liked to walk in de woods in those days. Dr. Battle use' to be a pow'ful walker. 'Most ev'y day him an' some of de ladies here in town would come all de way out to my place an' stan' on a big rock in my yard to watch de sunset. Law, he wuz a ol' man den with white hair, but dat nevah stop him from walkin'. He made all dem paths down in de Park woods."

The sunset colors faded, and as we walked back to the building I asked, "Uncle Bill, do you think the boys study less than they used to?"

"Don't know 'bout dat, don't know, young man. Fo' yeahs after de Re-openin', when I started workin' here, dey weren't so many boys in school. Some of dem studied then, an' some didn't, jus' lak dey do now. But now dey is more in school an' de ones what don't study kin make more noise than they did then."

Uncle Bill paused before an oil portrait in the lounge room, and said, "Dere in dat picture is Pres'dent Ed Graham. He look fine lak dat picture show him all de time when he was here. Pres'dent Ed like me an' had a book wrote about my life.

"Bothah me, sometimes, it do, when I go down in de game-room at night to put de money in de safe. I keep thinkin' to myse'f what Pres'dent Ed would say 'bout de boys spendin' so much fo' billa'ds. He b'lieve in de boys savin' dey money. Dis buildin' is named aftah Pres'dent Ed, but I wonder if he'd like it if he knew the boys wasted so much money here.

Young man, is you one of dese run-'roun' boys dat never pass deir work?"

I told him that I had been on the honor roll the past quarter.

"Dat's right, young man, keep it up. All de big men who lef' here an' got to be somebody were boys dat studied. The biggest ones, that got to be governors, were the ones dat studied hardest. Gov'nor Ehrin'haus study hard while he was here. O. Max Gardner, McLean, Cam Morrison, all of dem come here an' make good in deir books first, before startin' out in the world.

"Young man, you come to the office with me. I want you to write down your name so I can remember you. When I go home, aftah while now, I'm goin' to tell my wife how you come an' showed me de sunset to-night."

## *Meno Spann*

*By* Dr. Meno Spann

I have characterized scores of students, underlining on mid-term cards their outstanding traits: lack of diligence, ability, attendance, poor health, and so on. I am tired of that. I dare not describe any of my friends on the campus; it might hurt their reputation to be known that they are intimately acquainted with a German, for the war is just over. Consequently I have to describe myself which will not hurt others, and me only slightly.

I was born to be a Romanticist. A Romanticist is a man or a woman who is not able to, and does not want to sell anything, who thinks a joyous and exciting life is more to be coveted than a hard and toilsome one, who hates laziness of heart, rugged stupidity, and who thinks mediocrity is a sad destiny, but nothing about which to boast. A Romanticist is a person who needs for his or her happiness not more than about $220 monthly, and usually earns about $150. When he or she earns $150, he or she is a Romanticist of the melancholy type. I am earning $144.45.

A few biographical facts will best explain my more detailed traits of character. As a baby I took with greatest ease to German, admittedly the most difficult language for beginners. At the age of three I mastered the transposed word order in dependent clauses, and at eight, I had a more extensive vocabulary than most of the half-time instructors of German in the forty-eight states. Small wonder that I should choose as a lifetime occupation to transplant the linguistic thrills of my nursery-room to the classroom.

When I exchanged Grimm's "Fairy Tales" for Cooper's "Lederstrumpf" (Leatherstocking), the English started a hunger blockade on me and other small boys. We were then told that the world begrudged little German boys their cleverness and willingness to imbibe Latin grammar, while the little boys on the other side were uncultured little brutes of the gas house type.

I then became a Chauvinist. When the American Quakers saved me and the other little readers of Caesar and Xenophon from undernourishment I acquired a cosmopolitan mind which I still possess.

All Germans, with a few exceptions, like Einstein, have not only a fine mind but also an excellent physique. My prowess in manly exercises, which has won for me the reputation of a good scholar among my Freshman students, is less to be attributed to my personality than to my nationality.

No man's characterization is complete without a statement of his love-life. As a Romanticist I am devoted to love, as a German I am unhampered by social prejudices, and as a university teacher I am neither a German nor a Romanticist.

So I walk over this campus, the undefeated champion of German grammar, the only living philologist in Orange county who can turn a decent forward flip, has a punch in both of his fists, and a slight foreign accent in his manners, habits, and speech.

# *Myself—A Pessimist*

*By* MURIEL PARKS

In writing my autobiography, my duty is not to see myself as others see me, but to make others see me as I really am. To do this, I must reveal facts about myself that no one else knows. I find in my heart a strange reluctance to yield up my inner self. However, when one loves one's art, no service is too great.

I have no illusions. I used to have them, in abundance. They have all been shattered, and therein lies the story of my life—a life filled with disappointments.

The first blight on my hopeful spirit was occasioned by my being born in a small town, to absolutely sane and sensible parents. Why couldn't my mother have been a temperamental artist, and my father a cruel drunkard who sold my shoes for whiskey?

As a child I was melodramatic. I craved excitement and gay night life. My fond parents convinced me that my fertile imagination needed stunting. I cried for hours.

The growth of my imaginative powers ascribe to the fact that my environment was lacking in romance. But, I was stubborn and determined, and I resolved that I should not be made into a drab personality. I turned to the world of fiction, and the more fantastic, gruesome, sophisticated and blasé, were the phases of that world, the more delighted I was. I formed ideas.

When I finished grammar school, along with forty other gawky young souls, I was sent to a prep school. My conception of prep school was "mid-night feasts, clandestine love-affairs with married people, and a broken heart." But prep school through its disappointments convinced me that this isn't such a grand old world after all. Tussles with mathematics, lectures on conduct, restrictions for breaking rules—this was prep school. But I still had my hopes. I still was untouched by hardness and disbelief. The climax, however, came that summer.

I went to New York, and the first night I was there I insisted on going to Coney Island—the epitome of life, the Mecca of excitement. Coney Island was not disappointing. At last I had realized my dream. I was tasting of night life and finding it excellent. Sophistication was written all over me—so I thought. The blasé looks I cast around would have done credit to a movie actress. I hated to leave, but I was reconciled somewhat by an offer of a boat-trip back to the city. I sat down in a deck-chair, gazed out over the water, and imagined myself some heartbroken damsel whose lover had just been drowned in an effort to save her poodle, who had jumped overboard. I closed my eyes to hide my grief, and when I opened them again, I was back in New York, being roughly shaken awake! Napoleon could not have been more dismayed at Waterloo. My one chance to be a lady and I had gone to sleep! I could not be consoled. I had become a disillusioned person.

I am still. College has not changed my nature. Someone says, "What a fine day!", and I think, "It might rain before night." We plan a picnic, and everyone is excited about it. But I wonder—what will happen this time? Who will be hurt? I have learned never to plan or hope for anything.

When I hear people discussing heredity and environment—as to which has the strongest influence—I long to rush up and say, "Environment is stronger than heredity. I was an optimist at birth. I expected great things. Thwarted by the cruelness of a mediocre environment, I have become a pessimist. All of my experiences have convinced me that life is a farce, to be endured, and that even though life goes on, I have nothing to hope for, since the air-castles of which I dream arise only to be dashed to the ground by a relentless fate?"

I am too much of a pessimist to wonder if my future environment can mean another change. Completely disillusioned, I merely wait for the breakdown of other ideas, hide my disappointments beneath a smiling exterior, and envy those hopeful souls who think that life is a long, pleasant play.

# Robert H. Wardlaw

*By* DEWITT HAMEIN

Two o'clock. Subdued voices and a reeling radio looked down at him . . . . Robert lay there as though he were dead. His nose was smashed and bloody. His eyes were closed, his whole body limp, his face expressionless . . . . only his chest heaved deeply with every intake of the hall's stench. Robert H. Wardlaw was dead. Robert H. Wardlaw breathed. That was an anamoly. Robert . . . fat . . . brown-skinned . . . thick necked . . . bulging stomach. Robert was brilliant. Everyone said so. Robert was cruel. Everyone felt that. Robert knew his stuff (rare *laissez faire!* no, *savoir faire*, that was it.) Robert was agile, swift in his mental activity. Robert mocked stupid, kindly fellow. Robert hated those more powerful than himself, fought them with satire and ridicule. Keen, acute, discerning; at once a dangerous and stimulating individual. But Robert was more dangerous than stimulating. Much more dangerous. Curiously irrational; he never considered an act. He acted, then reflected.

## The Cloak that Covers

*By* BRADFORD WHITE

*We two marched down*
*To Vanity Town.*
*Mocking kings we wore a crown*
*And also the cloak that covers.*

*But lack the day grew very hot;*
*Keep on the cloak, ah, we could not.*
*But the crowns, though they made our two eyes blur.*
*Showed others really how little we were!*

# TEN PINS

*(Continued from page seven)*

*well yourselves. I've got you all buffaloed. Maybe you know more than I do, but there's no point to letting you think so.* Oh, the smartness of him and that mouthful of teeth and that baby face. And the body shall never grow old, but the spirit shall wax mundane.

IX.

talks with mashed potatoes in his mouth. "Oi can see no reason why you can't do the work necessary to this course. We shall have a short quiz each day just to help you keep up with the work. And Oi'll have no slouching down in seats or looking out of windows. Most of you will flunk this course, but those who have the stamina to stay with it should benefit accordingly. That's all Oi have to say."

*They know damn well Oi'm not fooling. Ah, if they could only learn to love Cooper.*

And the students sit up like little iron soldiers, and those who are of lead soon melt.

X.

has a dog which sometimes follows him and sometimes roams free about the campus. Rusty's hairy legs stiffen as his eyes focus sharply on a nut-gnawing squirrel. Then he prowls to another point equidistant and down wind of his quarry, waiting, waiting. The class bell rings, arbitrary, commnading. A student slows his afraid-to-be-late stride, stops, watches intently, hypotized. Another stops, and yet others until they are nine. Slowly the dog proceeds, forwarding each paw gingerly, tentatively; the grey bush-tail gnaws unawares. The students stand frozen, not breathing, eyes only living, intense, staring, hanging on the taut tendons stretched over the dog's hocks. She charges, a mad scramble, whining, straining, scattering the leaves. The squirrel's legs move faster than the eyes can follow. He is safe in a tree, scolding, chattering. The dog barks, a joyous note in his voice, and this is what they say: *Did you see their faces? Ain't it a wow? Yeah, they're late again. It never fails. But we have to work this thing out better. I almost caught you that time.*

The students relax, bewildered. Some show relief, some disappointment. They run; they are late.

# NINE WOMEN

*(Continued from page one)*

too long tried to change the subject. "What was it Zona Gale said in the *Tar Heel* Sunday? I don't know what class he is." Those who knew Zona Gale pasted silly smiles on their faces. "I guess he must be dead," she floundered. *(I wonder if what she says is true. I thought I'd be married after I had been here a year or two at the most. I had a big time running around with freshmen for several years. They seemed to like me. I wonder why I've lost them all. I wonder if it was my fault. I don't see how it could have been. I'm sure they liked me.)*

"No-o," hesitated the healthy-looking old maid who was finicky about her diet, "I can't say that I've ever really been in love. I have my career and that," she smiled benignly, "is sufficient unto the day." *(What was it that I read in that book on sex the other day: the reason why some women do not marry is because they're "too proud and good for human nature's daily food." Can it be that I am?)*

"Oh, the spinach was just grand. No, I won't take any dessert today. I've gained a pound. I feel like I'm laced two inches too tight now." And mincing out of the room, the Pollyanna of the group gave the impression that her shoes were two sizes too small.

Being a newcomer to Chapel Hill I had neither spoken nor been spoken to during the meal. If any thought of me passed through the sex-saturated minds of the women gathered there they probably thought I was dumb. I would not damn with faint praise. I considered them feline in the superlative degree.

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## *Swamp Man*

*By* Thomas McKnight

It was Spring and there had been heavy rains and the landscape was a deep green. The lace curtains were missing from the windows of the house across the street and Jim knew they had been sent to the laundry. Jim always knew it was Spring when the curtains were missing from the windows across the street.

Somewhere in the rear of the house the vacuum cleaner buzzed an accompaniment to old lady Howard's cackling soprano:

"*Count your many blessings, name them one by one.*" Jim fetched his chewing tobacco from his sweater pocket and cut a neat slice. Jim bought his chewing tobacco in tin boxes and cut it always with his knife. These gestures toward University culture came hard to him. Back home he bought his chewing tobacco in the raw and snapped it off with firm white teeth. He glanced about him, then sneaked the tobacco to his mouth.

"*Count your many blessings, name them one by one*
*And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.*"

Jim laid his textbook aside, picked up his notebook, then spat at random into old lady Howard's morning-glory vines. She'd be sore as hell about those amber spots and purple blossoms wilted a copperish hue. She'd sniff and wonder. Jim grinned. When she'd finished wondering about that she could wonder which was the seventh sea and why were toenails.

"*Stand up, stand up, ye soldiers of the cross,*
*Lift high your royal banners, ye must not suffer loss.*"

Jim opened his notebook and forget about old lady Howard. Matthew Arnold was full of oats. Jim ran his tongue along his wad of tobacco and his eyes along his classroom notes on Matthew Arnold:

"Creative power works with ideas that are current at the time. The invention of ideas is the business of the philosopher, not the writer. It is the business of the philosopher to know philosophy, theology, history, art, science, and politics. He must know something about everything."

Jim spat and thought of Will Durant and God. Old lady Howard lifted her soprano to the nigger maid upstairs:

"Mary, you forgot to scrub the bathroom floor yesterday."

"Yessem."

Jim turned to his notes on Samuel Johnson:

"An author doesn't need to draw from the moderns for his materials. The basic passions of man are permanent, regardless of centuries. If the writer can move these fundamental emotions of man he will silence the complaints of critics."

Basic passions. Sam Johnson was right. Jim spat while his mind went back to Edith Lowe on his father's plantation. Edith was a half-breed and vol-

*(Continued on page five)*

## Walt Whitman

*By* Nelson Robbins

*I am elemental, savage, strong;*
*I am stubborn, gentle, selfish, lazy, sinful, loving, rude.*

*All that you are, I am;*
*And all that I am, you are.*

*I love the woods, the country, city, town.*
*I love machinery, water, birds, smoke, plants, and weeds.*
*I love the worker, the loafer, the Christian, the sinner—*
*I love all mankind.*
*I love poetry, rythm, movement, song.*
*I love all that I see,*
*Preferring always the deeper, stronger things—*
*The rolling, surging tides of Life.*

*I do not shrink at sight of blood;*
*I am not repulsed by souring, stenching things.*
*I am typical of a virile race.*

*I am moved by the sound of a poor little bird*
*Pouring out soft, sad notes for the mate that is gone.*
*I pause to wonder at my reflection in a stream*
*Of purest crystal, mountain melted snows.*
*I feel a surge of pride, when my country's colors go flashing by.*
*I am angered when slighted.*
*I read of evolution, and ponder on the history of Man.*
*I laugh at the squabbles of churchmen.*
*I do not worry about eternity.*
*I am not afraid of death.*

*My heart is tender, strong, or selfish*
*As the case may be.*

*I am just an ordinary sort of man—*
*Not much above the average, nor much below.*
*I embrace all that is human.*
*I like to teach and be taught.*

*I can be Walt Whitman—*
*Or I can be You.*

## *Spanish Style*

*By* Walter M. Terry

Lita gave a nervous laugh, tinged with both amusement and hysteria. When she came to think about it, she realized the whole thing was rather idiotic: an eighteen year old girl riding alone through the jungle, and taking with her a mule laden with gold bullion. She laughed again. Why the affair savored of farce and melodrama; she felt like a pursued heroine of a musical comedy tale. She consoled herself with the idea that it couldn't be helped.

*(Continued on page three)*

## *The Wall that Is High*

A Fresh-Water Fantasy

*By* Philip Hill Milhous

*A gently sloping hill borders with dark green moss banks the sides of a small stream. With its leaf-mold floor and maiden hair ferns the hill forms most of the background. There are also a few grey lichened rocks.*

*The little mermaid, a bright smile upon her impudent face, climbs out of the water where there is a bit of damp red sand and cool moss and water lilies in bloom. (Exceeding unreality has made our mermaid bold.) She seats herself upon the moss with her bare toes in the sand and lets her hair fall about her shoulders—a mermaid with bobbed hair, the idea! She is dressed in usual mermaid fashion, whatever that may be, except that it is almost little enough and probably green. (The ones I've seen . . . but that would be telling.) Early fairytime of afternoon it is, and spring, so that you would expect alwost anything. When she hears a noise, she slips over against a laurel bush and cuddles up to it in the laughingest little cute-impudent way you could ever see. (Please!)*

*The noise is Jimmy, the boy who makes teaching what it rarely is. He is the imp who knows the answer to the question you ask him but is likely not to answer it if he doesn't feel like it. He comes in dreamily and sits down near the girl without seeing her, but the far-away look leaves his eyes when something tells him he is not alone. She is not the sort to startle or embarrass him.*

Jimmy. Hullo! I'm awfully sorry I didn't see you at first.

She. Oh, that's quite all right. I rather enjoyed it. I was anxious to know why I was allowed to come.

Jimmy. I don't quite understand.

She. It's a long, wet way I have come, from the green sea weed and the bright sun-rocks. But it was quite usual and ordinary in the sea and one day when I felt the sweet, fresh water pouring down upon me, I could stand it no longer and Father Neptune smiled his bitter smile and let me go.

Jimmy. How glad I am that it was so—but there's one thing . . . I thought—

She. Yes, we do have fish bodies in the sea but I had to get rid of mine so I could climb over the big rocks and wade through the reeds.

Jimmy. Weren't you afraid of snakes?—I'm not.

She. Oh no, I had my little sun fish to go ahead and warn them. *(The sun fish makes a gay arc as he leaps out of the water.)* See?

Jimmy. Why, that's funny! I never saw a sun fish leap out of the water before.

She. Oh, he just does that to be noticed, or when Father Neptune is calling me. *(She looks about her.)* How much more fortunate than the water am I, for it is leaving while I have just come to this

*(Continued on page seven)*

# The Carolina Magazine

*Oldest College Publication in the United States*
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1933


## EDITORIAL

Every editor has been asked, "What kind of copy do you need?"

And almost every editor will reply, "Write what *you* know about and feel!"

There is room in the MAGAZINE for clever, witty writing, for dissatisfied philosophy, for mood interpretations, skillfully designed plots, and lilting poetry. Any editor is happy to get good copy in any of these, as well as other fields. But the editor is particularly delighted when he finds a *writer* who possesses a unique point of view. This is infinitely more valuable than whole files of isolated writings. It is the writer and his motivating idea, if he has one, that really commands the editor's kindliest attention.

Arthur Schnitzler was born in 1862. Son of a Viennese physician, he studied medicine too. At the age of thirty he established his reputation as an author. He has made distinguished contributions in the field of drama, the novel, and the novelette.

Schnitzler's works are characterized by their romantic flavor, their sensual delicacy, and their ambiguous complications.

It has been said that you will find beneath his dramatic and literary accoutrements "a single psychological theme—the mingled clash and fusion of reality and unreality in human life."

In *Rhapsody* Schnitzler allows Fridolin an evening during which the Viennese gentleman experiences a variety of events, some weird, some beautiful and erotic, and others cold and simple. Throughout the narrative one is persuaded that the experiences are real, only to be equally persuaded in alternation that the story is a strange dream. The *Green Cockatoo* carries out essentially the same theme. It is about a cafe in Paris, 1789, where the host provides nobles with entertainment in the form of confessions and descriptions of crimes and indiscretions. The star rascal, Henri, describes his murder of the Duc of Castigan with such convincing realism that the cafe shudders at the horror of it; only later to be astounded by the appearance of the Duc, have him actually stabbed by Henri, and feel not a part of the horror.

In *Paracelsus, Fraulein Else, The Mate*, and others of his works Schnitzler achieves the same delicate, tantalizing ambiguity of event which serves to leave the reader provoked and aesthetically excited.

The secret of Schnitzler's fascination is the fact that he has this fundamental theme or idea "which stalks through his work." Others have written clever dialogue, others have manipulated their plots more intricately, but have failed nevertheless to be as absorbing.

Much high comedy has been written for the superficial satisfactions of their humor. Much gloomy tragedy has been floated in the tears of unhappy heroines and frustrated heroes. But unless work has some underlying, coordinating idea, writing is likely to be only of temporary, casual interest. It is the idea and point of view that has the real weight.

The history of literature demonstrates forcibly this point. Witty word manipulators and clever plot craftsmen are forgotten quickly and the person with an idea remains.

# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

Of all places, that little island Tasmania, which appears on the maps as somewhat of an afterthought to Australia, is the subject of *Pageant*, an epic novel by G. B. Lancaster, an inhabitant of the isle. Throughout the middle years of the last century it was used as a depository for English convicts, but once the criminals became freedmen they waged such fierce wars on their former masters that the country's turmoil and complaint was for many years one of England's most persistent colonial nuisances. When the policy of unloading undesirables on Tasmania was abolished, a distinctive nation developed from the gradual inter-marriage of aristocratic families and the former convicts. *Pageant* is the current choice of the Literary Guild.

* * *

Irving Hart, an Iowa professor, has recently undertaken the relatively thankless job of compiling a list of the most popular non-fiction books in this country during the last ten years. In addition to discovering that biography far outsold all other classes, he found an amazing interest in volumes on the rather unliterary subject of food and its problems. His list of the five leaders for the past decade includes *Diet and Health, The Outline of History, The Story of Philosophy, The Life of Christ*, and *The Boston Cooking School Cook Book.*

* * *

Let a president of the United States suffer a concussion of the brain and he will be miraculously transformed from a mediocre politician to a powerful leader. Assuming the role of dictator, he will select a cabinet of capable advisers, take measures to wipe out the depression, and will give his nation a new faith in itself. Once he has saved his own country, he will set about correcting international evils. However, if unlucky enough to have an enemy make an attempt on his life, fright will strip him of his new personality, leaving for the nation only the party hack.

This fantastic but engrossing irreverence for the presidential dignity is contained in *Gabriel Over the White House.* The author, who has sent copies to both Hoover and Roosevelt, prefers to remain anonymous.

* * *

Admonishing you that "Joule lay an Erg" with delight, some bright young chaps have set themselves to administer the death blow to Technocracy in a forth-coming burlesque entitled *The Crowning of Technocracy.* They destribe the energy survey and all its ramifications as Scott's Emulsion and promise a laugh as loud as King Howard's protests against his dismissal from Columbia.

# *The Mystery of the Vanishing Cuff-Links*

*By* ROBERT BERRYMAN

"My dear Holmes—" I said—with some hesitation, for I hated to break in so rudely on his reverie.

"Eh?" Sherlock Holmes looked up from his deep retrospection, and equally deep armchair from whence he had been gazing with tremendous concentration at the wall opposite him. "Oh! So it's you Watson? My dear fellow—please have a seat. I see you have been skating."

"Why, as a matter of fact, I have," I admitted. "But how in the world—?"

"Quite elementary. You see, I noticed that you sat down rather carefully. Then, too, the marks of skate clamps have not yet entirely disappeared from the toes of your shoes."

"Remarkable!" I gasped.

"Not at all, not at all. By the by, I understand that your visit today is not entirely prompted by a wish to idly converse with me."

"Well—it isn't. Although I *have* been wanting to see you. The truth of the matter is—"

Holmes stopped me with a gesture. "Let me tell *you*," he smiled. "You have been robbed!"

I was astonished. "How on earth did you know? I haven't told a soul, and I came here direct from my lodgings."

"Quite simple. A little matter of careful attention to facial movements. I'll explain sometime. But first: how do you propose to recover your stolen cuff-links?"

The man was remarkable! "How did you know that they *were* cuff-links?" I managed to gasp.

"Nothing to it," he said with charming modesty. "A child could have deduced that. I simply noticed that your cuffs are tied together with bits of string."

The man was inextinguishable!

"Last night," I began my story, "I set out for the theatre, leaving my diamond cuff-links on the dresser. Three hours later, when I returned—"

"They were missing!" interrupted Holmes, his face alight as it only is when he is on a fresh scent or on the final phase of an interesting case.

I nodded dumbly.

"I thought perhaps," I continued, "that if you were not too pre-occupied at present—"

"You could not have come at a better time," Holmes interrupted. "The Farmington case is practically concluded and I was afraid that a dull and unprofitable week-end lay ahead. Now, though—!" His face relaxed into a gentle smile and he lay back in his chair. Picking up a pipe from the table at his side, he lit it and puffed in silence for ten minutes. Then he bounded from his seat and tore around the room with that unexplicable energy he sometimes possesses. "Quick!" he shouted over his shoulder as he tied his necktie. "Get my hat and coat. We are going to Breckett's."

I wondered why we should be going to the well-known jeweler's but I did not stop to question him.

"Faster!" shouted Holmes to the cabman, as the

man showed a tendency to let his steed idle. "Faster!"

A clerk, smiling genially, stepped forward as we entered the portals of the famous shop. "Well, gentlemen, what can I show you today."

"This gentleman," said Holmes, indicating me with a jerk of his shoulder, "would like to see some diamond cuff-links."

"Cuff-links? Yes sir. Step this way please."

The man walked behind the counter and laid a case on the counter. "These are our best, sir."

I looked at Holmes. He noticed my perplexity. "Select a pair as nearly like the missing ones as possible," he instructed me.

A pair similar to the ones I lost were priced at two hundred pounds. I wrote a check for that amount.

"Now, if you will tell me what this is all about—?" I asked when we were again in the cab.

Holmes laughed. "My dear fellow, don't you see how simple the matter is?"

"I must confess that I do not," I remarked rather stiffly. "—And I would appreciate it if you would enlighten me."

Holmes noticed my hurt tone. "Please don't be offended, old chap. You see these?" He held out his wrists for my inspection.

"My word!" I exclaimed. "Your links are almost identical to those I lost!"

"That's what put the idea in my head," He admitted. "These links, too, were once stolen. You understand, of course, that many criminals repeat their crimes. What I propose is that you place these new links at the same spot on the dresser that the others vanished from, and then take another trip to the theatre."

I began to see his drift. "Then you—?"

He nodded. "Exactly. If I do not miss my guess, the rat will nibble again tonight; and when he does—" His eyes sparkled. "Hallo! Here we are at your diggings." Springing out of the cab, he tossed a half-sovereign to the driver.

"Arrange everything exactly as it was last night," Holmes cautioned me, "—particularly the dresser top. Our man is a slippery customer and we must leave nothing which might arouse his suspicions." He helped me arrange the furniture in its position of the former night.

"Now you may go to the theatre," he said when everything was in its proper place.

* * *

When I returned three hours later, I was greeted with a scene of desolation and ruin. Chairs were overturned, papers were scattered over the floor. The room looked as if it had been struck by a cyclone.

"Holmes!" I cried. "Where are you?"

"Here I am," drawled the voice I knew so well.

Whirling about I was at first surprised, and then amused. "Well you certainly are cool enough!" I laughed.

Holmes was seated in the most comfortable Morris chair in the place, his feet propped up on a desk. He was wearing my loudest colored dressing gown and was puffing complacently on his old pipe. "What on earth has happened?" I demanded.

"I wish to congratulate you," he said, arising and extending his hand. "Your cuff-links have been the means of ridding England of a dangerous and unscrupulous man."

I gasped. "You mean—?"

"Yes," he nodded. "Moriarty, himself, was in this room tonight."

"You fought with him?" I marveled. "With your bare hands!"

Holmes nodded. "Only enough to make the struggle genuine."

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Well, you see, Watson, it's this way: the man is a dangerous brute, but the police have never been able to pin anything on him. —But now we have him. He won't dare stay in London—or even in England. If I had captured him it would have meant, at the most, only a short sentence. By letting him 'escape,' England is rid of him. —And you, old man"—his voice choked—"you have been the means of expelling this villian. England owes you her heartfelt thanks." He wrung my hand. "I want to thank you in her behalf."

I was embarassed by so much appreciation. "That's quite all right," I mumbled. "—And now, if you will permit me." I drew out a checque book. "Your fee?"

Holmes made a generous gesture. "Nothing."

"Nothing!" I echoed.

"I couldn't accept money from you, Watson. —Besides, I feel that my work, in a way, is its own reward."

I nodded appreciatively. "I can understand that."

I was struck by an idea. "Perhaps," I ventured, "if you won't accept money, you will allow me to make you some small gift—?"

Holmes mused a minute—then his face lit up. "Well, Doctor, if you would really like to do so, nothing would please me more or, I think, be more appropriate, than a pair of cuff-links similar to the ones figuring so prominently in this case."

# *The Blonde*

*By* GEORGE W. WILSON

For the first time since we had left Charlotte, the eleven male passengers of the bus did not breathe a tired sigh of reluctance with the thought that the woman stepping inside would force one to give up his seat and stand in the aisle.

In fact, they all sat alert, each hoping he would be the one rewarded with a smile for his gentlemanly action. Awaiting a glance from those gray eyes and a smile from those ruby lips, each watched her choose, even in that crowded bus, the seat she wanted.

Ten others and I kept our eyes directed toward the silky hair which peeped in even waves of pure white from the smoothe black turban. Insatiably our eyes travelled downward, over the delicate, tapering white hose, and the pearl-white neck. The carefully draped black dress flowed almost to the floor, omitting no detail of the perfectly shaped figure.

Without a change in her expression she walked rythmically up the aisle. The man beside me arose. She nodded her head toward him and sat down. With a precise movement of her hand, she draped the folds of the black dress over her legs, quickly frustrating any hope that the sheen of her stockings above her ankles could be seen.

Timidly I turned my head to the point where, from the corner of my eye, I could see her face; she was staring at the blank wall of the bus station.

The driver started the bus and soon we were moving along the outskirts of Freemont with the unpainted mill houses passing by. She continued to stare out the window.

Through the mirror across the front of the bus I caught eyes of all passengers. They were accusers. "You're the lucky guy," they seemed to say, "Can't you break the ice with her? If not, exchange seats."

I drew my cigarettes from my pocket and turned to her. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

Her eyes flashed toward me. "No."

"Won't you have one?" I held the pack toward her.

"No, thank you."

In the mirror, twenty eyes held me in contempt; they were gloating over my failure. I racked my brain, trying to think of something about Freemont or of someone I knew there, anything to start conversation.

I looked out the window and saw a slouched woman in a green dress sweeping the porch of a mill house. Into my mind flashed the picture of Susie Smith. Susie Smith, whom Bill had reminded me of only yesterday. He had recalled our fight in the eighth grade when he had slapped Susie Smith; I, fresh from the idealism of *Ivanhoe*, had impulsively become her knight errant. How mad I was when she, speechless and blushing, turned her face from me after the fight.

She sat next to me. I remembered her shabby yellow hair, her pale cheeks, and the intense, seeking look in hr eye. I could see her little green dress, spotted and frayed, and her bent shoulders as she folded in her arms all her heavy text-books. I recalled that, during the year, she had moved to Freemont.

I turned to the blonde with a cynical smile on my lips: "Do you know Susie Smith? I think she lives here."

She turned her head toward me, and without change of expression, replied: "No, but I'm Suzanne Smythe."

## SPANISH STYLE

*(Continued from page one)*

Her father was sick with jungle fever, and the native miners were irresponsible Latins. The gold had to be taken to the coast; and so Lita was undertaking the task.

At about noon, she found herself on the edge of the jungle. The trip down the mountain had proved uneventful, and it was with a mixture of relief and fear that she entered the jungle; relief from the burning sun, but fear of the forest's hidden terrors. The cool green of the jungle soothed Lita's nerves, and gave her, for the moment, a feeling of safety. It seemed that nothing harmful could happen in this quiet and beautiful spot.

Lita's reverie was brought to a sudden end by the sound of a masculine voice saying, "Stop." Lita would have spurred forward her horse, but then she realized that the mule, laden as he was with the heavy gold, would hold her back. She let out an involuntary "damn," and reined in her horse.

Out from behind a clump of bushes rode a man. He was rather handsome in his swarthy way, but his clothes were soiled and slightly torn. At one quick glance, Lita guessed his profession: one of those Nicaraguan bandits that had been waylaying peace-

*(Continued on page eight)*

# Love, Revolvers, and Hurting Feet

*By* ROBERT BARNETT

I heard the sharp report of a revolver. For no good reason at all I knew that I, too, immediately must have a revolver that would spit fire and ring out crisp and menacing. I was in love. Perhaps that accounted for my sudden and intense desire for something vicious.

Helen said she loved me. I knew she didn't. But I loved her; yes, I loved her. I had told myself that repeatedly. The notion revolved in my mind like the song of a wheezing drug store phonograph. I loved Helen at first because she seemed so aloof. She always seemed to smile at other men. When I came near she always lapsed into unfathomable quiet. She had nothing to communicate to me; or at least, so it seemed to me.

Then one day I stepped on her foot at a club dance. I lamented the fact that she might be cursed thenceforth with a club foot. I didn't smile. I didn't think the facetia worthy of that much self-commendation. But Helen laughed, actually laughed, and said that she would write me a poem on "Hurting Feet"! I was delighted. That in itself was proof that there was something grotesquely illogical in my feeling toward this strange female. I was thinking of all of this when I left the woods where I had heard the aforesaid revolver and ambled languidly into the outskirts of town. Lovers always amble languidly, even when they are getting revolvers.

A streetcar rattled down Orchard Street. I lifted myself onto the first one that passed and watched the lampposts go by. Occasionally I exercised more than ordinary energy and focused my eyes that I might apprehend through my ocular apparatus the rather too usual representation of a female attired in delightful and suggestive flimsies. Once I caught myself envisioning a lamppost's lanky length as being wrapped in diaphanous silk. The delusion was a brief one and one quickly dispelled. A cloud of dust entered the car window. It has been stirred up by a black limousine that had whirled by. Somehow the limousine made me find my bearings. I got off at the next stop. I was downtown and only three blocks from the pawn shop district.

Joey's was on Griffin Street. A hotel clerk had once told me that Joey's was the best second hand store in town; carried everything from "bird cages to revolvers." I had remembered the remark. Strange that I should have, I thought, as I wandered indecisively down toward Joey's. Lovers also wander indecisively, I knew.

Joey's was far from prepossessing. In spite of the good Anglo-Saxon ring of the name, the character of the place was distinctly Semitic. It had a smell. Its chaos was greasy and garish. Joey and his clan were either standing around on the outside brushing against some old vests and Prince Alberts or sitting around a pile of pianos and other things in a far corner of the establishment within. I saw all of this when I arrived in front of the place that was boldly advertised in big black letters as being "JOEY'S PLACE."

How was I to ask for the revolver, I asked myself. It might, conceivably, be a rather startling inquiry. Should I pose as an immaculate but deadly criminal; should I bluster in and make a bold demand; or should I take Joey into my confidence and simply tell the facts? I was thinking too rationally, though, and much too rapidly. That was being far from the romantic figure that I really was. I directed silent contempt upon myself. Act natural, act confident, act with an air of supreme proprietorship; these were the dictates of my inner self, my self that whined in a monotonous undertone that "I am in love with Helen, I am in love with Helen."

So in order to be worthy of the blase, smart, disdaining admiration of my lady love, I strolled nonchalantly into Joey's.

"How do you do?" I oddled at the group in the shadows among the pianos and accordians. Having smiled suavely, I leaned carelessly on a showcase and glanced over an assortment of Lodge pins, rings, and binoculars. Then shaking my head I looked critically about the room as though I were a fire inspector about to condemn the old joint as a public menace. Finding no satisfaction in doing this I looked for another showcase, found one, looked in it, saw some fish-hooks, packets of foreign stamps, violin strings, sunglasses, and ha! a tiny revolver.

At the very instant I saw the revolver, Joey or one of his kind sneaked up behind me and said,

"What do you want?"

I was startled by the interruption in my reverie, jumped around, looked at him wide-eyed and a little frightened, and *shouted* at him.

"That! And give it to me quick!"

I must have been out of my mind. I had shouted at the top of my voice and before I knew it the whole staff of Joey's was ducking for a hiding place or running into the street. This annoyed and alarmed me. I had meant no harm and so to smooth things over I shouted again,

"Come here! Come back! Where are you going?" and while shouting was pointing at each one of the poor fools. They all came back into the place with the haunted, terrified, hesitance of men who expect to be shot.

My part was one that I was compelled to play from that moment on. No longer was I the languid lover; now I was the vicious and overpowering gunman. I was not certain I liked the part. It was a trifle dangerous and subject to misinterpretation at almost any point in its rendition. However, at the moment I was not so much taken up with the comparative merits of the part of lover and gangster as vehicles for my histrionic talent as I was confronted with the very real problem of what I was to do with these pale idiots standing looking at me.

Suddenly remembering my original demand I said,

"Did you hear me?"

"Here we are." Somebody whimpered.

"What of it?" I spoke harshly.

"You called us." An oily little fellow with a moustache was doing the talking.

"Well get busy!" This I said loudly and imperiously not knowing exactly what they should get busy at, but realizing that there was an urgent need for them to do something besides stand there looking horror-stricken at me.

"Did you hear me? Get busy! All of you! Bring me every revolver in the place! Every revolver and every *pistol* too! And if there's a single slug in any of them I'll . . . shoot it out! Snap it up!"

I had my hands in my coat pockets, quite inadvertently at first, but later when I realized what effect it had on Joey and his henchmen I kept them there. While watching these oily rats scurry around I prided myself on the delicate discrimination that I had made between revolvers and pistols. I was no dub. I certainly was not.

I had the revolvers spread out before me and looked at them without taking my hands from my pockets.

"Give me that one!" said I, taking one hand from my pocket and pointing at the tiny one that I had first spied.

I took the grip in my hand. Its corrugations were sharp and when I laid it down I had sharp red prints on my palm. I took the revolver again and gripped it tighter. The pain was pleasant, like biting hard on a toothache.

"I'll take it." I stated.

"Five dollars, sir."

I was afraid to make a straight purchase. Joey might throw me out for the scare I had given him and through loss of pride on his part. I had to think of something bold but undisturbing, debonair and prudent, to do then. What would it be? While thinking I unconsciously stared steadily at the men that stood around and while staring I thrust both hands deeper into my coat pockets casually fondling the bills there. The stare and the nervous twitching movement in my pocket unnerved poor Joey and he cried out,

"Take it, sir, take it away! We have done nothing. Please!"

His imploring tone aroused me so I reached out my hand for the revolver, deliberately dropped a five dollar bill on the counter, and walked out while Joey stared uncomprehendingly after me.

*** *** ***

Helen liked champagne, never got it; and liked, much to my irritation, little else. Helen *endured* things. Her sweet, contemptuous sophistication was as deliberate as the studied affability of a Greek letter man in October. Helen was studied. Perhaps that was the reason she made me think her perfect. She seemed to me to be rational, cynical, and rapier-like. That sort of thing was great, I thought. She was always sure of herself, sure of others too; that is to say, sure that no living soul could amuse or satisfy her. I was thinking all of this while I rode back to Greenwood Glenn where I intended to fire away with my little revolver.

But I was in love with Helen, or at least that was what my brain was whining repeatedly into my ears. Why did I love her? Why was it? Certainly not simply because she said she would write a poem on "Hurting Feet." That was too ridiculous. She never wrote the poem. That made it worse. *But that was it.* I was in love, for when I had heard Helen modulate a soft appreciative laugh and say she would write a poem I felt that she was worth attaining. I had shattered her shell of impenetrability. Within that shell I had found a rare and poetic soul. That was it! I was in love with her soul, her soul as it was revealed when she announced her intention to compose a verse upon the subject of the human foot in a state of discomfort. Ah! I sighed. Lyric conception.

The street car stopped at Greenwood Glenn. That was the end of the line. I got out, walked in the direction of the woods, stopped at a suburban hardware store and bought some shells. Then I called up Helen from the drug store on the next corner, telling her that I would come by to take her for a walk. I didn't ask her; I told her. I felt that

she would like that from her lover. Love is mad. Love is imperious. I was imperious. I was the lover, consummate; to be sure I was, of course I was.

Helen and I ambled languidly out into the woods. Or rather, I ambled, and Helen walked impatiently beside me. The trees were bedecked in spring foliage. I remarked upon the fact. She said "yes" or "you're quite right" which seemed utterly devoid of the tenderer feelings of appreciation. I was annoyed. Helen was looking at me from time to time as though to say "what the hell are we doing this for. I'd rather be listening to the radio. In fact, I'd rather be doing *anything else.*"

I ignored these looks from Helen. But after a while wondered, too, "what the hell we were doing this for." The sensation of being with Helen was, curiously enough, actually distasteful. I fought back this realization, for I was in love with the girl. Helen said she would write a poem for me. Yes, in every way Helen was what I really wanted.

But while my mind was occupied with this train of reflection I was suddenly reminded of the fact that my tiny revolver was distorting one side of my coat, giving it a lumpy and unpressed aspect. I immediately began a recital of my experience at Joey's. Helen's interest picked up a trifle; although it was apparent she thought the bulk in my coat was a bag of marbles, at most, and the story, an idle fabrication of my none too facile brain.

"I told them to give it to me. They were all terrified. You see when I went in I didn't know how I was going to go about getting the old thing when the method was suddenly, bodily, and dramatically thrust upon me. You should have been there . . .", I said. Then I added romantically, although it was untrue,

"And you know during all that time when I held those men spellbound, when they thought I was a bandit, when they could have sneaked off, got a revolver, and shot me, I was thinking only of you. I thought you might be amused and approve of me. I was . . ."

At that point in my discourse Helen laughed. She should have been awed and admiring, but she laughed. As I heard the sibilation of that cruel laugh I froze up inside. She kept on laughing and while she laughed I reached my hand into my pocket and felt the sharp corrugations of the handle of my revolver. I gripped it tighter and tighter. I imagined the crimson imprints on my palm and that gave me great satisfaction. But Helen laughed on and on louder and louder, murmuring between breaths that I was the most absurd person in the world. The most *absurd!* I gripped the handle tighter, so tight that I knew I drew blood. I felt the handle grow damp. (Later I found it was perspiration.) The laughter was unbearable. My lady, my love, my lily was ridiculing me. I would be no Gareth, no long suffering kitchen knave, not I! A vile feeling of resentment surged through me, finally overpowered me, and I shouted at her with terrific, sobering fury,

"*You!* (And in the single word I expressed all my profoundest loathing of her.) You. You who said you would write a poem on "Hurting Feet" for me. You who seemed so perfect, so beautiful, so aloof, so unattainable. You who I have loved, yes loved, passionately and without regard for caution. I hate you. You aren't fit to live. You have spurned my love. You have laughed at me. No, you aren't fit to live! Don't stop laughing! You might as well die laughing! Ha ha ha ha . . . Die laughing. That suits you."

And so saying I backed away from her and withdrew to her astonishment (I felt sure) the revolver I had described to her and in the quiet and solitude of the woods raised the revolver and leveled it at her breast. Her breasts were lovely, I noticed. Lovelier than those I had seen from the street car downtown, but that didn't matter. I took careful aim and then with tragic deliberation and with my eyes shut I fired. Then I dropped to the ground and muttered softly,

"It's women like Helen that make murderers out of men like me. She's her own murderer!"

But Helen kept on laughing, laughed herself down beside me and let me take her in my arms. She said the act was great. Great! She'd never forget it. I couldn't say much. I didn't say anything for a long time. I couldn't figure it out.

Helen said she'd never really known me before and that I was O.K. That sounded like a love lyric from Sappho to me. I told her that she could forget the poem on "Hurting Feet"; never write it if she didn't want to; that I'd always love her anyway. She said I was O.K. again and I didn't mind the repetition. I didn't think I could ever get tired of hearing it. Finally we got up off the grass in the woods there and walked back to her house. I kissed her good-bye. Helen never did much kissing and that was a good sign that things were, *O.K.*

*** *** ***

But there was one thing that I couldn't figure out and that was why Helen wasn't dead. Why wasn't she dead?

So I went to the hardware store and asked Mr. Anderson,

"Why isn't Helen dead?"

He was at a loss as to how to answer me and said he couldn't tell me right off.

Then I realized he might have misunderstood me and so I asked,

"Mr. Anderson what kind of bullets did you give me when I was by here a little while ago?"

"Weren't they all right? You know you said . . . You come here and tol' me that you was goin' down to de trac' meet and you wanted some bullets fer y'r pistol. I give you the only box of blanks I got in the house! Wasn't they all right?"

"They were O.K.," I exploded and ran out of the place.

I had told Anderson that I was going to meet someone at the tract, Reynold's hunting tract, where I wanted to shoot my pistol. Old Anderson had misunderstood me.

## The Sound that Silence Causes

*By* Philip Milhous

*(After reading certain types of poetry)*

*Power of the Printed page*
*Rasping in the lamp light*
*Writhing in the lamp light*
*Convulsing in the lamp light*
*Growing worse with age*
*Disclaiming parentage*
*Twisting through the corridors*
*The neurones in the corridors*
*Of the mind's chaotic sea;*
*Waking waves of water*
*Green and stagnant water*
*Slimy, slithery water*
*Where intelligence should be—*
*Just*
*Racy revolutions*
*Exotic convolutions*
*Rarely realistic*
*Pseudo-impressionistic*
*Very inartistic*
*Incoherent prose.*
*THE PRODUCT IT INSPIRES*

## SWAMP MAN

*(Continued from page one)*

uptuous. It was Spring and soon she would be bathing in the Onicha waterhole. Edith was young and hot and her naked brown body shone in the sun like a sprinter's legs when they were rubbed down with snake oil. She had danced for him one afternoon in her cabin when her father was heel-sweeping cotton in the uplands. Her curves and melody had made him ache and sweat and she had run out the back door when he tried to palm her amber breasts.

Jim tucked his tobacco under his tongue and spoke through the vines to Vivian Mitchell. She smiled sweetly and crossed the street toward the Chi Omega house. Jim followed her with his eyes and knew she wore costly perfumes and that she was very cultured and very cold. Jim wished she was yellow and that her body would shine in the sun and that she would dance for him and that he hadn't spoken to her.

Jim blew his tobacco into the vines and went into the house. Old lady Howard turned off the vacuum cleaner and listened for a moment while Jim climbed the stairs.

"Mister Lambert?"

Her voice was a bellow that started at the floor and Jim knew his roommate had lost his whiskey behind the bed again and he kept climbing.

"Mister Lambert!"

Jim thought her lungs would make good shoe leather.

"Yes, Mam."

"What's that in those bottles in the closet?"

Jim was glad Al had not lost his whiskey behind the bed again and that old lady Howard had not found the five-gallon crock behind the dresser.

"That's herb juice Al's father brought him for malaria."

"If I thought it was some kind of homebrew I'd pour it out."

Jim kept climbing and wondered why all landladies were nosey wenches and had paunches like dowagers. The nigger maid was making Al's bed and Jim kicked the door shut and opened a bottle of homebrew.

"Mary, did you ever have malaria?"

"Yes, suh, I'se had it but they gives me quinine. I speck that juice stuff is better fer it."

Mary was black like a night in the swamps and her teeth dazzled like white tile in the sunlight. Jim sat down and watched her torso pivot at the waist while she swept and decided that Venus and the Virgin were real forces.

"You got malaria too, Mister Jim?"

"No. Brake trouble."

Al came in from his psychology exam and poured two fingers of corn liquor into some homebrew and drained the glass. Jim watched him fill the glass again and knew that Al would get very drunk and raise hell at the Sigma Phi Epsilon house all day

*(Continued on page six)*

## SWAMP MAN

*(Continued from page five)*

and puke behind the bed half the night.

"Old lady Howard asked me about these bottles."

"It's none of her business. A man's room is his castle, ain't it? Here, take a shot of this corn, it'll tighten your shoe strings."

Jim held his breath and gurgled while Al crossed his fingers and whistled.

"Hell, did I ask you to have a drink or get drunk?"

Jim corked the bottle and Al put it under the pillow and decided he'd take a bath and dress up for anything that might happen. Old lady Howard was humming a selection from last Easter's cantata: "*He is risen, He is risen, Christ is risen from the dead.*"

Al was running water in the shower and there was cadence but no melody to his song:

"*Oh, the monkey wrapped his tail around the flagpole.*"

Jim felt the corn tickling his appendix and the beer applauded and Jim thought an ambitious monkey could wrap his tail around the Post Office.

II

Jim guessed it was natural, that feeling of loneliness. But he hadn't expected it, that inchoate ache for the companionship of his pals that was gnawing at him. He tilted his chair against the clapboard wall and stared into the night. Off to the right in a westward sweep lay the three-hundred acres that was the Lambert plantation. And farther to the north lay his father's sawmill. Loblolly pine, white cedar, gum and oak trees. That Spring when he was learning the multiplication table and his father was talking about war and the saw mill hands were turning out thousands of feet of oak for the Navy Yards in Norfolk. That Spring was warm and the big saws ripped the logs with whining noises that made his flesh crawl and the men in the sawing shed told him to get the hell out of the way. Digging his fingers into the sandy loam to see if the peanuts were ready and wondering why the mule didn't have a long switchy tail like the horses and why the cows in the pasture came fresh but the ones in the barn never did. That Spring he was eleven.

That Spring he had poison ivy on his arms and plowed his first row and the row was crooked as hell and he cursed the black mule and said "whoa" when he meant "gee" and "haw" when he meant "whoa." Over in the pasture where he had ridden Big Dan without bridle or saddle and led him to the hay-wagon so he could climb on him and the hair on Big Dan's belly had stung his bare legs pink. Swimming in the Onicha waterhole with the Reed niggers and wondering why their bodies were black and why Laura and Mary were deformed. Starting to the consolidated high school in Moyack and the girls were white and wrote him notes and the boys called him "Cow" till he beat hell out of them and the teacher said he was the brightest boy in school. That Spring was sunny too. That Spring he was fourteen.

Jim spat and wondered about it all. Frogs croaked and the fireflies dotted the night like diamonds against black velvet. Off to the east he knew the Sound was beating its way back into reedy shores, and that beyond the Sound lay Kill Devil Hills, and that the Wright brothers had made one of these hills famous. Between the Sound and his father's plantation were impenetrable marshes and deep swamps with reddish water and green moss and gnarled stumps of cypress and juniper. Closer, and not far from the back pastures, the land fought to throw off its watery yoke, rising and falling in uneven patches of low-lying flatness. The whiskey stills were located in these sections and the stinging gnats and cotton-mouthed moccasins gave the prohibition officers hell. Jim grinned and thought it served them right because they had no business in his country.

Jim's father sat down and asked Jim how it felt to be home. They talked. Jim's grandfather had moved from the western part of Virginia into the Tidewater section and made money. Jim's father had brought his bride across the State line into the Sound country and there in the swamps she had died ten days after Jim was born. The doctor rode a bay mare and was all night getting there. He pronounced it septicaema and said the fever was a hundred and six and that it wasn't the nigger mid-wife's fault.

Jim's mother had never loved her new country and vowed before her child was born that it should be sent out of the swamps and educated. Jim's father had carried on alone, made money and kept the faith and Jim had finished fifth in his class at the University. Jim thought he saw a tear on his father's cheek. They stood up and shook hands and Jim thanked his father for all he had done for him and fought to control his emotions. Jim's father went to bed and Jim sat down again to think and the night was a witness to the stubborn emotions of strong men of the soil.

Jim wondered how it would be to live in the city and associate with none but white people. Al said city life was the thing. Al was attending summer school at the University and was probably dancing with a perfumed girl in the gymnasium. She would be dressed in white with silver slippers and there would be no back to her dress. They would go to the Sigma Phi Epsilon house after the dance and drink corn liquor and Al would try to slip his hand under her dress and they would drink some more and Al would lose his whiskey that night behind the bed.

White girls in the swamps didn't dance. Black women gave vent to the melody of their race in tortive rhythm of the body and gurgling torch songs of the low country:

*Stan' back, black man,*
*You can't shine;*
*Yo lips is too thick,*
*An' you hain't my kin'.*

*Git 'way, black man,*
*You jest hain't fine;*
*I'se done quit foolin'*
*Wid de nappy-headed kin'.*

*Stan' back black man,*
*Can't you see*
*Dat a kinky-headed man*
*Hain't nothin' side o' me?*

Jim wished he hadn't been brought up among niggers and primitive men. Inchoate aching expressed it well, Jim thought. He'd learned much about big words and books and culture in the last four years. Maybe he hadn't learned enough or he wouldn't enjoy a fight with a big buck nigger and crave his chew of tobacco after supper and thrill to watch Edith Lowe's yellow body glitter in the sun.

III

Jim picked his way through the darkness by following the white sand that was the path between the sawmill and Alec's cabin. Alec would be flattered that he had come by to speak so soon after getting home. Alec wouldn't suspect that he was drawn there by something Jim couldn't explain. No, he couldn't explain it. It was akin to the sun and the rain and the sky, that force that was driving him through the darkness.

Alec's cabin was in a grove of cedars beyond the old Moyack road. It was built of cypress logs notched together at the ends and filled in with mortar and horse hair to make it stick.

Nobody knew Alec's past. It was tradition in the region that he was half-Indian and that Edith's mother was a white woman. They had come to the Lambert plantation when Edith was seven and had lived with the Reed niggers and Alec had turned out to be a fine lumber hand. When Edith was twelve and could keep house, Jim's father had built them a cabin of their own. Edith had grown up like animals on the plantation grew up, wild and healthy and full-blown. Her hair was black and straight and her body was tall and supple and beautiful. She had thin lips and features of the white woman and her skin was the color of golden heat.

A shaft of light from the window dimly outlined the base of a cedar tree. The door was closed and Jim's pulse skipped a beat.

"Alec?"

"What you want?"

"It's Jim. Is Alec at home?"

Jim heard the padlock click on the inside and felt the chain slacken. Edith opened the door.

"Where's Alec?"

"He's helpin' with a run."

Jim knew that Alec was back in the swamps making some extra money helping the moonshiners and that it took all night to get off a "run."

"He'll probably be back directly. I'll wait around a while."

Edith hesitated, then a smile curved her lips and Jim walked past her into the room. A kerosene lamp stood on the pine-board mantle. Its yellow glow dimly penetrated the room and threw a shadow of light into the kitchen in front of him and into Edith's small bedroom at the left. In the far corner of the room Alec's home-made bed outlined a shadow against the wall and his clothes hung from wooden pegs driven into the cypress logs through the board wall. A small table covered with checkered oil cloth stood in the middle of the room. The board walls were of pine and had been nailed to the cypress logs before the pine was dry and had warped inward after drying. Beneath the front window a knothole in the floor was stuffed with a clean white rag to defeat the field mice. The odors were of clean wood and magnolia.

Jim spoke of the tidiness and remarked that he hadn't been there since she had danced for him and fled through the kitchen door. Edith giggled and Jim knew she had enjoyed that episode and asked her to dance again. She said her father would be back soon and would kill her and crossed her legs and laughed deep in her yellow throat:

*"Yaller gal's your'n, black gal's mine,*
*You never can tell when yaller gal's lyin'."*

Jim said he'd buy her a dress if she'd dance and she could tell Alec old lady Anderson gave it to her for helping with the fruit. He closed the door and Edith moved back into the shadows and hesi-

tated and Jim reminded her it would be a fine dress.

Edith's bare feet moved noiselessly in a circle around him, the serpentine contortions of her body looking weird beneath the black smiling eyes, red lips and white teeth.

*"I owes yo' pappy a pound of meat,*
*I'se gwiner pay dat wid my feet.*
*I owes yo' pappy a peck of peas,*
*I'se gwiner pay dat wid my knees."*

Jim caught a glimpse of the knees and sweat stood in big beads on his forehead and on his upper lip and he fought to be civilized and tried to think of big words and culture and books.

*"I owes yo' pappy some saltin' bread,*
*An' I'se gwiner pay dat in my bed."*

Jim rose and Edith backed away toward the corner of the room and sat down on Alec's bed and the corn shucks in the mattress made a crunching sound. She laughed at him and Jim swore and culture seemed as far away as an old moon that gives no light.

The black night paled against the horizon as Jim made his way from Alec's cabin. The daylight was harsh and the swamp heat sticky and choking. He hid behind a patch of vines while a wagon loaded with plows and niggers passed. Shine Perry was holding the reins and Mose Hager was seated on the bull-tongue of a plow, leading a quartet:

*"Early in de Spring I plowed dat lan';*
*I ain't nothin' 'cept a wages man;*
*Nex' down de row with guano horn,*
*Never worked so hard since I been born.*
*Little bit later, I swing dat hoe,*
*An' I'm a nigger dat can lead a row.*
*White man, white man, settin' in shade,*
*Laziest man dat God ever made."*

Jim picked his way between rows of cotton and remarked the difference between darkness and light in the swamps. It was a different world at night. The rustle of a black as she stole through the woods to her rendezvous, or the primitive loudness of a jamboree with its shuffle dances, whiskey and sweaty odors. Footsteps in the darkness, the howl of a hound dog, a song floating swampward from a cabin door:

*De reason I loves my baby so,*
*Is eve'y time she make five dollars*
*She give her daddy fo'.*

These noises of the night were fading into dawn as Jim neared his father's house. The moan of a "rain frog" came at regular intervals from somewhere beyond the mule barn. Jim knew the niggers would hear it and expect rain and sweat and swear all day and remark that night that maybe it wasn't a "rain frog" after all. Signs and superstitions of the low country. He had learned them before he had learned that God made him and that the seventh day was holy. Peanuts and potatoes and under-ground produce were planted in the dark of the moon, and cotton and corn and produce that matured above ground were planted in the full of the moon. Wouldn't his science professors at the University laugh at that! Oh God!

V

Jim was tired and the sun was bursting with heat. He slowed his horse to a walk. It was easier riding. He tried to pull his mind away from the episode with Edith last night. A car passed him and laid down a barrage of dust and Jim wondered how long the rain frogs had been croaking their lies. The woodbine vines were covered a light tan and a yaupon bush was parched yellow. The four miles of sandclay road to Moyack were longer, it seemed, than they used to be.

2,000 PEOPLE WELCOME YOU TO MOYACK

Moyack had only 1,000 people and Jim thought the Chamber of Commerce shouldn't do that.

The town water tank lifted its head from behind a settlement of nigger shanties on the far side of town. It had always been black like the pickaninnies who played beneath it and used its northwest corner for third base. Now it was painted aluminum and blended into the sky.

Jim tied his horse in a public stall and tried to brush the dust from his clothes. He decided he'd go up Main Street first and get a cold drink. Halfway up the block Bernstein & Company were displaying a window filled with dresses. Jim stopped and began figuring out sizes. The green one was longer and would about fit Edith. Damn her yellow soul. Why couldn't he be like Al and drink corn liquor at the Sigma Phi Epsilon house and slip his hand under Vivian Mitchell's dress and act like a gentleman. What would the clerk think about him buying dresses. Calico dresses. Hell. It was a dam wop store anyhow and they didn't know him.

Jim entered beneath a ceiling fan. The breeze cooled the flush on his face and blew four years of college culture from the blood-stream.

# *It Was Like This*

*By* CHAL WHITE

Ed's triflingness when the Boss wasn't around caused his nervousness when the Boss was around. But with all his time-beating and general cussedness, he could sing a story, gesticulating and weaving to its rhythm until each incident became a clear-cut picture stamped forever on the hearer's mind.

The key to one of these stories was: "Ed, is that a bullet just under the skin in your throat?"

"Yas, Suh."

"How did you get it?"

"Well, it was lak dis. I wuz a big white man's nigger in 'Albiney Georgey.' A nother big white man had a nigger and us got in a ruckus and I hit him over de haid wid a 'Co Coley' bottle and kinda cut his haid up a little bit. Then our big white mens make us shake hands and make up.

"Well, dat night I went to a party and wuz out talkin' to a little high yaller gal, when up comes that nigger wid a six-shooter and yells, 'Look out' and commences a-shootin'. The very first hit me in de throat. I whirled and he shot me in de back. I whirled the other way and he shot me on de other side in the back. I grabbed a telephone pole and hangs on. I ain't gonna let that niggar shoot me down. He shot me five times and I reckin' he would 'a shot me again if a white man hadn't a come runnin' out and started a shootin' at him."

At this point Ed really starts singing his story.

"The nigger run and all the white folks got out the hosses and the hounds and went a nigger huntin'. The hounds they spread out down across de field. Ole Belle says, 'How o-l-d is he?'. Ole Kate says, 'about twen-ty-one or two.' Ole David he's away down across de field. He's done struck de track, he says, 'A-L-a-w-d uh look up yonder, a-L-a-w-d uh look o'er de Jordan, uh we gonna catch him and uh gonna catch him and uh we gonna catch him.' The little ole fices a hoppin' a long hind the white folks on de hosses says, 'It's a fact, it's a fact, by God, it's a fact, it's a fact'."

Here the singing comes abruptly to a stop and Ed's final comment is, "And whut dem dogs said wuz the gospel truth. They cotch that nigger in the swamp."

## THE WALL THAT IS HIGH

*(Continued from page one)*

beautiful country. *(JIMMY has his arm behind her. She is a little worried when he kisses her.)* You musn't do that. If you go falling in love with me, I shall have to leave.

JIMMY. Oh, I couldn't expect you to love me. And I suppose I should hate myself for kissing you—but somehow I can't. Anyway, I was selfish enough to know I'd be less miserable after I had than if I didn't do it.

SHE. Don't be silent.

JIMMY. I was thinking.

SHE. Can't you think out loud—or how else am I to help you the very much that I want to?

JIMMY. I was just thinking and I was making a little poem in my head. It wasn't worth much, but it was about you.

SHE. Then let me be hearing it.

JIMMY. Well, I was just thinking, you know how it is—as if you had gone away and left me here remembering you and walking where we had walked and seeing other things like the ones we saw, but only you weren't there to make them all fine and . . . and wonderful.

And it was like this:

A little thought, my dearest,
When first I let you stay,
That I could not forget you
When you had gone away,
Or that your lovely image
Would come, as come it may,
In all I ever do, In all I ever say,
Till I see, and count me happy,
In things that come my way
A trim and tripping lassie
That I loved a while one day.

SHE. It's very simple and very brave. I thank you for it. And some day I think if you keep on trying and if you find someone else to work with, you are really going to make one that will give you great satisfaction.

JIMMY. But at school they laugh at me when I say these things.

SHE. Don't say them, then. Just think them; but keep on thinking them whenever you will. They didn't make the world for you, but you can help to make it for them, and when you do you will be making it for yourself and the others like you. Do you believe in God, little boy?

JIMMY. Got that let's people die and suffer for things they couldn't help? No!

SHE. Of course not. You couldn't. But God is not like that. HE is not like anything they preach and tell you about. They even think of him as a person, but they are wrong. You think you are alone now, but if you keep looking and waiting and thinking without growing bitter, you will find others who are not unlike you. And when you do, stick to them if it is only for the longest hour of the shortest day. And one thing more I can tell you to put your heart at rest—when you are saying and doing things that people laugh at you for, you are apt to be closer then to the God that is truly

*(Continued on page eight)*

## THE WALL THAT IS HIGH

*(Continued from page seven)*

God than at any other time. But you must be able to know when that is and when you are wrong yourself; and you will do well if you have someone to tell you, and if you have to be told only once.

And listen, I will tell you a story to show you what I mean:

Once in a far country there lived a king who was very harsh with all his subjects so that everyone thought he was the most ungodly man they had ever known. And so he was but for one thing which yet could save him above all condemnation, and that was the line which was written in the big book after the cruel forest laws he had made when he was living: *For the king loved the red deer as if they had been his children!*

JIMMY. And that saved him because it was beautiful?

SHE. Yes, and because that it was true. For no matter how terribly you have lived—and that is not easy for another person to say—if one thing that is beautiful and yet true can be written about you, then you have done well. And that is the thing that will save you in this world of calculus and Educational Psychology. You will not make laws that will kill people and you will be kind, in that you will be a lot finer than the king of the far away country, but in one way you will be not unlike him, for no matter what happens, you will always love the red deer! And when you find the friends or the girl I am telling you about, stay with them as long as they will let you for then you will be living in the most wonderful of all places—the place where there is laughter and the place where there are tears. *(The great white moth suddenly pauses and drops silently to earth with crumpled wings.)*

Go to him. Is he quite dead?

JIMMY. Quite dead.

SHE. How sorry I am to hear it. He was all right in his way.

JIMMY. I suppose so, only . . . he's dead now and hasn't any way.

SHE. We must bury him while he still has the color of the dogwood in his winding sheet and on his wings the picture eyes that look at you out of the black night. *(They lift him gently upon a leaf and turn back the wet moss to make his grave.)*

The cedarn winds are sighing
For the white moth sadly dying
And the little tree frogs crying
Shrill and high.

JIMMY

Soon the sad round moon is rising
And the forest owls advising
Where the night winds are devising
A sable bier.

SHE

Where the white dogwood is fading
Where the falls are still cascading
Bring the body tired of raiding—
He is through.

And now I am going to leave you. It would be a crime for me to stay. Don't you see? (JIMMY *does not see altogether. He remembers that in olden times "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair," but he must also become reconciled to the fact that in "the land of the sunbright deep where the golden gardens glow" there is no place for man.)*

JIMMY. But you will be coming back? *(Out of the deep pool just after the sun fish has made a long, swift leap and landed with a splash, comes the trident of the Old Man of the Sea.)*

SHE. I will not be coming back. *(She holds her hands over her face and looks out them at the bright red sand and the soft red sun light, and the great forest floor dark blue and pale and yellow-gray.)*

*Once leaving here it will not be permitted, it will not be right that I come again. But ah, there are times when I shall sit by the sea in the evening and croon to the great heavy waves with my slow thoughts winging backward, winging backward all the time to the bright blue limestone water and the valley of the pines!*

JIMMY. You will kiss me goodbye . . . once . . . before you go?

SHE. Once. And before I go, I want to tell you another thing that you will not forget because that it is beautiful and good to remember. It goes like this, and the first part of it tells what the people think, and the last part of it tells what the poet thinks:

And foolish is the man would go leaping
At the wall that is high
With the ditch at his side
That's no more than the height of his hand
And the strawberry and blackberry
And fruits that are easy to pluck,
*But my two eyes are on the cluster that grows*
*At the top of the rowan tree!*

(—Poem in Praise of Mary Hines—)

JIMMY. I shall keep them there.

SHE. And you will be the gladder for it.

JIMMY. Couldn't you give me something before you go—a bit of sea weed or something?

SHE. No, I wouldn't do that. Because if I gave you anything real, it would become unreal to you and I want that never to happen. Just keep me in your memory always. Will you do that?

JIMMY. I could not forget you.

SHE. Yes, and then you will not need anything because I shall be then more real to you than ever before. If I gave you anything it would become such tangible proof that you would have it for its reality and when you did that, you could not be glad to remember the one who gave it to you.

JIMMY. Can you forgive me the asking?

SHE. Of course. You didn't know. But there are things you can have, tangible things, the grave of the white moth and the green moss here at your feet. They will comfort you when I am gone.

JIMMY. I shall have need of them . . .when you are gone.

*(As she speaks the last words, she drops beneath the surface of the deep pool, and only a ripple, a little ripple of concentric circles, breaks the surface where the sunfish, which is never known to leap out of the water as other fishes do, makes a gleaming rainbow arc as he spans the pool for his last time in the air.*

*But* JIMMY *does not see it. He has already turned with the white moonlight of the God that is God upon the face of him, and henceforward he will walk with the step of one who scorns the ditch at his side for his two eyes are upon the cluster that grows at the top of the rowan tree.)*

---

If all the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all.—*Fenelon.*

## SPANISH STYLE

*(Continued from page three)*

ful Costa Rican travellers. "Well, young woman," thought Lita, "if you have any feminine appeal at all, now is the time to use it."

"Senorita, what have you in those bags? Gold from your father's mine?" Lita started at the suddenness of the remark. The bandit continued, "You wonder how I know who you are, don't you? I know everything about you and your father's mine; and if this is gold that you are carrying, I shall be very happy to relieve you of the responsibility of caring for it."

"You don't suppose that a defenseless girl would be travelling alone through the jungle, with a load of gold, do you? No, you're wrong. I'm going to the ball at the governor's palace at Punta, on the coast. These bags are filled with clothes. Look." So saying, she unfastened one of the saddle-bag covers, and displayed several articles, strictly for feminine wear.

The bandit was about to explore the bags, when Lita launched her final attack. Her red lips parted in a provocative smile; the dark eyes sought his; she said, "Won't you come with me? I'm afraid to travel through the jungle, but if I have you at my side, I would feel quite safe. Won't you please come?"

The bandit hesitated a moment. Should he take the gold (of course he knew it was there, she hadn't fooled him), or should he escort her to the coast? The gold was within his grasp, yet the girl was very lovely, and seemed to like him. He could put off taking the bullion. Perhaps he'd do it later on; but as for now . . . Well, yes, he would go with her. "All right," he answered, "let's start."

During the remainder of the journey they conversed about everything that entered Lita's head, for it was she who made the conversation. She even sang a Spanish love song to him; and when her lovely voice sang the words "Te amo," the bandit's thoughts were of love and desire for her, rather than for her gold.

Towards the end of the journey, both became silent. Lita was wondering whether he would take the gold. She knew that Latins were very susceptible to feminine charms. She had done her best to win him; soon she would find out if the belief that love and flattery would conquer any Latin, was true.

The bandit pondered for several moments on what he should do on their arrival in Punta. He was still undecided about taking the gold from such a beautiful girl. He would wait until they reached Punta before he made up his mind.

As they entered the town, the bandit fired six shots into the air. The streets became deserted immediately, and the populace, thinking that a revolution was under way, sought safety behind the walls of their homes.

Lita smiled at him, and the bandit decided. He leaned over suddenly and placed a kiss on her lips; then spurring his horse, he rode quickly back into the jungle.

"Yes it had worked," Lita thought to herself. "It was evident that people of the Latin race succumb to love easily. The gold was safe." She laughed at her own cleverness, but stopped suddenly. "Why Lita, you little fool," she said half aloud and half to herself. "You're a Latin, and no exception to the rule. You've fallen in love with a bandit."

# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

*Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina*

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## Holden

By Joseph Sugarman

Never did North Carolinians hate with more bitterness than in the years immediately after the Civil War. Strangely enough, it was neither the invading Yankees nor the roistering freedmen who stirred their uncontrollable fury. Their own governor, William Woods Holden, native son of the state, aroused in them a deeper hatred than that which caused them to struggle four bloody years with the Union forces.

Denied the posts of both senator and governor by the citizenry of his state, it was to Republican Andrew Johnson that Holden turned in 1865 for his appointment as provisional governor. Ever conscious of the gulf that his lowly origin made between him and the proud planting artistocracy, he rather enjoyed his role of one of the chief instruments in humbling the haughty secessionists.

His rise to supreme power was the culmination of a career almost unequalled in vacillation. As governor, Holden saw himself estranged from every political party representing the white man and was obliged to stand as the champion of the Reconstruction program so hateful to the south. Once he attained this post he pitted his own terrific pride against that of his social superiors in an effort to revenge himself for a lifetime of patronage and condescension.

A favorite anecdote of his, one he never told without a wry smile, indicates how deeply class conscious he was. While still a lad in Hillsboro he was given food from the table of one of the wealthy men of the town. The son of the house, a student at the neighboring University, proffered a hot biscuit so superciliously that Holden vowed then to rise to the rank of those who treated him as their inferior. In 1868 at an election supervised by Union troops he defeated this same young man, Thomas Ashe, for the governorship.

Holden, gifted with an alert mind and innate ability for expressing himself in witty, forceful prose, did not remain long in Hillsboro. He knocked about from there to Danville, Virginia, and finally settled in Raleigh as an apprentice to a newspaper publisher. While setting type for the *Star*, he submitted articles to the editorial room which were good enough to raise him to a white-collar position.

He took a vigorous interest in politics, received permission to practice law, and finally in 1843 at the age of twenty-five took over the editorship of the Raleigh *Standard*, a paper which he proceeded to transform from a tottering, disreputable sheet into a powerful organ of political opinion. At this time Holden was definitely associated with the Whig party which dominated state politics. The magic of Henry Clay's personality captivated him and article after article in his praise covered the pages of the *Standard*. "When I speak of Clay," cried out

*(Continued on page eight)*

Old East—1793

## Sara Teasdale

By Roseborough Leeper

I

After a few miles, riding a train at night becomes a weary business, and my friend and I had long since used our last crumb of conversation. In the midst of an unhappy silence I remembered a book of poems I had brought with me. Digging it up from the bottom of my suitcase, I settled back in my seat and began reading it aloud.

My friend was a prosy, practical fellow, and there had been little time in his life "wasted" on poetry, but he listened carefully to every word I read. When the book was finished he said, "I'd like to hear it again, please." So while the train jolted and creaked along, I read Sara Teasdale's "Love Songs" through for him a second time. Before we parted he made me lend him the book until we should meet again.

II

I was introduced to modern poetry in much the same way and by the very same poet. Until I was seventeen I never read or cared for poems by modern writers. I was a great lover of poetry, but all of it that I knew had been written in the remote past. Memorizing the traditional, "established" poems that were taught us in school was a prime source of pleasure for me during my boyhood, and I could recite a great volume of them, beginning with "The Bells," by Poe, and ending with Tennyson's "Locksley Hall." I had firmly decided that all poets, great or small, had lived in the past.

One day as I was turning through an anthology of older verse I found a small poem by a modern author who was known to me at the time, Sara Teasdale:

*"When I am dead and over me bright April*
*Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,*
*Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,*
*I shall not care.*

*(Continued on page seven)*

## Newspaper Sketches

By Fru Luppa

The superannuated preacher, cloaked with abstraction, with his faded eyes unseeing, his chin half-concealed in his vest, his hands clasped beneath the tails of his ancient frock-coat, stepping off measured paces; the town drunkard on the curb behind the huge vacuity of a tobacco warehouse talking to his hands; the bulbous night-watchman soaking his distorted feet in a solution of soda in the yard of the jail; these families, these lives allied by intermarriage or long association, these threads finally are correlated, lead to one place, where the ends, the records of birth, marriages, civil suits, lie moldering under a moving veil of dust. Here the romance of the newspaper is not in the frenzied tempo, the lurid sensation; it is the gradual relation of this week and last, of vistas that stretch far into the past, lost under the seepage of time. The office is like a frowzy woman, like a man's sanctum. Heterogeneous papers jostle each other on desks. From diabolical disorder, from the slow disconnected trickle of events, comes weekly the symposium of man's simplicities and complexities; humble and unsuspected of pertinence, the weekly "Record."

II

In the back room, like the dim interior of some monster in labor, the paper goes to press. Flunkies weirdly streaked with black minister to the creature's needs, feeding metal into the maw of the linotype machine, stacking mountains of paper, arranging strange morsels of metal covered with mystic inscriptions into long boxes. The printer's devil, small and preternaturally black, rubs a press to approximate cleanliness. Proofs are ready for consumption; expectation hangs on the air; the last frayed ends of preparation are gathered. There is cessation; then the huge rumble begins, filling every cranny of space with vibration. The consummation begins to emerge. The man at the lever is a doctor, a steersman, a god summoning a miracle from a crude ponderous mass of related parts, all in one. Bare sheets of paper slip between rollers and come forth transformed by symbols carrying living intelligence. I creep away exhausted at the sight.

III

I am a novice. I feel that I am on trial, that eyes are watching from the walls. In an hysterical tremulo, keeping time with my irregular breathing, my hands flutter over the typewriter keys. I regret the bargain already—the bartering of blundering help for experience. Finally I am disgusted with my trial-and-error procedure and walk to the window to smoke a cigarette and regard the haphazard passers-by. The scrawls that I am to render into type-written pages move from the zone of consciousness and I achieve contemplation.

I meander back to the desk and eye my work with misgiving. A word seems ambiguous and I change

*(Continued on page eight)*

# The Carolina Magazine

*Oldest College Publication in the United States*
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1933


## NOTES FROM A CHAIR

Dr. Charles Beard's final lecture of the Weil series expressed a vigorous, provocative point of view. For America's foremost political scientist to come out with no reservations for "American for Americans" is in itself startling for its very definitiveness. But in an hour when a thousand conflicting points of view ranging from international cooperation and world peace as a path to a pragmatic Utopia to chauvinistic sectionalism as the sound and sure secret of security are forewarded, to have Dr. Beard speak with such consummate certainty is truly breathtaking. His viewpoint is posited upon a number of assumptions which are by their nature controversial. His presentation cannot have been expected to have been absorbed by his auditors without qualification, but the audacity and sharpness of his remarks possessed the estimable quality of being disconcerting. In the period of an hour Dr. Beard aroused an audience of fifteen hundred to a quickened pitch of intellectual uncertainty. This is an achievement.

* * *

In the MAGAZINE's attempt to review a few of the campus personalities it overlooked of necessity an immensely interesting classification with which we become familiar here. We refer to the transient, the traveling man, and the lecturer. Chapel Hill was treated this week to an introduction to an exceptional man in the person of Dr. Chih Meng, assistant director of the China Institute. This extraordinary man spoke here upon the subjects of Chinese history, Chinese philosophy, Chinese painting, the Chinese theatre, Chinese contemporary politics, Chinese psychology, and Chinese economics, touching in passing many other associated subjects. Rarely do we find a man who seems to be as eminently authoritative in such a variety of fields. In him we found the essence of Chinese civilization distilled and at the same time integrated in a larger point of view which might be called an "understanding."

In his remarks upon the drama he reported a striking observation. The Chinese audience is not simply a human absorbent, but is force which responds actively to, and complements the action and thought of the stage. The Chinese theatre-goer is a critic and his relation to the actor is inter-active. The western stage might well learn this lesson from the Chinese; that without this interaction, interrelation, the theatre becomes static and hollow, that with it it becomes a dynamic, vital force in the determination of the aesthetic life of society.

## Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

This fellow Satan wasn't such a bad sort, after all. In fact, according to William Gerhardi and Brian Lunn, who claim to have had access to his private papers, he was just a gay old dog who knew his way around. The Prince of Darkness started his amorous career with one Dodo, an ape-woman of the prehistoric age and managed to leave no important heart untouched up to and including Marie Antoinette's. At that juncture, Satan, for all his super-human powers, was obliged to seek temporary retirement. In addition to giving the Devil his due, *The Memoirs of Satan* affords a devilishly satiric view of history.

* * *

Canada's chief funny-man, the economist Stephen Leacock, has taken time out from his foolery to write the life of America's greatest humorist, Mark Twain. Leacock hails him as a liberator and vivifying spirit in American letters. He remarks that with his arrival, "American humor found a place alongside German philosophy, Italian music, French wine, and British banking." No mean accomplishment for one man.

* * *

Not content with having once treated the entire Adams family, James Truslow Adams (who is of quite another Adams clan) now selects Henry Adams as the subject of a biography. This strange figure, often called the most cultivated of Americans, left behind him an enviable record in literature and public affairs in addition to one of the supreme autobiographies of all time. Yet, despite his achievements, he felt himself a victim of an inner spiritual conflict which caused him to reflect on his life as merely a succession of bitter failures. Intellectual, mystic, tortured soul, Adams lived a life that is unique and challenging to contemporary thought.

* * *

Pot-shots from the literary world: the late George Moore delegated Charles Morgan, author of *The Fountain* to write his biography; there will be a slim volume containing the wit and wisdom of Calvin Coolidge; Pierce Clark claims to have psychoanalyzed Lincoln in his new work; contract bridge books are still best-sellers; *Stalin's Ladder* would have it that Russia is the most dangerous threat to world peace.

* * *

Jehol, that Chinese city upon which Japan currently has rapacious designs, was for centuries the site of the summer residences of the Manchu rulers. In *Jehol: City of Emperors*, the Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin describes the extraordinary splendor of the temples and palaces and reveals sufficient of the court life to indicate that DuBarrys and Pompadours were not absent from this Oriental Versailles. It is extremely likely that the recent archaeological discoveries in Jehol will be destroyed by the impending hostilities.

* * *

The country may not know what will be the policies of its new president, but by now it can rest assured that his first lady is going to be one of the most literary of her line. Mrs. Roosevelt, well-known radio entertainer, in addition to writing the biography of her brother and editing that perfectly ducky magazine, *Babies: Just Babies*, will bestow upon the womanhood of America *It's up to the Women*. The exhortation dispenses her advice on everything domestic from children to spinach.

* * *

Short story addicts should have more than enough "sandwich" literature to occupy them these days. Katharine Brush offers tales of small town Ohio life in *Other Women*; P. G. Wodehouse gives more of his glorious absurdity in *Mulliner's Nights*; *Don Juan and the Wheelbarrow* is L. A. G. Strong's collection of stories with a quiescent English countryside atmosphere; and the publishers of D. H. Lawrence come forward with seven of his studies in the psychology of sex, announcing *The Lovely Lady* as positively the last posthumous issue of Lawrence prose.

## *If Tomorrow Comes*

*By* STAAR

If tomorrow comes the first thing I shall do will be to spew up smiling the toxic poison ignorance and its antidote education. I shall feel light-headed and pale in thought momentarily, but before the moment ends a welcome feeling of neutrality will suffuse me. Neither a void of not-knowing nor a packed garbage can of pedagogical leavings, I shall be of the same consistency with Thought. I shall be receptive to it. It will circulate within me, and I, being, of the nature of an Idea, will contribute my wedge of an apportioned circle to the pie interpsychic volition. Such could happen only tomorrow.

And on that same hypothetical day I shall be married to a woman gracious of mien and graceful of carriage, a woman who is more clever at understanding than I—who is, indeed, so astute that she will make me believe secretly that I am the more-knowing of us two; she will allow me that simple masculine gratification. If we shall not love deliriously, we shall love knowingly, seeing that two can become one only through concession. We shall see, in our understanding, that the human animal is of a nature which can be conditioned, and by judicious reciprocal training we can make of us two a unity which was latent not in me nor her but in both. We shall achieve a singleness which will grow of our association and will of its nature transcend our Eachness. Tomorrow, of course.

And a child will be the embodiment of this impalpable unity and the child will grow out of us inwards, pullulating according to the Idea of our mature and thoughtful love. We will not "raise" this symbol of our union, rather the child will bring us up, teaching us to recognize the daily newness of the drama love, never old, timeless, and of the nature of the futile Heaven which fools seek in the beyond, not seeing the spiritual paradise which I have now found in a woman.

This is the beginning of my unfinished ideal, and since an ideal can of its nature never be realized then it would be futile for me to attempt its complete expression. These things could happen only "tomorrow," and I am told that tomorrow never comes.

## What Michel Said to the Poet-Fool, Andre

*by* JAMES DAWSON

*What do you look through, jester, that you see*
*Pterodactyls in a row of blackened stones,*
*And whales in a school of agitated carp?*

*What did you eat for lunch that there should be*
*A long-dead lad to clothe these museum bones,*
*And in his hands a softly singing harp?*

*You look at a leaf and see a vein-traced hand.*
*You scratch a tree and find a twisted gnome.*

*Snows in December, rattling north and south*
*Are feathers from a goose in an old crone's lap.*

*A knoll to you is a leprechaun's green dome,*
*And gulls lay fairy eggs for you in sand.*

*Go look at your face in a glass and see a cap*
*Of motley hung with bells, and a painted mouth.*

## This for Remembrance

By EUGENIA RAWLS

*And it may be that I shall soon remember*
*All the forgotten loveliness of you,*
*And the odd clinging scent of your dark hair*
*Soft waving from your cool transparent face;*
*Or it may be that I shall first remember*
*The slim sure straightness of your body,*
*When this dim pain has a less obvious scar*
*And to recall your voice's symphony is a mere gesture,*
*Not the quick wrenching of my soul;*
*And then I may, forgetting how you made a courtesy*
*Of least detail, and how you sought no person, yet they came*
*Swift wondering at your height and depth of mind—*
*I may forget all this and have close hidden for remembering*
*Only your mouth too shaken and too aching—*
*Only your fingers white and cupping for my thirst—*
*Only the shining timelessness of you.*

## Salvos for a Father

*By* V. N. GAROFOL

O padre mio
born and sufferer of a thousand
aching things.
O padre mio
son and father both from blood
to lonely blood.
I am your flesh and blood and
forever *figlio tuo.*
Son and heir to twenty clogging
sunken years.
This is no time for sore remembrances.
Tho we must not forget the too
familiar anguishings,—
*Francesco, Alfonzo,* my *Rosa;* but we shall not say
our *Fortunata.*
The hour not for tears and all
the sad accoutrements of your despair
and mine.
Not the minute of penitential genuflection
or prayer.
Not even that long last moment when,
by our grief, coiling pity, embraced,
defeats us all.
Nor can we cry and praise the terrors
of our deaths,
for praise and cries persuade us
to a forgetful grieving ruin.
O padre, let not the slow visions
of this mind
betray you to an alien stroke of some
disconsolate lament:—
*wars and all the marching armed workers*
*of this earth.*
*a million miles of not lost and*
*not forgetting agonies.*
*Lenin.*
*Sacco and Vanzetti.*
*and that sixth of glowing fire*
*U. S. S. R.*
These, o padre mio, all these visitings are
the cries in my designing world.
And all the swollen pity of the gods
cannot quench our conceiving thirst.

## Was It Yesterday?

*by* BRADFORD WHITE

*Oh was it yesterday,*
*And shall it be the same*
*Tomorrow and tomorrow?*
*What narrow bounds confine this journey,*
*Shut within the frames of darkness, either way.*
*Is it futility to borrow*
*Breath for dust and blood for clay?*
*Could answer be in the intangibles?*

* * *

*The road lifts sharp into the sky,*
*The moon breaks faith with gravitation,*
*And the stars are but an arm's length high.*
*This were discovery for our day's finitude;*
*Within this breath to learn the How and Why*
*Would mean to break the shafts that law has built,*
*And wrench the chains that curval space swings by.*

*To seek to find, to understand—*
*In this, the bread to satisfy our hunger.*
*O roads that run with light! how soon the land*
*Of our desire sinks in the grey beyond.*
*So transient—one hears*
*The aria of our days as but a brief caesura*
*In the eternal cadence of the years.*

## La Feuille

*by* K. ALISON LAROCHE

*Out of the Autumn you came*
*To me, one wind swept day,*
*To sit within my house,*
*To watch my fire play.*

*We hardly spoke at all,*
*Your silence seemed to fill*
*My room with something sweet,*
*My restless soul grew still.*

*Today I heard you knock,*
*I went and threw the door*
*Quite wide, but only found*
*A dead leaf on the floor.*

# *Escape*

*By* JOHN FREDERIC BUTLER

The body of Tom Buck lay motionless upon the great bed. The palid face, lean and wasted with pain and suffering, was a wax figure-head. Eyes closed and body so still that, at times, it was difficult to realize that life still remained. Breathing, a gasp, a sigh, a gasp again. A shudder shook the devastated frame, a convulsive shudder of pain.

Beside the bed, Allie Buck, Tom's wife, sat in silence, distraction written on her every feature, dark of eye, sunken cheeks. Her dejected appearance gave mute testimony to wretched days and sleepless nights. She held the withered, lifeless hand of her husband in her left palm and, with hesitant yet periodic strokes, caressed it with her right.

Dr. Warren stood beside her, his face a study of defeat, resignation, despair. With his hands clasped at arm's length behind his back, his shoulders drooped as if with the weight of his arms, his face unshaven and covered with a grey stubble of beard, he shook from side to side his grey-topped head. His action was a signal.

Hermann Pladec, Allie's brother, observed it, arose from his chair by the window and passed noiselessly from the room. The doctor had told Hermann yesterday, directly after a treatment of radium had been administered, that today would be the last. He had been waiting for this sign as confirmation and, now that it had been given, he left the house and made his way down the paved pathway to his car. He was on his way to Fenner Mott's undertaking establishment. Tom would be dead before he could return.

Dr. Warren quietly stepped closer to the bed. He took the withered hand from Allie and held the wrist between thumb and forefinger. His lips moved in rythmic silence for a moment, and then he surrendered the hand to the grief-stricken wife. He left the bed and took a chair beside Mary Pladec, Hermann's wife, across the room.

"How much longer?" queried Mary in a sibilant voice when he had relaxed.

"I don't know," Warren answered, his voice a husky whisper. "His pulse is hardly detectable, very faint, very irregular—perhaps another minute —perhaps another hour—certainly not longer."

Mary sighed a breath of relief. She would be glad when this suspense was over. She was young. She needed action. She did not have weeks and weeks of her life to spare to watch a man die.

As all this transpired around him, Tom Buck lay in sweet oblivion to it all. For a year and more he had suffered the tortures of a living hell. Cancer had wrecked his body, transformed it into an outline, a shell, a living corpse. Unconsciousness had at last, but a day ago, come to him and relieved his terrible burden. Unconsciousness, the living death, had come to him and offered rest at last.

Minutes succeeded one another dilatorily. The room was very quiet. Each of its occupants, beside the afflicted one on the great bed, were sober, silent, restrained. Five minutes elapsed.

Dr. Warren produced his watch. He scrutinized it a moment and then replaced it. It was a half after eleven.

Simultaneously, the figure on the bed stirred. It opened its eyes and searched the ceiling. Finally, it turned its head toward the patient woman who sat besides it. Dr. Warren arose and came toward

*(Continued on page four)*

## ESCAPE

*(Continued from page three)*

the bed. When he reached it and looked down upon that pitiful strip of humanity, the face of the pain-wrecked man shone in a faint smile which seemed farcical upon that pathetic, pallid, wasted countenance. The lips pouted.

"God bless you all," they said. The voice was laboured, low, inarticulate. "I love you, Allie—you've been—you've been—so good—and you, Doc ——." It trailed off into inaudibility.

Mary had kept her seat. She could not see the sense, the reason for such a demonstration. She could not endure the needless prolongation of pain and suffering. Why not die gracefully with as little trouble to others as possible?

Tears were welling in Allie's eyes. A lump formed in her throat. She repressed her emotion as best she could. She tried to smile through her tears. She wanted to answer those dear words her husband had spoken. She could do nothing but squeeze his wasted hand.

Dr. Warren nodded gravely. A little smile illuminated the corners of his compressed lips. He had been schooled in suffering. He knew the heart-aches, the pain, the tragedy from a hundred encounters. His nerves had become steel. His emotions had died an untimely death, but he still held to a sympathy for others.

Upon the bed, Tom Buck lay strangely easy. An incredible peace had dethroned the inhuman torture. He could not understand his interlude from pain. The thought crossed his mind: I have had a bad dream—it has ended now—I am awake—I will arise and go about my business. His better judgment destroyed this illusion. He knew his condition too well. This was only a lull in his torture. The demons that had wracked him were only fatigued. They would rest awhile, and then begin anew their hellish business.

A strange tugging came at his heart. It was not a pain. It was not an unpleasant sensation. It was a gentle, constant, unyielding tug. It seemed to Tom as if something were trying to get out of him —out of his heart. It was similar to and reminded him of the sensations he had had when on various occasions he had put his foot in a mudhole and then had tried to extricate it. It was the sensation of pulling against a vacuum. It did not cease. It kept on and on.

And then he knew what it was. He tried to help it. He concentrated upon its success. A smile came upon his face. He looked toward his wife. She grew before his eyes fainter and fainter. Finally, he could not see her at all. The tugging ceased altogether. To his great wonder, he discovered that he was standing between his wife and the doctor, looking down with them, at the prostrate body that lay very still upon the great bed.

The face, wasted as it was, was softened by a smile; the eyes, sunken, were closed. The body was very still. The doctor stooped over and took the hand again. Carefully, he felt it and replaced it upon the bed. Compassionately, he looked down upon the upturned, pleading face of the woman.

"He is dead," he announced ponderously.

Allie burst into tears. Mary came across the room and helped her to her feet. Together they left the room. The doctor pulled a sheet over the corpse.

Unable to remain longer, depressed by the gloom, Tom went across the room and out through the open window. Out he went into the flower garden. The pathways were gay with Camponula Carpatica and Sweet William; Delphinium, Thalictrum, and Thermopsis in the background. The ragged robins and larkspur were in bloom. The sun shone down upon the earth and caressed it lovingly. Tom went along the paths between the riot of blooming flowers to the garden seat on the flagged terrace. He sat down and began to ponder upon everything that had occurred. There were many things he must unravel—many things he must decide.

Now, as he sat there, turning the various things he had witnessed over and over in his mind, he discovered certain interesting facts. He first of all recognized himself, as he now was, to be the soul of himself as he was when he had lived among men. This was an almost overwhelming discovery, and would have flabergasted him altogether if he had not been in the possession of a mentality far superior to that of a human—the mentality of a spirit. He realized that the part of him that had just suffered death and the part of him that now lived had made up his earthly being; that he, as he now was, had lived in a material, corruptible body, had shared that body's complete history, but had emerged and lived on at that body's decease. He recognized his power to think and exercise his senses. He discovered his exultation to be a lasting blessing and despondency and disappointment, fear and pain to be non-existent. These things he discovered at once, and they amounted to a description of his status.

He detected a consciousness of his body being still a part of him, but looking down and discovering the absence of his body, he was bound to admit that this error was merely an outgrowth of habit.

He learned, in half an hour, many such lessons and accepted his findings as final and true.

He began to think upon his former condition. He marvelled that he could not remember the pain that his affliction had caused, but could, acutely, the pain that his wife's brother's wife's attitude had wrought upon him. In this a truth presented itself. Now, he discovered that sickness, pain of the body, and pain of the soul are two different and distinct ailments, caused and cured by separate agencies. He forgave his wife's brother's wife and the pain he had felt was quickly allayed. In like manner, he felt remorse for each transgression against his fellowman that he had committed while he had walked among them, and, as each transgression presented itself, and he felt remorse, a wonderful peace settled upon him. Presently, he had reviewed his whole life, had expurgated himself completely, and stood upon the present, free from all pain.

Now, he decided that his present condition was the Utopia of men's desires. He discovered that he was free as the air, cheerful as the birds, happy as young lovers, and master of everything that he could hope to master. He perceived with certainty that death had been a wonderful thing, that his present benefits were well worth his past sufferings. He decided that if every human could but know the sweetness, the desirability of the condition he now found himself in, the condition he so naturally supposed each soul should take *post mortem*, that none would refrain from entering into that condition, that each struggling human would discard his fear of immortality, and open, by his own hand, the gate of death, and walk into the pleasant country beyond. He marvelled that he had not been wise enough to perceive this fact before (while he had been corporeal), ignoring that experience had alone taught him the lesson, and wondered if there were a way in which he could inform those living of his present knowledge. He thought how pleasant it would be to have Allie with him here and at the same time how unpleasant to have Mary. As he thought in this manner, a pain shot through him and in remorse he repented his ungenerous meditation. The pain immediately ceased, and he decided that if his meditations were to treat him in such a manner, he would cease to meditate.

Perhaps an hour had elapsed since Hermann had left the room of death, when he returned. Tom was still sitting in the garden. When he heard the car drive up upon the gravel lane, he went toward it. He saw Hermann get out of the car and go into the house. He had stood very near to Hermann. He thought: he did not see me. Somehow, he was very glad, relieved.

As he stood beside Hermann's car, another car came down the gravel lane. It came to a halt close by, and presently Fenner Mott, the undertaker, climbed from it, a black leather kit in his hand. Tom was consumed with curiosity. He followed Fenner into the house, keeping close beside him, and, after climbing the familiar staircase, entered the room in which his body lay.

The body still lay upon the bed. An increased pallor had overspread the bony cheeks. Hermann had pulled the sheet away, and now was busy stripping the clothes from the corpse. Fenner had opened his case and was busy laying out his tools. Tom looked on a moment, and then a strange sensation of distaste and horror surged through him. He turned away from the terrible sight of his emaciated body, from the work that these men were about to perform upon it, ran from the room.

("That was a strong breeze," said Fenner.

"It certainly was," agreed Hermann. "Shall I close the window?"

The undertaker shook his head.

"No," he said, "it doesn't bother.")

Tom fled from the vicinity of the death room. As he sped along the corridor, on the way to the stair, he passed the room of his wife. He heard Allie sobbing within, and checked himself. As he walked to the threshold of her chamber, he chided himself for forgetting her in her grief.

He entered the room and crossed it. Mrs. Perkins, a neighbor, Reverend Coltman, his rector, Dr. Warren and Mary were in the room with Allie, endeavoring to comfort her. They did not see Tom, as he passed by them. He was glad of this. Allie was sitting beside the window, her body shaking with grief, her eyes yielding tear after tear.

Tom was touched with compassion and gratitude. Those tears, that grief was for him, for love of him. He was stricken with a desire to alleviate her pain. He put his arm about her, but she did not feel. He whispered in her ear, but she seemed deaf to his voice. He stroked her hair, but she did not protest. In futility, he began to pray and immediately a miracle presented itself.

Allie began to compose herself. She ceased sobbing, she dried her eyes. Wild exultation filled Tom to overflowing.

("You feel better?" asked the doctor.

"Much better," declared Allie. "It's strange, but, I almost believe I heard Tom whispering to

me just now—asking me—begging me—to be brave."

The Reverend Coltman nodded.

"We do not know," said he. "You must be brave!")

Tom leaped through the window. He was full of joy. He wanted to fly. He wanted to sing. He went to an elm tree nearby and rested in its branches, his voice blending with the gentle breeze that caressed each leaf. How good, he thought, to be this way—no cares now—no worries—peace—rest. In this, he was somewhat mistaken. Experience had taught him much, in a brief space, but not all. There was to be one more lesson. It required time.

For many days he played and rested at intervals among the leafy branches of the elms and oaks. At times, he would take long excursions. Once, he had gone out upon the river, walking on the water, and had spied a sailing craft. He had approached it, and climbed upon the pinnacle of its mainmast. From here he had watched the men below, and pitied them.

He had not attended the funeral of his body. Anything to do with his former body depressed him. The sight of his body, as he had last observed it, lying upon the great bed, recurred to him, now and again, and filled him with horror. He had looked on from the trees nearby and watched them bring the flower-bedecked casket from the house. He had been grateful for the flowers and had blessed each giver with a prayer.

He discovered the simple pleasures he had missed in life. He learned the joy to be found in looking up at the stars. He lay upon his back on the grass at night, and watched the moon in its progress through the glorious sky. He tramped through the woods in the day-time, chased butterflies, hunted the squirrels' nest, the rabbits' burrow. He tasted of the manifold pleasures of nature, drank deeply from her brook of joys, and knew that it was good.

For many days he continued in this manner. He knew not a care—felt no pain—knew no sorrow.

One night he sat upon the branch of an elm tree near the veranda of his earthly habitat, now his wife's home. Car after car drove up to the entrance; people stepped from them and entered the house. Curiosity assailed him again, and so strongly, that he completely forgot his former experience and his former fate.

He climbed down from his perch and went to a window where a light shone. The people were within, sitting in a circle. As he watched, a little man, black of hair, beady of eye, came among them and stood by a table in the middle of the room. Simultaneously, a ring was formed, and hands were clasped. Tom knew what those within were about. He had attended seances when he had been in the flesh. The whole matter had bored him then and even more so now. In disgust, he left the window and went toward the elm. He looked back when he was halfway to his destination, and observed that the lights had been extinguished.

Almost immediately, he felt a terrible tug, as if a clutching hand were unrelentingly pulling him toward that room. His disgust turned to panic! He realized the power of the little man at the table. Fear surged through him. He did not want to enter that room, to mingle with those poor humans. He wanted to sit in the elm tree and look at the moon. The tugging continued. He oculd hear someone calling his name, over and over, in an imperative monotone. He turned about. He could not help himself. He walked toward the window again. It was dark, but he could see Mary, Hermann's wife, beside him.

Now, his attitude toward Mary was stronger than the voice that called him. It overcame the voice; filled him with pain. He was in a quandary that, gradually, as he stood there, resolved itself into a conviction. He must escape! Immediately, he jumped through the window, knocking over, as he did, the ash stand that stood beside it. He did not pause until he had put some distance between himself and the house.

(Within the room, was fear. The lights were quickly lit. A group gathered around the overturned stand.

"Only the wind," said Hermann. He measured the draperies to prove his words.

"I'm not so sure," said the little man.

Mary had fainted. When she came to her senses she said, "I felt him beside me. I knew it was him."

She was terribly frightened. Few credited her assertion.)

On the outside, Tom did not wait to ascertain the damage he had done. Only one idea possessed him—that idea was flight.

He looked up into the branches of the trees. The moon shone upon them in irradiant splendor. In the topmost branches, a wind caressed the verdant raiment of the graceful limbs with a gentle motion.

He did not look upon this glorious picture long. His peril was too great. He must escape. He must flee from the provocative, imperative voice of the little man, the medium.

Choosing from among the oaks, the tallest one, he climbed, determinedly, quickly, to its highest branch. Up beyond this he went and stood, at last, on the very pinnacle of the verdant masterpiece, poised gracefully in the air.

The tugging at his heart continued. Indecision pestered his soul. The little man's invocation reached him, even here.

In utter abandon, in futile flight, he cast himself from his perch. He fell softly, gracefully into the lap of the wind. In utmost satisfaction, he rested himself in the luxurious chariot of the sky. Off he went through the trees and away from his fears and harassments. Over the roofs of the town and out, out over the river and away. His vehicle moved swiftly, smoothly, gained speed, arose and mingled with a thousand other chariots in the upper reaches.

Tired, exhausted from his flight and fear, he fell asleep. Lying back upon the pneumatic cushion, he closed his eyes and sank into sweet oblivion.

When he awoke, he lay on a green hillside. The wind had ceased. His chariot and his steeds had gone to the great stable in the sky to rest from the long excursion. The moon was low. Dawn approached the eastern horizon. He lay in sublime contentment for a while and then arose. A bird in the bush, seeing him, greeted him and the coming day with the same melodious note, as it spread its wings and soared aloft. A bell somewhere in the distance tolled the hour. He walked to the crest of the hillock, and gazed towards the distance whence the sound came. He saw before him an old-world town with its wall and its moat and its garrison. Satisfied, he sat down upon the turf. The little man, he decided, could not reach him here. He was at last at rest.

# *Where Great Love Is Not*

*By* EDITH HARBOUR

Stembridge folk had never ceased to marvel that Marya, the gypsy child, who had gone as a bride to the weather-beaten Olmsted house on the road which led south from the village had remained not only faithful to her husband but was withal one of the best housekeepers thereabouts. Old Mrs. Pilson when she could contain her curiosity no longer, wrapped about in her drab shawl, called upon Granny Tetlow who had taken in the infant Marya, fed her porridge and milk, and raised the foundling as though she were her own grandchild. It was with a gleam in her old eyes that Granny admitted that Marya was again with child and that she hoped this, her second, would be a boy. She added that Jake Olmstead had that very week paid off the mortgage on the place left to him by his father and that Marya with the butter and egg money had bought that set of china which had been displayed for some weeks before the envious eyes of Stembridge housewives in the show window of Phoell's general store.

Disgruntled, Mrs. Pilson went her way thinking hard thoughts of her son's wife, Rhoda, who after a few months of marriage had become a slattern and a constant complainer and who did little work around the house. "She's driving him to drink," she muttered to herself as she picked her way along the rough footpath which led across the broomsage field to her run-down home. Mrs. Pilson would never admit that her son whom the villagers called sot had ever drunk before his marriage. Neither would she concede that the present sorry plight of the Pilsons could be traced to old man Pilson's fondness for his beer mug.

Marya, washing her new china with loving care, poked her little finger into an iridescent soap bubble and laughed softly when its beauty was gone. She became serious immediately. Life is a soap bubble, she thought. It reflects all the colors of the world, glinting brightly in the sunlight, growing opaque in the shade. It bursts, dissolving into thin air. A few drops of fine spray fall—who knows where?

Quietly crossing the roomy old kitchen with its comfortable rocking chair, she peeped into the bedroom beyond where her eighteen-months old daughter was sleeping in the crib. Back at the dishpan with its sudsy water, Marya washed and dried the china, hanging the cups in a gleaming row in the shelves Jake had put up at her request and stacking the plates and saucers in neat towers. She was dreaming of the years to come when little Maida would grow up and would be wanting to marry some fine handsome lad. These dishes then I shall give to her for everyday use, thought Marya. My daughter shall have a dowry and my son shall be strong and brave.

Marya had been dowerless. Knowing little of life or love, she had married Jake young because she had felt herself to be a burden to Granny, poorest but most generous of the villagers. Granny's pittance could not be stretched beyond the bare necessities of life. The old lady was pleased that her foundling should be marrying so well.

Marya learned of life through pain and work. There were chickens to feed and milk to churn, bare floors to sweep and food to cook. Yet Marya found time to plant flowers. And she would pause

*(Continued on page six)*

# Tears for Rebecca

By ALDEN STAHR

We were cleaning out a cat's ear with ether when a hesitant knuckle rapped on the front door of the operating room. That was the way negroes generally knocked; so Doc finished his swabbing and the cat stopped its furious low moaning before he said,

"Come in."

A mournful-looking mulatto soft-footed into the room and stood by the stove with his gaze downslanting. His expression was resigned and slightly bemused, induced for an occasion which called for self-exculpation, and as he revolved his rain-soaked hat in his hands to distract the doctor's attention from his simple evasiveness, falling drops from the felt made short spurting hisses on the hot iron of the stove. He spoke at length, deliberately, and with a clearness of enunciation surprising to his amber-toned skin.

"Are you the coroner, suh?"

"Yes, suh. I hope you haven't had any trouble?" He was always sorry for his customers, but an unemotional efficiency was necessary to a matter of business.

"My wife hadn't been feeling so well; so—"

"Your wife is dead?"

"Yes, suh. She was staying with her mammy for a few days till she felt better—"

"Did she commit suicide?" (And to me.) Put this cat in that little cage next to the spaniel and get ready to go. And you might wipe off those instruments and pick up a notebook, if you don't mind."

The widower having waited, spoke. "Yes, suh. She 'stroyed herself wid her daddy's shotgun 'bout half an hour ago. I wa'n't even home when she did it. They came an' got me from the field where I was plowing."

"Oh yes, I'm sorry. What's your name?"

"I'm Jim Watts. My wife's Rebecca. We'd only been married 'bout six months, too. Times are too hard to have more trouble. I dunno what I'm gonna do."

We got in the doctor's car, then, the doctor and I in front and Watts in back to show us the way. There was nothing in particular to say; so no one said anything until we got up town, where we stopped by the police chief's lamp post. He was there waiting for us. He must have heard. I climbed in back beside Watts so the chief could sit by Doc and talk, or if he did not wish to talk then just to sit there, because they were old friends who had a way of communicating without speech. Doc spoke straight ahead of him,

"Do you want an undertaker, Jim?"

"Yes, suh. Might as well get it all tended to. Her daddy'll pay for the buryin', I know."

The undertaker was too long preparing his embalming paraphernalia; so we left the negro who had brought Watts down, and drove on through the rain. Doc always wanted to sit on the body while it was still warm.

We had to forsake the concrete for the natural road to the mulatto's farm, and the jarring we got from the pavement of roots and boulders and bird's-nest holes stirred up the sediment in our still and settled springs of reflection. No word was spoken.

The Doctor: *Six cents a mile. What the devil did that speedometer read when we left town?*

The Chief: *If we get stuck I suppose I'll have to get out and push in that damned mud. I knew I shouldn't have shined my shoes this morning.*

The Mulatto: *I'm shore glad I was out in that field when it happened. They can't blame me noway.*

And I: *Another trip to death. Tears and moans and more blood. Why the hell doesn't somebody shoot himself with a pistol; maybe I could swipe it.*

The road left the trees and became greasy mud, so faithless to the tread of the tires that it embodied a denial of friction, and then we stopped at the house, a house too substantial of build to be out here where a shack was expected. There was even a patterned flower garden.

We thought of the temperature the moment we stepped out of the steamy body-warmed car. This was a wet chill so insinuating that it invaded our bodies and crept along our bones beneath the tight contracted flesh. The hallway of the house felt even colder, because we had expected it to be warm. And the darkness reinforced the cold.

A velvet-skinned brown girl lighted us to the body with a clean-chimneyed lamp. I regarded the girl, not the body, thinking how nice it would be. She was of the nature of desire, of soft passion and slow pulsating motion. Not for one of these was I born with agony into a world of white-crusted mores.

Rebecca grinned up at us, her mouth slightly agape. She had been thus mirthful for over an hour now, and according to the dark blood-blot on the floor it would be long before she was any less titillated. The unelectric light from the lamp showed us little more than the amused and naked teeth, but she was dead, and that was most of what Doc wanted to know. The double-barreled shotgun beside her was the instrument, and the stick beside that was indication enough as to the fixer of the set grin. Doc bent over. "Through the heart," he said. "Bring the gun into the next room, please, Chief."

Pale Jim followed us who followed the lamp-bearer away from the body. The dead girl's mother awaited us in large bespectacled grief. She was honestly black.

"We didn't none of us hear it, suh. I was way back yonder in the kitchen ire-nen some clothes wid de chillen right there, too. An' now she's daid; now she's gone to hebben. Oh, Lawdie. She bin ailin' some so she come to stay wid her mammy for a spell an' t'day she was exposed to go home t' Jimmy here. She cry on m' breast this evenin' an' say she still wa'n't feelin' proper. She say if she go home t'day she afraid she gwine do sumthin' wrong. I did'n have no eye-dee what she was fixin' t' do. An' now she's daid; now she ain't no mo'. Oh, oh."

Throat constriction stopped her words, and she sobbed hugely, distractedly, as if there were no escape from tears and rending grief. Her child which had grown was now her child again, bemoaned by the soft-drumming rain.

Watts took on to bawl a lachrymose echo of the mother's sodden heartbreak. And I hated it; I hated to see a man cry so like a sniveling infant. "Lend me your flashlight, Chief," I said. I had a notion.

Doc came with me; the others straggled after. "Listen, Doc," I said. "This is the first time in my life I've ever heard of a negress' committing suicide; so she must have had a damn good reason, a damn good one. And she didn't want to go back to her husband. Let's take a look."

We pulled her dress up to her thigh and flashed the light. A welt glowed dully red through the brown, paling it with the light of visible heat. We rolled her over and looked at her back. There were angry marks criss-crossed as if an iron-footed hen had tracked her back with white-hot claws and had clucked and called her hot-clawed sisters. I looked at Watts who stared fixedly at the hypnotic welts. He turned paler, and the copious tears he had shed with such ease flushed him with a tepid water, and he puked. The tears that had lied had soon turned emitic. The extrusion over, he moaned, his mind now only for his sick and heaving guts.

"You see, Doc?" I asked.

"Yes, but the coroner's job is to determine the cause of death. She shot herself with one barrel of a double-barreled shotgun. Let's go. The rest is for the embalmer."

"But—well, all right, let's go."

## Intimate Ballad of the Trees

by KARL HETTRICH

*"I think the Wind's in love with me,"*
*loudly cried the Cedar tree;*
*"one only has to look to see*
*how very nicely we agree."*

*"I hardly think he loves you, dear"*
*the Pine-tree whispered in her ear;*
*"you must be deaf to never hear*
*the things he says to me all year!"*

*"He comes to me to make his bed,"*
*the mournful Weeping Willow said;*
*"I hope to keep him, but instead,*
*I must say that I'm most misled!"*

*"These lies have left me all aghast,"*
*the timid Poplar said at last;*
*"you have no idea of the vast*
*regard he's shown me in the past."*

*The handsome Linden smiled aside,*
*and spoke in words of lofty pride:*
*"I shan't forget the day he sighed*
*and wondered at my grace," she cried.*

*"That's nothing," said the Sycamore,*
*"am I not graceful? And what's more,*
*you hear that distant pleasant roar?*
*Well, that's the Wind, and I'm his whore!"*

## WHERE GREAT LOVE IS NOT

*(Continued from page five)*

suddenly in the yard whenever a butterfly's burnished wing flashed in the sun. Many were the times her thoughts were too sad to utter. But with innate clairvoyance she would look down the years until there would be rugs on the floors, until the Olmstead home, freshly-painted, would attract the attention of passers-by on the highway. Her daughter would be fair to behold and her son would be tall and strong.

Lighting the kerosene lamp to put in the window to guide her husband's footsteps to the house, Marya looked at the blackened match still smoking in her hand. Like love, thought Marya, it has consumed itself, but the pleasant glow from the lamp shall last as long as there is need of light. She realized that where great love is not a more definite and perhaps only slightly less satisfactory conclusion is reached.

## SARA TEASDALE

*(Continued from page one)*

*"I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful*
*When rain bends down the bough;*
*And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted*
*Than you are now."*

The beauty of the images, the lack of ornament, the simplicity and earnestness of the lines of this poem expressed something for me which Poe and Longfellow and Tennyson, with all their wordiness, had failed to express. Through this, her finest and best-known lyric, Sara Teasdale introduced me to modern poetry.

III

Sara Teasdale, born in St. Louis, Missouri, on August 8, 1884, came of an old American family. Her ancestors on both sides fought in the Revolution, and one ancestor, Major Simon Willard, was founder of Salem, Massachusetts. About the middle of the nineteenth century both her maternal and paternal grandfathers followed the tide of migration to the Middle West. One became an owner of steamboats on the Mississippi and the other, true to his family tradition, a Baptist minister. From this background of Puritan and pioneer heritage emerged the truly American poet who has voiced the inarticulate feelings of men and women everywhere.

The youngest of several children, and not strong, Sara Teasdale grew up as a shy and imaginative child. Once when asked when she first really enjoyed poetry she answered, "My mother, like everybody else's mother, has incredible tales of my reciting every jingle in 'Mother Goose' at an infinitesimal age. But for the poetry that everyone would agree is worthy of being called so, Christina Rossetti's, 'Christmas Carol' was probably the first that I loved . . . It begins, 'In the bleak midwinter, frosty winds made moan.' I think I liked it better than other poems partly because snow is mentioned in it. I used to stand at the window during a snowstorm literally enchanted by the music of the lines."

Her early education was received at home. Later she attended a private school for girls in St. Louis. Her first attempts in verse included translations from Heine and other German poets.

After her graduation in 1903 she continued her writing and with several of her friends undertook the publication of a monthly magazine called "The Potter's Wheel." This unique publication was limited to one copy each month in manuscript, with original illustrations in photograph, black and white, and color. Friends of the contributors showed much interest in the magazine, which continued for several years.

Through all this time Miss Teasdale had been a systematic reader and one of her special treasures is a fat notebook in which, as a very little girl, she began to enter the titles of all the books she read.

She traveled widely in the United States and has spent several winters in California and the Southwest. She made her first journey to Europe in 1905. For some time she remained in southern Europe and the Near East, visiting Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. During this period she was writing verse and upon her return in 1907 she had her first recognition from the noted William Marion Reedy, who published her blank verse monologue "Guenevere" in Reedy's *Mirror*. This same year her "Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems" was published by the Poet Lore Company of Boston.

The spontaneity and light-heartedness of her early poems is well illustrated in this:

*"I went out on an April morning*
*All alone, for my heart was high,*
*I was a child of the shining meadow,*
*I was a sister of the sky.*

*"There in the windy flood of morning,*
*Longing lifted its weight from me,*
*Lost as a sob in the midst of cheering,*
*Swept as a sea-bird out to sea."*

By this time Sara Teasdale was welcomed by the leading magazines of the country, and when, in 1911, "Helen of Troy and Other Poems" was published, there was abundant praise from all sides. In this volume we find Miss Teasdale entering the element in which she was to excel, for here are the first of her love songs which have become universal favorites.

The summer of 1912 the poet spent in Italy and Switzerland. It was here that she wrote "Rivers to the Sea," which was published in 1915. Every few years has found Miss Teasdale traveling in some new land. On December 19, 1914, she married Ernst B. Filsinger of St. Louis, from whom she was divorced in 1929.

A collection of Miss Teasdale's lyrics, "Love Songs," published in 1917, was awarded the Columbia University-Poetry Society of America prize for the best book of poems of the year. She received another prize from the Poetry Society of America in 1918. "Love Songs" went through five printings in 1918. One of her finest love lyrics is this:

*"Peace flows into me*
*As the tide to the pool by the shore;*
*It is mine forevermore,*
*It ebbs not back like the sea.*

*"I am the pool of blue*
*That worships the vivid sky;*
*My hopes were heaven-high,*
*They are all fulfilled in you.*

*"I am the pool of gold*
*When sunset burns and dies,—*
*You are my deepening skies,*
*Give me your stars to hold."*

In 1917 Miss Teasdale edited a collection of one hundred love lyrics written by American women, entitled "The Answering Voice." The second edition in 1918 contained fifty additional poems.

"Flame and Shadow," published in 1920, contains the immortal lyric, "Let It Be Forgotten":

*"Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,*
*Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold,*
*Let it be forgotten for ever and ever,*
*Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.*

*"If anyone asks, say it was forgotten*
*Long and long ago,*
*As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall*
*In a long forgotten snow."*

"Rainbow Gold" (1922) is an anthology of poems for boys and girls. In 1924 Miss Teasdale went to France, where she wrote the "Pictures of Autumn" included in her next volume, "Dark of the Moon," published in 1926. Finest of her autumn poems is this, entitled "Late October":

*"Listen, the damp leaves on the walks are blowing*
*With a ghost of sound;*
*Is it a fog or is it a rain dripping*
*From the low trees to the ground?*

*"If I had gone before, I could have remembered*
*Lilacs and green after-noons of May;*
*I chose to wait, I chose to hear from autumn*
*Whatever she has to say."*

In this volume too is the finest of her many poems on stars:

*"There will be stars over the place forever;*
*Though the house we loved and the street we loved are lost,*
*Every time the earth circles her orbit*
*On the night the autumn equinox is crossed,*
*Two stars we knew, poised on the peak of midnight*
*Will reach their zenith; stillness will be deep;*
*There will be stars over the place forever,*
*There will be stars forever, while we sleep."*

Many of Sara Teasdale's lyrics have been set to music, and her poems have been translated into several foreign tongues. In 1926 M. Mijutani, a Japanese poet of distinction, translated and published in Japan a delightful volume of Miss Teasdale's poems.

Mijutani's book begins in the oriental fashion at the back. Printed in vertical lines in the delicate Japanese characters, the poems seem like trailing wistaria.

In 1930 Miss Teasdale brought out, for young people, a selection of her verses, old and new, called, "Stars Tonight."

On January 29, 1933, Miss Teasdale was found dead in her New York City apartment, apparently from suicide, caused by a nervous ailment that followed an attack of pneumonia in London late in the

## Phantasmagoria

*By* FRU LUPPA

There was once a moon, but a great black cloud sprang upon it and devoured it. The air is filled with witches' mirth. Trees distort themselves, writhing agonously, tossing their bristly heads, twisting their skinny arms. It is the kind of night on which the mad laugh and the sane weep, not knowing why.

Walls lean too close. Some force impels me into the turbulent elements. The tumid air howls joyously, as fiercely earnest as a play-mad puppy.

I am astride the wind. Its black mane is whipping my face. Ethiopian Pegasus and I skim over the shrouded earth, thrusting our noses into startled faces on town streets. Pegasus, panting with misty breath, lashes the barren trees with his tail, leaves hoof-prints of glittering frost. His mane flashes with icicles and my cheeks with frozen tears. Ghouls start up and flee before us, their howls drowned in the teeming night. Hands reach and tear at us, but we fly madly on.

Now the earth is a blurred streak far below us, and stars whistle in our ears. A cloud, caught in my hair by a star, like a broken leash flutters behind us. We are galloping home to the Stable of the Winds.

My laughter is an echo of the uproar in the bowl of heaven. My body is a long thin line of ecstasy tracing a nameless word. We go with the swiftness of light; kindling, we blaze across the sky into the darker darkness.

previous summer. Her death came as a shock to those of her followers who believed in her reflection,

*"I shall live to be old, who feared I should die young,*
*I shall live to be old,*
*I shall cling to life as the leaves to the creaking oak*
*In the rustle of falling snow and the cold.*

*"The other trees let loose their leaves on the air*
*In their russet and red,*
*I have lived long enough to wonder which is the best,*
*And to envy sometimes the way of the early dead."*

## NEWSPAPER SKETCHES

*(Continued from page one)*

it; it seems affected and I restore the original. Presently the surroundings partake of vagueness and my enthusiasm waxes with the mounting pile of sheets beside me. At lunch-time I have done in four hours what another could have done in one, and I am inordinately proud. I am no longer a woman in a man's world, I am a man among men.

IV

It was the hottest day of the year. I was reading the proofs of the weekly sermon, too conscious of enervation to overcome it. The co-laborers in this communistic state were wandering behind the Boaz's garnering scraps of news and political pandering, with the exception of one editor who was paying perfunctory obeisance to his typewriter.

Just as I reached exhortation number four, concerning charity, the equilibrium of dullness was destroyed by the entrance of an ancient negress with a youthful prototype clinging at her heels like a pleading mongrel. They scraped toward the editorial desk with the arrogant subservience of the charity poor, and the woman's mouth distorted itself in a placating grin. The boy stood behind her, half-wittedly nodding. His eyes wandered in feeble inattention over the room, returning to his mother and gliding unwilfully away. The woman's toothless whine, addressed familiarly to "Mr. Howard," began the recital of her virtues, chief among which were industry, honesty, and sobriety, ending with the urgency of her need for a dollar. She was referred with settled diplomacy to the welfare office. The bristles of her indignation rose, and she spat a tirade with the spasmodic energy of vindictiveness, lasting through a catalogue of hard luck, rebukes, and unfulfilled promises hers already through that agency. Presently, having exhaused her vocabulary of abuse, she turned irresolutely and strayed into the street again. She left a faint odor of stale whiskey clinging to the air like a sigh of hopelessness.

V

At night machines lie quiet like sleeping dogs, and shadows invade the habitat of honest workmen. Mystery and mice play over the rugged lines of matter. The human intruder is weighted with the atmosphere, and softens his foot-step to a tip-toe, his voice to a whisper. Serenity does not reside here; it is an oppressive inertia, heavy with suspended animation. There is something of the grotesque in the group of careless young men in the fringes of light from a lonely electric bulb. Their laughter resounds hollowly from resentful walls, and their inebriation against the sombreness of the background is futility. Soon the darkness closes in on their vacant defiance; their spirited steps echo up the empty street, leaving the immobile night in dominion.

## When We Shall Meet Again

*By* SARA HALL

Keep a portion of our remembered past in your heart until I shall come again, my beloved. Let me not pass from your life traceless as a spring breeze. May half- forgotten music, sweet as summer moonlight, fall faintly upon your ears; may a vague fragrance, pure as rain-washed air, greet you, as of the odour of ashes of roses when the lid is raised from the jar for a moment; may our fingertips cling for an instant, tingling with the awakened fire in our veins; may our eyes kindle and flash each to each with the same spark, and may there be the sting of tears, the headiness of old wine, as we drown gaze in gaze. May your heart stir and whisper, "Remember!" as my soul brushes its wings against yours in passing—when we shall meet again.

## HOLDEN

*(Continued from page one)*

Holden on one occasion, "I feel like pouring out my whole soul."

This admiration was of short duration. Indicative stirrings among the Democrats led Holden to vision them as the future rulers of the state, while bickerings between Clay and Tyler presaged a rupture among the Whigs. Accordingly, Holden about-faced and threw his important influence to the minority party. In the middle 1850's he was an outstanding factor in the election of the state's first Democratic governor. He was now a force to be reckoned with throughout the entire state.

As an editor Holden naturally became embroiled in the states' rights quarrel between the north and south. As early as 1851 he was booming forth from his presses, "We hold the right of secession as an original, pre-existing, reserved sovereign right." He also saw clearly the danger of emancipation, maintaining that it would be the most severe blow which could be inflicted on southern society. To him subjection was preferable to emancipation.

Yet, for all this high-powered drum-beating, the outbreak of war between the states found him considerably less enthusiastic for disunion. This change was to a great extent wrought by his unsuccessful quest for the senatorial nomination in 1858. In this struggle he felt again the lash of the scorn of his born betters. As even his journalistic opposition, the Raleigh *Register*, observed, "Lawyers and the upper crust are generally for J. W. Ellis, while the unwashed multitude is backing Holden."

His popular support has always originated with the poor-whites of the state and in a contest in the legislature this strength was to no avail. The Democratic party, which had unsparingly used Holden's abilities to gain state control, determined to "keep him in his place." It was all very well for him to be the powerful pen behind the scenes, but it would never do for a commoner to hold a dignified office. That, let it be understood, was reserved for the men whom birth and tradition had specially designated.

Hence, Holden, after a slight relapse into his old fire-eating during the early days of the conflict when southern victory appeared imminent, committed himself to the Union. Assuring himself that he had nothing further to expect from the Confederacy, he became the most prominent "peace" man in the state, unceasingly urging abatement of war. His new line of attack aroused the anger of all his former supporters; his presses were wrecked by soldiers, he was burned in effigy, and he was ousted from his position as adviser to Governor Zebulon Vance, who, although he mistrusted Jefferson Davis, advocated war to the end.

When Holden secured by Johnson's appointment the position he could never have attained by ballot, he was already the object of considerable popular hatred of the bulk of the citizens. Riding high now, he set about Unionizing the state thoroughly. Perhaps the most vivid example of his policy was his treatment of the University at Chapel Hill.

The institution had been to him, from boyhood up, a symbol of the aristocratic power of the state. In 1856 (while he was still a good secessionist) he so furiously attacked a professor there who had held "Free Soil" opinions that he caused his removal. This was the first instance in the school's history in which a member of the faculty was persecuted for personal views.

Governor Holden set out to finish what Editor Holden had begun. Remembering Chapel Hill's scorn for his Yankee sympathy during the war, he peremptorily dismissed the entire faculty including the much-beloved President Swain and replaced it with mediocre men dedicated to punish the University for its loyalty to the Confederacy. After a humiliating period of occupation by negro soldiers, the town was beset with a new body of professors headed by Solomon Pool, who like Holden had capitalized on Republican victory. At the commencement of 1869, Holden hurled at the University a vituperative speech which insisted on demonstration of its devotion to the cause of national union and called for a policy by which all classes, white and black, should receive higher education at state expense.

The effects of Holden's methods and Pool's inefficiency were disastrous. From a ranking school in 1859 the University slipped to a mockery of a seat of learning. Youths who would normally have gone to Chapel Hill went elsewhere in the state or south for their training. By 1870 Pool was president of a school numbering exactly fifteen students. Not only residents of Chapel Hill but citizens all over the state welcomed its closing in the same year as the one means left of preserving the institution from further degradation. Holden's savage settlement had been carried through to an end which doubtless satiated his appetite for destroying the former rulers of the state.

Meanwhile, all was not too pleasant for Holden himself. He sought to quell insurrections in Alamance and Caswell counties by despatching troops and effecting military arrests and imprisonments. He even went so far as to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in an effort to make his position secure. His despotism produced the inevitable reaction. The Ku Klux Klan, which he had fought desperately, engineered a political revolution in 1870 and wrested the state from the Republicans.

The ex-governor, severed from the Whigs in 1843, and from the Democrats in 1864, stood a lone figure against almost universal hatred. His impeachment was a speedy affair, the long-desired revenge of the aristocrats on a man whom they considered an arch-traitor. Friendless, disillusioned, he fled from the state to work in a Washington newspaper office.

Several years later he returned to Raleigh where he obtained the position of postmaster. Time had soothed his fury, and he was respected as one of the city's most useful and charitable citizens. The opportunist, the renegade had disappeared in the crash of his power, leaving only a kindly, sensitive, tolerant old man content to live at peace with his former enemies until his death in 1892.

# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

*Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina*

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## *A Newspaper Guy and His Dame*

*By* Thomas McKnight

It was the regular meeting of the Rod and Gun Club. The place was the Birmingham Press Centre and it didn't meet regularly and the men were reporters fishing for women and the women were girls about town gunning for husbands. Otherwise it was the regular meeting of the Rod and Gun Club.

Hildegarde Harvey was fingering Leschetizky's *Intermezzo In Octaves.* Somebody had forgotten to put the window down and a rainstorm had rusted the flats and sharps into a medley that made Leschetizky's *Intermezzo In Octaves* tinkle like iron washers in a snuff box. A faint frown collected between Hildegarde's finely penciled eyebrows. She pressed the loud pedal to the floor and tried it again.

"Is this a piano or a hurdy-gurdy?" she inquired of nobody in particular.

Jake Turbefield, "slot" man on the universal desk of the *Star*, put his glass down and helped her to her feet.

"What you need for that kind of music is a Cello and a permit for operating a public nuisance. Listen to the old girl respond to this. " Jake set a series of chords vibrating and lifted his voice in song:

*"She was bred in old Kentucky,*
*In Milwaukee she was beer,*
*She was baked beans down in Boston,*
*But she's just Bologna here."*

Hildegarde said what you needed for that kind of music was a clothes line and a permit to ride a bicycle on the sidewalk. She strolled over to the chaise-lounge and reclined. Jake demonstrated his change of pace by shifting to a three-stanza version of how Frankie shot up her man for doin' her wrong. He gave his rendition the stage effect by bobbing up and down on the piano bench like a rubber ball.

"Quit trying to lay an egg, Jake, and give us something dreamy and full of love," piped a feminine voice.

Jake stood up and looked at her gravely. She was tall and red-headed and well groomed.

"Love," said Jake slowly, "is like a firecracker, the expectation surpasses the realization."

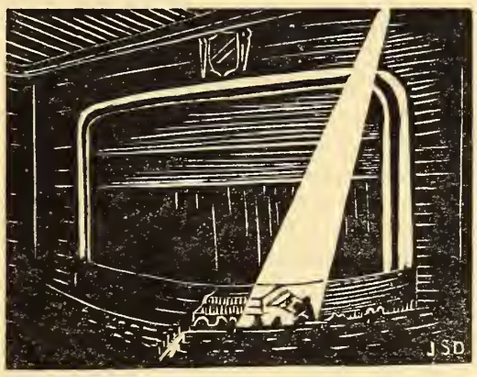
The red-head turned the crank and got the mock-tragedy expression fixed on her face.

"*No*, Jake! Say it isn't *so*!"

Jake tousled her wind-blown bob and sat down at the piano again and started humming *Harvest Moon*. Lib Edmundson took off her slippers and began beating a tom-tom accompaniment for Jake, using the heels of her slippers and the side of the billiard table for the sound effect.

Joe Lobley, copy desk of the *Morning Post*, was telling Catherine Montseller about the time in De-

*(Continued on page four)*



Nocturne

## *On the Lap of the Gods*

*By* Harry Davis

The Playmakers Theatre
Chapel Hill, N. C.
March 14, 1933.

My Dear Tom:

Your letter brought back many memories, some of them not altogether pleasant. I was suddenly thrust back into the days when we two instructed the fair maidens of Mississippi—you in the intricacies of journalism, and I in the subtleties of dramatic art. Do you remember my naive attempts to produce plays with all-female casts? God help us—and them, for I suppose they still do it.

You ask me to tell you something of 'playwriting in Chapel Hill.' I am flattered. I feel I should entitle my remarks "South of Radio City," or perhaps "North of Buenos Aires." After all, we are only some five hundred miles from Roxy's, and the critic on our student paper occasionally uses French in his reviews.

You know, of course, that the Playmakers have a tremendous reputation for creating a native drama. That is, they are nationally known as the home of Paul Green and the one-act folk-play. But a prophet is not always with honor in his native habitat, and there is no great local enthusiasm for the folk-play. In fact, an honest-to-God folk-play is likely to turn a few stomachs, and does. I suppose the obvious explanation is that too many cooks spoil the broth, and too much broth upsets the digestion. Fourteen years of student-written drama is bound to have its ups and downs, with the downs predominating.

The bread is buttered on both sides, however, and that is what makes life interesting. Lately the student writers have turned away from the lowly folk themes, and taken new directions. So we have plays with guts and sex and other modern whatnot, using language commonly supposed to be fluently spoken by soldiers, sailors, and newspapermen. We even get an occasional fantasy or a rare psychological drama. But the best of these, to my mind, cannot

*(Continued on page eight)*

## *Peter Dromgoole Again*

*By* Joe Jones

A bowlder lying within the shadow of Hippol Castle, close by the old university town of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is a landmark of the South's most persistent college legend, for beneath it are said to rest the bones of Peter Dromgoole, student, Virginian, and duelist of the long ago. It is to this rock that students of the University of North Carolina, and visitors to Chapel Hill, have come during the past hundred years to tell or listen to the story of the young man who died here one moonlit night with a classmate's bullet in his breast.

The promontory shared by Dromgoole Rock and Hippol Castle, known as Piney Prospect, and constituting an upflung brow of the ridge that lifts Chapel Hill above the surrounding country, is an ideal spot for the telling of such a tale. Here are the hush and sob of pines in the wind, the mystery of castle walls, and a command of the vast, solitary sweep of wooded lowland that flows away to the eastern horizon. Flanked on two sides by deep forest, the castle faces southward to the low cliffs of Black Tom's Lair, where Tom Morgan, the runaway slave, hid for several months in his rocky den; and a little beyond is the cairn-marked escarpment where the body of a self-murdered student lay hidden in the underbush for almost a year. Beyond that rise the darkling mounds of the Laurel Hills.

The Dromgoole legend, so closely entwined with the history of this romantic countryside, has to do with a youth who came to the University from Virginia in 1833, and who actually did mysteriously vanish from Chapel Hill, never to be heard of again by his friends or family. Here is the gist of the story as it has been passed down from generation to generation of Carolina students since Dromgoole's disappearance a century ago:

During the winter of 1833 there was enrolled in the University of North Carolina a wild young man named Peter Dromgoole, the son of a well-to-do Virginia planter. This was at a time when many of the students, riotous livers and free spenders by tradition, brought horses, hounds and slaves to Chapel Hill with them; and Dromgoole, being wealthy and impetuous, was naturally one of these gayer blades. A born fighter, and probably somewhat of a rake as well, he figured prominently in many student escapades; but for all of his desperate adventures, he yet found time to pay ardent court to the daughter of a professor whose vine-clad cottage was the shrine of more than one young hotspur.

It appears that Dromgoole was no laggard in love, for by and by, and to the great vexation of his rivals, the girl let it be known that the Virginian was her favorite. From that time forward, the couple were more and more together, their usual trysting place being the huge rock at Piney Prospect, or beside the woodland fountain that still flows

*(Continued on page eight)*

# The Carolina Magazine

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(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1933


## EDITORIAL

*By* E. C. DANIEL, JR.

"The first chance I get I am going to leave North Carolina. An outsider doesn't have a chance here. I have found that it is useless for me to fight the intolerance and prejudice that stalks just beyond the limits of Chapel Hill. A native with a good name can get somewhere in North Carolina, if he tries. But I am going back to the North or West, where they are free from bigotry and bias." For the professor who said that North Carolina is a lost province.

The attitude of Colonel William Watts Ball of the Charleston *News and Courier* is different. "The North is suffering for the want of our Southern culture," he half-humorously told the North Carolina Newspaper Institute in February. "We are withholding from them Christian charity and instruction." When his speech was reported to a young lady who came some years ago to make her home permanently in North Carolina, she said, "Yes, that is exactly the reason why I came South."

These two views conflict. There is a difference in the points of view of the individual commentators. The University professor looks at the South in the light of the future and Colonel Ball sees it as it was in the past. They both define its great need as that of leadership. However, the professor would have the South break away from the leadership of the past and seek a new destiny. Colonel Ball, on the other hand, advocates a return to the leadership followed before the Reconstruction Era, epitomized by Wade Hampton.

The professor deplores the fact that it is only "a native with a good name" who can attain to leadership in North Carolina. But, Colonel Ball would have that as an ideal situation. Both of them rail against a pseudo-leadership that is more concerned with fat political jobs than it is with the welfare of the nation. And as a panacea for this condition of leadership, the Charleston editor advocates the repeal of the direct primary system and substitution for it of nominations by precinct, county and state conventions.

"We must release our office holders from the terror of the people," he says. "A man is no sooner elected to office than he is treed by a hundred thousand baying voters looking for jobs and patronage." He would have office holders selected by a convention that would leave them free to exercise their own minds in the administration of their jobs.

Still, there is another side to the perfect picture that Colonel Ball presents. When the question of repealing the primary laws in North Carolina came up before the House of Representatives, Tom Bost, veteran newspaperman, violated the rules of the committee room by jumping up from the press table and entering the discussion, declaring that "we are tired of old men running this state." Representing the views of the younger men, he believes that the repeal of the primary laws would establish a hierarchy of elder politicians, to the exclusion of young men. The older men now in control would perpetuate their dynasty by manipulation of the convention machinery.

But, after all, could we expect very much from a government of young men? Any one who has witnessed the organization of a young people's political club has seen the youngsters swapping and trading offices, seeking advantages, riding roughshod over opponents and framing elections with all the boldness, grasping and self-seeking of older men. If anything, youth is certainly more ambitious than old age. Too often, young men will sell themselves early into political slavery for the sake of getting a start, intending to stand up later for ideals and principles, finally becoming so absorbed in the business of getting office that they completely forget those ideals and principles.

What the South and North Carolina needs is unselfish leadership. Any system of getting office requires that the office-seeker be to some degree selfish in his seeking. There are now at the University of North Carolina dozens of young men who hope to hold political office some day. They are not particularly intent on studying to be good administrators. Rather, they are learning how to be good politicians. In a bull session in Carr building last week, a law student was telling of his plans to sit in the General Assembly within four years. He was not concerned with what he would do after he got there but with the schemes he had for getting there. True, you have to get into office before you can accomplish anything, but what is the need of getting there if you are to do nothing more than satisfy a selfish ambition?

Again, North Carolina needs unselfish leadership. There is evidence sufficient that we will not get it from our older politicians and indications that it will not come from the younger men. In fact, it can be expected from neither. Leadership to be unselfish must, then, be non-political. If this state or any other is to achieve its full growth in worth and power it must have a group of non-political leaders: young men who are not concerned for political advancement, but who have a sufficient interest and pride in their state to work for its development and welfare without hope for remuneration.

Young doctors, young journalists, young merchants, young teachers should have public ideals as well as professional ambitions. Until we can produce a generation of citizens who are intelligently aware of their duty and courageously determined to do it without looking for tangible remuneration we shall continue to have a state and nation run blindly and carelessly by self-seeking politicians.

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It is the glorious doom of literature that the evil perishes and the good remains. — *Robert, Lord Lytton.*

# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

Joel Sayre, the New York newspaperman who fired an uproarious double-barreled shot last year at gangsters and football racketeers in *Rackety-Rax*, has burst forth with another lambasting of an American institution. *Hizzoner the Mayor* is a broad side-swipe at graft, stupidity, and incompetence in American municipal government. Constructing his mayor, "Jolly John" Hotsapple as a composite portrait of Jimmy Walker and "Big Bill" Thompson, Sayre proceeds to give his city, Greater Malta, the most vicious and ridiculous administration possible. One of the bigger laughs in the book is the desperate campaign for power between the old knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out racketeers and the subtle, sophisticated, college-bred crooks.

* * *

For the few heavy appetites which function in the springtime there are such recent publications as Winkler's *Wilson* which advances the conviction that the president's idealism was sufficient to overcome his personal defects of coldness and ego-centricity; Alan Villier's romantic description of a clipper ship race in South American waters last year in *Grain Race;* and *The March of Democracy*, volume two, James Truslow Adams' completed history of the United States which re-affirms his faith in the ultimate triumph of the American spirit over current fear and mis-management.

* * *

*This People* is Ludwig Lewisohn's latest collection of short stories one of his favorite themes, the preservation of the racial purity of the Jewish race. Five tales, some of which are modernizations of Biblical narratives, describe many of the acute problems which arise between Jews and Gentiles to-day. Another volume of short stories is Edith Wharton's *Human Nature*, a slightly inclusive title for her usual studies of polite society.

* * *

Godfather to expatriate American literati, Ezra Pound, reckoned by many critics as the most important single influence on recent verse, has just published *A Draft of XXX Cantos.* It is typical Pound verse, augmented by the author's generous admission that he himself had doubts as to the meaning of some of the poems. Other poetry issues of recent date include the bravely titled *Last Poems* of D. H. Lawrence and *Key West and Collected Poems* by Hart Crane, whose suicide last year deprived America of one of its most promising versifiers.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Perhaps we are taking things in our own hands when we print in this issue, "Will China Turn Military?" *Tar Heel* and MAGAZINE readers have, upon more than one occasion, voiced annoyance at contributions on utterly "unrelated" subjects such as—China, Japan, Fiji Islanders, or sweat shop workers of East Side New York.

However, in all honesty to ourselves, believing that these subjects are not "unrelated," and believing that the present article is of peculiar pertinence, we print "Will China Turn Military," by an undergraduate attending Yenching University, Peiping, China.

# Ann Vickers

By NELSON LANSDALE

To understand the reception accorded *Ann Vickers* in proportion to its merits, it is necessary to remember just who Sinclair Lewis is, and how tremendous his influence on modern thought has been. If ever a novel wept and wailed to be written, that novel was *Babbitt*, and Sinclair Lewis was the American with enough perception to realize that need and to fulfill it adequately. *Babbitt* changed the whole intellectual outlook of America. So universal in America, so general in its application was the portrait of George Follansbee Babbitt that America began to take stock of herself intellectually. Perhaps we are still a nation of morons and Philistines—the foreign commentators on America take that attitude. But at least we have awakened to a realization of the fact that to be called a Babbitt or a moron is not a compliment, and we have taken pains to see that we do not appear so to the external eye.

Sinclair Lewis has been smart enough to realize that those who followed in his wake have driven this criticism into the ground. Eugene O'Neill drew a scintillating portrait of Babbitt six hundred years before his time in *Marco Millions*, Booth Tarkington took him abroad in the *Plutocrat* with more success than Lewis himself achieved in *Dodsworth*, a book written with the same idea in mind, and it became conventional in English and French literature to introduce Americans as Babbitts to the point of suffocation, to mention a few examples of its influence.

And so, it would seem, Mr. Lewis decided—and very wisely—that there would be no Babbitts in his new novel. With *Ann Vickers*, I think, he intended to sing a new song, a song of the crying need to bring our prisons up to the standard of our civilization. In the choice of his topic, Mr. Lewis was particularly unfortunate. For nearly a year preceding the publication of *Ann Vickers* the country was swamped with propaganda directed to exactly this end. On the stage, in the movies, in the magazines, in the newspapers the American people read, saw, heard, or were made to feel that prison conditions in this country are bad. What they did about it is not our aim to discuss. At any rate, they soon grew tired of the carping criticism of existing penal conditions, just as a few years before they had grown tired of seeing the American businessman, successful or otherwise, portrayed as a moron. They were lulled into apathy by the same old story, repeated again and again, whether the scene was set in Illinois or Georgia. They reached the point where they did not care if every inmate of every prison in America was hanging by his toes in a cell three inches wide (and unsuitably ventilated) while the rats made a nest in his hair. In such a condition do we find the great mass of people—and I am referring to the reading public—on the eve of the publication of the first new novel by Sinclair Lewis since he had been awarded the Nobel prize. The reviews stated the obvious nicely. In his first novel about a woman it is not surprising that Lewis should draw his best portrait of one. But what the people who read the book found was that Mr. Lewis was mainly concerned with prison conditions. It was too bad. The same text had been used for the same sort of sermon the previous Sunday. Even those who realized that *Ann Vickers* could probably not have been written since the *"I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang* wave" started could not console themselves with the fact that Lewis had no way of foreseeing the trend in propagandizing.

They realized perhaps that the reviewers were right—as far as they went. Lewis has not treated his powers with less respect than they deserve, and *Ann Vickers* is not a pot-boiler. And the character from whom the book takes its name is one of the most likeable of all of Mr. Lewis' creations. She is sturdy, carefully drawn, intelligent and sincere. But she is not general. Actually, she represents no great class of people, largely because she is an exceptional woman, one who declines to use her personal charms for her advancement.

Speaking for the modern woman in *Design For Living*, Noel Coward's Gilda represents a much more general feminine viewpoint when she says that there is a certain point to which she proceeds by wholly logical methods. At that point, however, something within her snaps, and she becomes the cloying creature who is willing to use any wiles within her range for her advancement. This problem Gilda faces—that she is a woman even while she pursues a career, and is therefore not above the temptation to employ her feminine charms to her own ends—seems to me more general, and more interesting, than the question facing Ann Vickers—should she give up a career in which she has been able to put her sex behind her and marry?—for the obvious reason that few women are ever able to set sex aside on entering a career.

In this respect at least, *Ann Vickers* is inferior to Mr. Lewis' other novels. What we expected from Sinclair Lewis was a portrait of the Modern Woman. What we got was a portrait of *a* Modern Woman. We expected to be slashed loose from our conservative self-satisfaction by the keen edge of the knife of social satire. Instead we have been stupefied by the dull blows of didactic preaching about certain already well-defined wrongs of our civilization. Rather than subtly pungent mockery of the reactionary "Whatever is, is right," we are confronted with a Novel With A Purpose, in which the purpose is not only trite and obvious, but reminiscent of Upton Sinclair at his worst. In spite of faithful and consistent deliniation of character, of accurate, if kaleidoscope, reporting of the American scene, this rose, by any other name—*Ann Vickers* published anonymously or under a pseudonym—would not smell half so sweet.

## Pictures

By MARY FRANCES PARKER

*Content am I with brief and trivial things:*
*A new bud on a limb, a singin' bird,*
*A leafless tree at midnight—one that flings*
*With grotesque arms, strange shadows; music heard*
*At twilight in a dim-lit room; a night*
*Of stars, blue sky, no moon, a low-sung song;*
*Laughter and gentleness; and shaded light*
*Casting a glow on polished wood. Along*
*A quiet road, where patient horses plod,*
*I walk and find a beauty in the eyes*
*Of peaceful folk, begrimed; and from the sod,*
*Fresh-turned, sun-warmed, and black, fresh odors rise.*
*Yet inarticulate am I. I cannot show*
*What peace upon my soul these things bestow.*

# Coal

By ALDEN STAHR

A piece of flung coal cometing through the murk at the borderline of an arc lamp's aureola was arrested by the temple of a running boy and fell with him to the soot-hidden sidewalk. They lay thus while the cause of their sudden inertia struck a match, waved it briefly past the end of a flame-sucking cigarette, and flung that, too, into darkness The hand, thin and black-marked by the coal, massaged the chin beneath the fuming weed, leaving smudges invisible to the old man sitting in the wobble-wheeled express wagon at the edge of the coal heap. The ancient peered at the glowing spot above him when the cigarette had grown half an inch of ash.

"Was yuz after him?" he inquired with mild interest.

"Naah." The negation was sneered, freighted with impersonal bitterness. The end of the cigarette bobbed down and up once with the word, dropping the ash.

The old man caught the word, brooded on it, and conceived a further question. But he had been too long in contemplation of the buzzing arc-lamp; the thin man spoke, surprised to hear his own voice again when he had not thought to speak.

"When you gonna quit snitching coal?"

An absent smile come home, trisected the sudden acute angles in the corners of the old man's eyes. His inslanting lips worked in anticipation of a question now formulated. "Was *he* after *you*?"

"Who? Me?" the thin man asked, jerking his head toward his interlocutor and frowning with quick quizzical interest. And as willessly as he had asked the question, he thought: *Of course, me. Who the hell else would he be talking to but me?* "Naah, not me. He was just running, I guess."

The old man struggled backbent out of the wagon, gyrated like a dog circling its bed, and deposited two lumps of coal in the bottom of the toy vehicle before he hung his buttocks over the edge again as gingerly as if he were sitting on a sore. "I ain't never gonna quit snitchin' coal," he justified, "long as winters is cold. All this coal here an' me shiverin'? That ain't no way to do. Is it?"

The thin man was no longer bemused; he was startled. "What was that you was talking about? No, I guess that isn't any way to do. I haven't got anything against the kid, but it was just something that had to happen. Fate, it's called. For three years now I've been coming by this pile of coal, and every time I pass it I think of how I was a kid brought up in a tough neighborhood where the other kids slung rocks instead of snowballs. I used to fling them, too, but one time I was running to the store for my old lady, minding my own business and figuring on gyping her out of a couple of cents to buy candy, caramels.

"Well, there I was running—" He gestured as though following a coursant figure with his hand, which stopped in line with the prostrate boy across the street. "And then all of a sudden I was like that, out like a light. The kids all ran, of course, and I was mad as a wet hen when I came to. But I was afraid to get too mad, because somehow I felt I was being punished for my wanting to swipe the two cents. That's why I didn't ever do anything

*(Continued on page five)*

## A NEWSPAPER GUY AND HIS DAME

*(Continued from page one)*

troit when the head-setter got drunk and set a seventy-two point streamer upside down and the M.E. had fired the whole composing room. Paul Poovey, political writer on the *Herald*, was kissing Gena Carmichael, silks department of Saks & Bronstein, Incorporated

James Wilson, rotogravure artist on the *Star*, was sitting at the bar sipping his drink and thinking of his ex-wife. Lena Kenette slid two damp arms around his neck.

"Life is pleasant, eh James?"

James carefully unwound the arms. "Life" he said, "is very sad."

Sarah Hemphill was watching the door and the red-head was watching Sarah. They had attended the same finishing school in the East and had disliked each other from the start. The red-head knew Sarah was making a play for Freddie Dawson and she was hoping to God there would be no score.

"Think Freddie will drop by tonight, Sarah?" The red-head's smile was as innocent as a hole in a doughnut.

Joe Lobley, who missed nothing, grinned as he watched the two women get ready to go over the top.

"Meow, kitties, meow!" he chirped.

Sarah turned her slow smile on the red-head and got up and stretched. Sarah always stretched lazily and gracefully like a cat and the red-head thought it was the result of much private practice.

"You asking me, dear?" Sarah's smile was poisonously sweet. She moved over toward the card table where some of the boys were rolling high-dice for dimes. The red-head watched her and thought she was tall and graceful and arrogant and a hussy from hell.

The door opened and a blonde with an artificial mole on her chin came in. She was wearing an abbreviated fur coat. Perfume and theatrical powder filled the place immediately and blended into an odor that belonged somewhere between the roses of Picadilly and the onions of Ceylon. She crossed the room and took a stool at the bar, next to James Wilson, who was still sipping his drink and looking very sad and thinking of his ex-wife. The blonde ordered a small beer and opened up on James.

"Mister, could I help carry your burden?"

James looked her over and said certainly not.

"Then perhaps you'll talk to me?"

The perfume was making James a bit dizzy. "Okay, lady, but please start at the beginning."

The blonde smiled and told James all about it. She was in the chorus of *The Student Prince*, playing at the 'Bama Theatre, she was meeting Croome Daley, dramatic critic on the *Star*, there in the Press Centre at midnight. Croome was late and it wasn't nice, she said, to be wandering about the place alone.

"And now what's *your* story, Mister?"

"The name's James Wilson, roto artist, single, and careful, *very* careful."

"That's fine, Jimmy, especially the careful paragraph."

"James was the name."

"I insist upon Jimmy, and mine's Mina Rausch."

"Fine, Minerva, and with a name like that I suppose you're Dutch from Allentown."

"Mina was the name and I'm from Chicago."

"I insist upon Minerva and you look Allentown to me."

The blonde laid one silk knee across the other and turned that oh-God-how-it-hurts smile on him. "We'll compromise and make it Mina and James," she said.

Croome Daley came in and took the blonde away and James went back to his drink and thoughts of his ex-wife.

Sarah was still watching the door. She was the daughter of a rich cement manufacturer and, in spite of the red-head's opinion, her standing in the court of good fellowship was high. She possessed few of the real ingredients of beauty, but she mixed what she possessed so skillfully that she was infinitely more challenging than mere beauty. Her voice was soft and musical and she had beautiful hands. She carried her slender body imperiously and her clothes were smart and expensive and a study of perfection in the harmony of colors. Black hair fitted her well-shaped head like an evenly waved cap. Her carefully darkened eyebrows were arched in a slender line over cool, twinkling blue eyes. Her nose, a bit too long for beauty, curved delicately above a thin-lipped, mobile mouth. Taking them going and coming, she was unquestionably the class of the girls about town.

The door opened and Freddie Dawson, general assignment man on the *Herald*, had arrived. He was rugged, thirty, introspective blue eyes, and black hair that was getting a bit gray around the temples. One knew immediately that Freddie had seen life in out-of-the-way places, that he had been polished in many cities and in many newspaper offices. He was leading a brunette by the hand.

"This is Cecilia Margoni. Cecilia, meet the gang. If you're interested, you can ferret their names out at your leisure."

Jake poured the drinks. "This is a new mixture and I'm dedicating it to Lena," he said.

"'Lena's Lure', we'll call it, huh?" laughed Freddie.

When the applause had subsided Sarah came over and spoke to Freddie and shook hands with Cecilia. A sport, was Sarah, and she could take it as well as dish it out. But the red-head smiled deeply and thought the game was over and that there had been no runs, no hits, and no errors.

II.

It was another regular meeting of the Rod and Gun Club. Wine, song, a press club, newspaper men and their women. It was the thousandth performance of an old play. Freddie Dawson was a bit bored. He left Sarah Hemphill at the card table throwing high-dice for dimes and strolled over to the window and peered into the night. The wanderlust was pinching him again. He had been in Birmingham a year and perhaps it was time to move on. Where? The West Coast, maybe. Maybe it would be better to marry Sarah and settle down. They had talked a great deal about marriage lately. She wasn't "weepingly" in love with him, she had said, but there wasn't anyone else whom she loved more and she was willing to try it. He had told her frankly that he wasn't sure he was a one-woman man but he might try to be. They had left it there. Maybe he'd better move on.

Freddie always became reminiscent when it was time to move on. At the age of thirty he could look back over fifteen years of wandering journalism. From copy boy on the old *New York World* to radio editor on the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Six years as United Press correspondent in South America, from fever-infested Guayaquil on the outskirts of civilization in Ecuador to the senorita-infested boulevards of Buenos Aires. Chicago, Washington, he had covered everything from revolutions to Rotary clubs, from rape to reparations. And for what? To marry Sarah or to move on?

He had been taking the southern route from Washington to Los Angeles that December night when he had driven into Birmingham and stopped for the night. Force of habit had directed him to the local press club—in search of a drink and the sound lingo of his trade. The boys had been hospitable and he had got a job and stayed. December had deepened into green, lenient January, with its meridional tameness so bewildering to the tourists acclimated to the frozen blasts of the North. Freddie had marveled at the verdancy of the holly trees, wild phlox, the abundance of pearly mistletoe twining its parasitic growth about tall oaks. At the ice-free murmur of the Black Warrior as it flowed calmly and lazily through canebrake to the sea. At the wooded greenness of the bluff-framed road that followed the winding river to Moose's Ferry. A Michigan polack on the "route squad" came to work coatless, shirt open at the throat, a spire of chesty hair tickling his Adam's apple. A Chicago chorine proudly displayed her mink coat in the mid-day sun, sweating little rivulets in the process. And then he had met Cecilia Margoni.

Two years before, an orphan at twenty, she had come to Birmingham to live with an aunt. She was an incandescent fraility among the fleshy group that made up the Italian colony in Birmingham's steel district. Her father, Rafael Margoni, had landed in New York in 1890, disgusted with an apprenticeship in a Florence wineshop. He had peddled pins, threads, linens, hats, and gaudy-colored suspenders about Hell's Kitchen and Manhattan's lower West Side. He had graduated to the grocery business and moved up-town to Lenox Avenue. Lenox Avenue with its Harlem nights had offended his artistic temperament and he had moved his business to Jersey City and had prospered. Here on this alien side of the Hudson he had met his bride, a shy, lonely school teacher with Nordic blood. Cecilia had been the only child of this strange attraction of Nordic and Latin love.

Cecilia had Latin temperament and creole beauty. She owed her thin lips, finely chiseled features, her fair skin to her mother on the Hudson. Her sharp wit, dreamy black eyes, welled emotions and quiet moments belonged to her father's race along the Orno. Her artistic mien might have been a blood delineation from a Leonardo da Vinci, a Galileo, or some such illustrous Florentine forebear.

Freddie had called the wrong shot at first. He had taken her to Pasola's roadhouse on the Gadsden turnpike, and had found her crowd-shy, her black eyes wide in surprise at the bawdry that ebbed and flowed from Pasola's bar in the back to the curtained cars parked in front. He had seen her in a new light and was drawn to her. She fascinated him, reminded him of clean seas, lonely shores, distant lands. She had calmed him, lifted him above the sordid life about him, brought him peace and close communion with his Angel.

January had faded into the bleak but tepid February that marked the offing of Spring in Alabama. That night in February when he had lined his car to the curb in a pricking but silent wind that swirled between tall apartment buildings and shivered

through Forrest Lane. She had come down the Lane gingerly, bare-headed, a black light-weight coat blowing sail-wise behind her, the wind whipping her long skirt into pantaloons about her legs. It was that night in February she had asked him to take her to New Orleans, to Giovani Scafati, a clerk in a steamship office. He had sent her the money for a ticket but she needed it for wedding clothes. He had clutched the steering wheel and listened. Lonely shores had become crowded with beach combers, clean seas tainted with wreckage, the lure of distant lands clouded with the face of Giovani Scafati.

He had called for her Saturday night and they had left the city limits of Birmingham behind them, heading southward, always southward, into the night that would emerge an eventful day for the woman beside him. She had fallen asleep before nine o'clock. They had rolled for hours through swamp land, fallow and red, dotted at intervals with log cabins, a lean-to barn. Dogs howled as they sniffed the dust in their wake. He slowed down to ford a shallow creek, again to miss a stray cow. A quarter-helved moon came up above the flat Mississippi horizon, peeping in and out of fast-moving grayish clouds. The echo of spinning wheels and purring motor had set up a roar as he drove onto the concrete bridge that spanned the Mississippi at Vicksburg. Cecilia had jumped nervously at the strange sound, straightened and looked about her sleepily.

Lights flecked along the shores and blinked from boats in the river and Freddie had thought of the west coast of South America, of the shore lines of Peru seen from the smooth Pacific. Cecilia had slept again. They had reached New Orleans in time for early lunch. He had left her in the steamship office with Giovani Scafati and had wandered aimlessly about the quaint, lore-laden districts of the French and Spanish, trying to forget the only woman he had ever wanted to marry. That night he had headed back into the darkness. Seven months had passed since that night in February. And now he was going with Sarah again.

Freddie turned his back to the window and watched Sarah across the room. She was laughing and beating the boys throwing high-dice for dimes. Freddie turned again to the window and lit a cigarette and made a mental effort to square the circle. Life was funny and queer and complex as hell. For instance, there was Cecilia and Sarah, and married couples who fuss in bed, and women who enjoy life by not analyzing it. The man who thinks and dies young, and the Bolivian who never thinks and is happy, and Cecilia again. The rain that falls on the just as well as the unjust, and the man whose ship comes in with the gods pulling against it, and Sarah again. Sub-debs at Newport who know about life the same as the girls along Forty-Second Street, and the hot cha-cha torch singer who is as pure as the flowers that bloom in the Spring, and the Christian Endeavor girl whose reputation is white while her soul is black. There was the man who —. Sarah interrupted the circle with a tug at his coat.

"Repenting for old sins or thinking up new ones?"

Freddie turned and looked at her. A strange sensation surged through him. Sarah, character, culture, a home. His mind cut the curtain and he felt as strong as God Almighty. He could hoist horizons and knock down stars. One of those decisions as mysterious as the flight of dawn came to him.

"Let' drive over to Tuscaloosa and get married."

Sarah looked at him and laughed but Freddie's eyes froze the laugh to her lips. She was startled, then glad, then serious.

"*Tonight*, Freddie?"

"Yes, tonight."

She gathered the lapels of his coat in her hands. "Think you'll ever be a 'one-woman man,' Freddie?"

"I'll try, Sarah. Think you'll ever be 'weepingly' in love with me?"

"I'll try, dear."

Just that and nothing more.

Fifteen minutes later they were speeding through the down-town district, headed for Tuscaloosa. At Second and Pine they dashed through a red light and a whistle sounded at the corner. Freddie jammed on the brakes and pulled over to the curb. A red-faced cop put a belligerent foot on the running board.

"Doin' a Barney Oldfield right through a red light, huh? Turn around and we'll see what they say about it at headquarters."

Freddie fumbled in his pocket and brought out a card. It was a police pass issued to crime reporters. The cop read it and shrugged his shoulders and climbed off the running board. Coppers always liked to stand in with the boys who covered the criminal courts. Freddie and Sarah drove off toward Tuscaloosa. A second cop came up.

"What's the row, Mack?"

The first cop shrugged his shoulders again.

"Nothing, just a newspaper guy and his dame."

## COAL

*(Continued from page three)*

about it, bad as I wanted to get back at somebody. And after I let it go like that for a while I got less and less mad until I forgot all about it except whenever I saw some good stones for flinging. They didn't remind me much, because I only saw them once and that was all. It was like seeing a woman you used to be in love with and wanting her for a minute until you remembered why it was you left her. It isn't exactly the same, but it's almost."

The bent old man nodded profoundly, not understanding, not caring; this was talk, and talk he craved more than coal. He bent farther forward to ease his haunches until his back appeared a broken segment of some dark forgotten circle, limber-spined as a dog. "Yop," he agreed. "That's so."

"It was all right until I began rooming down here at Bogato's, and I had to pass this coal pile every day. The first time I went by it was just a sort of black mountain, but I began to notice the small loose pieces around the bottom. Right away I began thinking what swell flinging rocks they would make and every day for three years it's been getting worse and worse. Well, not every day; I missed two Fourth-of-July's." He pointed a thin finger at a brick wall across the street. "See those marks on the wall? The last month or so I've been hefting some of these pieces to see how they'd fly, and then I figured if I flung a few I might get the funny notion out of my system. I flung one at that wall every time I passed, about the height of a boy, and I can wing them pretty straight. But that only made it worse. I wanted something running. I wanted to fling one at the kid who pasted me in the head a long time ago. It almost drove me nuts; I couldn't even tend to my job during the day. Well, tonight you saw it. I was just getting ready to fling one at the wall when that kid came along, running just like I wanted, and I feel better now, all quiet. If I had missed I would have gone bats."

Another cigarette appeared pendant from his lips, that time he scratched a match on the seat of his pants, and the yellow flare reflected from his Aqua-Velva'd and leather hued cheeks, immobile even in the flickering light. He inhaled deeply of the sedative fumes.

The curved old man squirmed with unknown irritation at the gap in speech. He knew or he felt he knew, that the talk should not yet have done; so speech of himself was the only alternative.

"But wadja do it for?" he asked, grave of mien and complacent in the conviction that this was the natural, the logical question to ask.

"Huh? What did I do what for?" The thin man was puzzled, and he drew his brows together and down in quick annoyance at his own misunderstanding with the involuntary gesture of a man who has been expostulating in one plane and who has had his discourse broken by a spurious query from a lower level.

"Whyja pop the kid?"

"Oh, my God!"

Resentful silence hung between them until the old man forgot his pout and crossed the street with his low-armed and simian waddle, making tracks in the soft psammitic soot. He seized on the missile piece of coal and came back clutching it in both hands.

"No use bein' wasteful," he explained, depositing it in the wagon. "And say. The kid ain't out. Heard him moanin'."

The thin man, who had been idly devising some mnemonic for dotage, had himself forgotten the old man's absence. "Oh," he said. "That's right. I oughta do something for the kid. He did something for me. Come on."

He crossed the street with the wide strides of a man who knows he has long legs, and the old man waddled ape-like after him, his knobby hands swinging low above the pavement. The thin man, bent to finger lightly the coal-marked bruise on the temple of the boy who groaned, stirring; the man straightened, his hand already in his pocket. It drew out a bill, held it up to the light for the eyes' approval, and crumpled it swiftly into the boy's torn shirt pocket.

The old man's eyes squinted at sight of the money. "Didn'tchou say you had a job? Waddya do?"

"Bush-league ball." His legs were already in motion, of their own conditioned will carrying out the routine of going home. "Keep it under your hat," he threatened mildly. "I'm going home."

As the long dark figure of the thin man blended with the darkness beyond the borderline, the curved old man deftly extracted the bill from the boy's pocket and waddled back across the street to load his wobble-wheeled wagon with selected chunks of coal. And the boy returning from the painless and absolute rest of unconsciousness, raised his throbbing head to curse with savage detachment, "Goddam. Who trew dat? Who trew dat brick?"

# Will China Turn Military?

A STUDENT'S VIEW

*By* KENNETH HSIAO-CHIEN LO

If there is only one force acting the outcome may be precisely predicted, but whether or not China will become further militarized is a question more complicated in nature. From what I can see there are at present at least three forces in action.

The reaction against continued foreign aggression of course spurs the nation on toward Western militarization. These fifty years we have seen foreign exploitation come in various forms. There are those forms which are hidden from the public eye and are seen and felt only by the educated few; there are others that work in broad daylight, often arousing a feverish public sentiment among us. As an example of provocative acts of foreign aggression which come naked and in the most ridiculous ways, there is the frequent staging of bayonet drills, sham battles and other military manoeuvres by the Japanese soldiers on the thoroughfares of some of the largest cities, such as Peiping, Tientsin and Shanghai. At the same time the plains of Manchuria lie bloody under the iron heels of the same Japanese militarists operating in earnest. We are bound by treaties to allow our foes to rehearse on our own soil so that they can perfect their steps and be assured that when the time comes for the actual performance it will be a success. How would the Englishman feel if the army of his enemy nation should stage a sham battle right in Piccaddily Circus or make a charge around the Hyde Park Corner? What would the New York pedestrians think if they should see soldiers of some other nation brandishing their bayonets on Fifth Avenue? It is toward intolerable acts of this kind that the average Chinese people have borne their anti-foreign feelings and their national consciousness.

Pulling at the other end of the rope are the warlords all over the country. Their fear that the military power of the nation will fall into the hands of the people as a whole and their efforts to prevent this make further extensive militarization by the Central Government extremely difficult. Under these military heads China has already two million mercenaries. The revenues of the entire nation can hardly upkeep an army of such a prodigious size. In such a situation the disbanding of soldiers seems to be a much better subject to discuss than the militarization of the nation.

The indifference of the mass of the people and the lack of leadership for their guidance form another powerful force pulling against militarization. Foreign aggressions arouse only the townsfolks and those who are directly affected; to those teeming millions that compose the rural mass, national disasters of the greatest magnitude decrease in importance in proportion to the extent of their understanding and concern. In fact many happenings which we consider paramount disasters are really matters that least concern them, for a Chinese peasant is thoroughly contented if he can only reap what he has sown. Moreover, the local and Central Governments do very little to represent the interest of the agriculturalists. As no people can care for their nation before they feel that the government is theirs, how can one expect the common people of our country to respond to the high-sounding calls of the few nationalistic propagandists? However, the very narrow view of the common people suggests the possibility of directing it into useful and co-operative channels.

Coming back to our subject, if the Chinese people are not in the near future fortunate enough to enjoy a strong and stabilized government, representing and supported by the whole nation, there is little prospect for this country to be so universally militarized as France and pre-war Germany. On the other hand, should democracy be more thoroughly realized in China, the lessons which she has learned in her precarious situation of the past half a century, and the high tension of the present world will beyond doubt put a rifle into the hands of every able-bodied Chinese.

When Japan first unsheathed her sword to occupy Mukden on the night of September 18, 1931, public sentiment in China was roused to white heat. Four months later it was raised to a higher pitch when Japan extended her military operations all over the Three Eastern Provinces and made the ruthless assault on Shanghai, inflicting enormous damage to the "Paris of the Orient." Since then most Chinese have come to see that at such a critical moment, when our nation with all her culture is threatened with the danger of being washed forever as a nation, from the surface of the earth, it is no longer possible for us to continue in our same old quiet and orderly life Students have taken the lead by militarizing themselves, making military science and training a compulsory course in many high schools and colleges Women and girls have taken to first aid and medical training, anxious to do their bit behind the battle front In certain areas, laborers and peasants have organized themselves into volunteer corps All these, in addition to increasing government forces, are signs of a further militarization of the Chinese people. Thus, in spite of the forces against it, the process of militarizing the whole country is begun. For what else can we do at this moment to check our neighbor's repeated advances?

But even if we are driven to this last resort, I have one faith in my motherland. That is that the Powers which force China to become military-minded will never make her a mad-dog that threatens international peace. The peaceful nature of the greater portion of our countrymen and the Three People's Principles that prevail and take root so deeply in the minds of every intellectual will guide China along a more sensible path.

## Sea Breath

*By* BLAIR WOODS

*The mist is rolling in 'ard,*
*And it's got a salt sea smell*
*Of the surf, and the cape to the lee'ard,*
*And the breeze, and the luff to the win'ard,*
*And the long grey swell.*

*And there's a slow, dull rain in the offing,*
*And the low dead sky;*
*And the swift cutting, bare poled crossing,*
*And the grey-black, deepening evening,*
*With the wind's cold sigh.*

# These are the Days of My Youth

*By* EDITH HARBOUR

An article in the March issue of *The American Mercury* contained a sentence which crystallized thoughts I have been thinking for several years: ". . . convince some of our noble working-their-way-through-college students that it is better to be a well-fed hobo than a starveling little scholar."

I know a student here, one of many no doubt, who in addition to carrying four courses is "working his way through college." Much of his work is dishwashing, drudgery at best, and certainly no fit task for a hypersensitive man who, had he time, could write this much better than I. He averages three or four hours sleep a night. After he had admitted that the work was objectionable I asked him why he did it. "Because it's the only way I can get enough money to stay here," he answered.

"And what are you getting out of college?" I wanted to know.

"I'm flunking three education courses," was his answer.

He was taking those courses, he admitted, because he had to have them to meet the certification requirements. "I've got to stay in college," he said, "because I've got to earn my living when I get out."

I was thinking of Larry who without getting a degree in the school of commerce had left this same university several years ago. "Hell, no," he had responded to parental petitions that perhaps he could remain in college if he were willing to earn a part of his expenses, "if I have to work I'll work all the time." Since then he has worked at filling stations in Manhattan, repaired electric refrigerators along the West Coast of Florida and swum in the Gulf, manipulated a grease-gun at an aviation field in the Chesapeake Bay region, carpentered on Long Island, and driven dairy trucks in upstate New York. Recently he wrote: "I feel like a selfish brute to have had so much fun out of the depression when you've gone your well-ordered way, finished college, got a steady job and settled down. I'm a bit spoiled I guess, but I like life to be as uncertain as young love. I'll never amount to anything. I'll never have security enough to marry. But I've had a whale of a good time these last three years—I'd like to tell you a book. Next week I may not have a job. Just now I'm tinkering on cars at a garage in the Bronx."

"I don't think you understand what staying in college means to me," the self-help student continued.

I understood only too well the dead seriousness of nineteen or twenty bent on Getting an Education (i.e., a college degree). I was thinking of those dear, dead days not beyond recall:

Walking back and forth on marble floors . . . five hours a day . . . books and more books . . . the library reserve room of the third largest women's college in the country . . . primarily a teacher-training institution . . . education students with their mimeographed syllabuses . . . turning out fourteen hundred teachers each year (half of last year's crop still unemployed; half of those who got jobs teaching in six-months schools at $90 per month—four years and several thousand dollars spent in training for that) . . . two hundred commercials and those students who refuse to meet the

demands of the school of education just don't count except to boost the college's enrollment up to nearly eighteen hundred . . . mass production . . . rush hour in the reserve room . . . education books in demand . . . dull, stupid-looking students . . . learning by rote . . . blindly playing follow the leader . . . the first bell . . . eight o'clock classes are over . . . a nine o'clock class to catch . . . sit on the back row and sleep behind the tall girl . . . straight classes until chapel period at noon . . . chapel attendance required . . . hastily snatched cinnamon buns and hot chocolate at the Wop Shop . . . reserve room work all afternoon . . . three classes today . . . three tomorrow . . . six three-hour courses a semester with required gym classes ruining two afternoons . . . the non-cut system applied to all classes . . . in the evening addressing envelopes in a Dean's office . . . hundreds tonight . . . thousands each week . . . hundreds of thousands of envelopes . . . weary hours of typing—how many such can I stand? . . . and yet the task rarely grows monotonous . . . names and addresses are such funny things . . . the warning bell . . . thank God I'm not a dormitory-dweller . . . lights out there at ten-thirty . . . silly rules and regulations made for those too weak to break them . . . invisible prison bars . . . weeks, months, three years of shoving out education books to would-be teachers and addressing envelopes for form letters designed for wastebaskets . . . the utter idiocy of working through a flu epidemic with a temperature of 102 . . . the life that almost dies in me, that dies not but endures in pain . . .

Yesterday I saw a new doctor who confirms what all the others have told me. What of it?

*These are the days of my youth, my days of glory and honor.*
*All the rest is a dream of death and a doubtful thing.*
*Here I at least have lived . . .*

## Birds Desire

By JIMMIE WADSWORTH

*In crimson pomp the sun has set,*
*The grass with icy tears is wet,*
*And shadows overcast the sky,*
*O summer, hear my lonesome cry,*
*Come quickly, come lest I be gone,*
*Before the golden-sandaled dawn.*

*In azure splendor comes the day,*
*The sun melts all the tears away,*
*While shadows disappear from view,*
*And leave there just a sky of blue,*
*I see it all and breathe the air*
*Of summertime while soaring here.*

## The Waiting Room

By MILTON STOLL

I was sitting in the richly furnished waiting room of the Neurological Institute in New York. Attendants padded by, creating no sound. Outside it rained—a heavy rain, a dreary rain, futile, purposeless. I was thankful that I was sheltered so well from its furies. I slid lower in the capacious arms of the fauteuil and reveled in this creature comfort. The day had been hot, suffocatingly so, and this wild thunderstorm had come to relieve the heat. Out on the gray bleakness of the Hudson, unrelieved by any color save the dark brown of the opposite Palisades, a miserable little river yacht moved slowly. The gray Hudson, rimmed by the cliffs, lent a prison air to the room where I was sitting.

The thunder rolled and the rain increased in violence. How comfortable this is, I thought. I relaxed and felt the drowsiness I had experienced when I had first ridden in the ghost-like automatic elevator reassert itself. Through another window—and despite all the windows the waiting room was as gray as a weathered tombstone and as luxuriously restful as, no doubt, the narrow confines of the grave were to the eternal sleeper. I could see the endless rows of windows of the Presbyterian Hospital. I thought of the building over my head. Wealthy society taking care of its unfortunates; the cloistered room to hide what company should not look upon; civilization's cast-offs . . .

The sibilant hiss of people striving to speak in whispers came to my ears. I saw a girl, closely followed by a boy, glide into the room and take seats directly opposite me on the red mohair divan. They spoke together quite earnestly and appeared oblivious to my presence. The girl was nearest to the gray light filtering in from the window which lit up one side of her pale, thin face and left the other side in shadow.

"Are you glad that you came?" asked the girl.

The boy looked at her, and although his face a vague blur in the shadow, I could tell that there was terror in his eyes. "Yes. But aren't you afraid? Aren't you afraid they might get angry and—" His voice trailed off, leaving an impression of untold horrors in his unfinished sentence.

The girl sighed and took one of his hands in hers and gave it a reassuring pat. This time she looked up and saw me. No flicker of intelligence crossed her face, and this time I noticed that her lips appeared bloodless, her skin drawn tightly over her cheek bones, and her eyes a colorless blue. Her entire appearance struck me as colorless—she seemed drained of vitality.

"Papa says," continued the girl, "that the doctors will make us all right soon."

The boy got up and walked slowly toward the window. His features were exactly like the girl's—the pallid skin, the straight line of bloodless lips. Only his eyes were sunken deeply in his head and were rimmed with black rings.

"But I don't want to get well; I don't want to. I don't want to do anything." He paused, as though these few words had strained his strength, and he sat down alongside his sister.

I was at a loss. Was I intruding in a private conversation between two ghosts? Was I in the wrong room? Who were these people?

"Will you bring me a glass of water, please? Will you bring me a glass of water, please?" The girl had to raise her voice to the ordinary conversational level, equivalent to a shout in this building, before I realized that she was talking to me.

Mechanically I got up and entered the corridor. Down the carpetted corridor, flanked on both sides by numbered rooms, was the water cooler in a niche in the wall. Still mechanically I filled the paper cup and returned to the waiting room. This time the boy was bent over, his pale yellow hair in his hands and weeping softly. Mystified, I handed the cup to the girl. In taking it from me her long fingers touched mine and I could feel her icy fingers with the abnormally long nails graze my hand. I suppressed a shiver and said:

"Is there anything I can do?"

The boy looked up, and although I had heard him weeping just a little while ago, there were no tear streaks on his face. I was beginning to notice little things in the room, and each time I became aware of something new, the bizarreness of the situation struck me with ever increasing blows.

The girl sipped the water slowly. One hand slipped around the boy's shoulder and held him in a tight embrace as though to shield him from passing strangers. I was taken aback. What should I do? My friend, Dr. Ellsberg, had asked me to wait an hour for him while he visited a patient. Then we were both to go down town to have dinner and to take in a show. Now I was in a room with—what?

The boy started speaking. "I didn't like that show. Always bothering us. They think they can make us well by taking us to shows, to the mountains, to the sea shore. I didn't like Cannes. And we had to stay there for so long." He was weeping—dry, breast-shaking tears. The girl held him closer. "But did I want to go to that theatre! And then they make us stay here." He kicked the chair in front of him. "Won't they let us alone! They think they can cure us."

"Come now, come now." The girl said. She was crying too.

I started for the corridor, my brain in a turmoil. I had only taken two steps when the girl shrieked, "Stay! Stay!" So frantic was her cry that I whirled around. The boy jumped up and ran toward me, flinging his long arms about my neck.

"Please stay," he pleaded. "Please stay."

I flung his bony arms off, took a step back, and said, "Yes, yes, well. What?" I didn't know what to do. I stood there and gaped. The queerness of the situation, the general atmosphere of the place, the subtle odor of chloroform, of carbolic acid, of lavender, had all combined to create something eerie, something uncanny. I felt nauseous.

Nervously I touched my face and swallowed painfully. When I looked at the ghostly couple, the boy's lips had drawn back revealing discolored teeth, and the girl was smiling idiotically. I repeated my question. "Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

"Yes," shouted the girl; "tell them all to go to Hell!" She took a step forward and screamed. This was all I could stand. I feared at every moment that my sanity would go. With the last blood-curdling notes of that subnormal scream ringing in my ear I ran as quickly as I could out of that room. The elevator was not fast enough for me. I took three steps at a time jumping down the service staircase. Running from the stairway to the front exit I had to pass the telephone desk. Two nurses, dressed in crisp white linen, were in the center of a frantic group, among whom I noticed a middle-aged woman of obvious wealth speaking loudly to the telephone girl. I heard her say as I dashed through the door: "Oh, do call up all the floor nurses and get them to look in all the waiting rooms for those poor children."

I rushed out into the rain and ran. Water trickled down my face and soaked me to the skin, but I didn't care. I actually welcomed this cooling rain to the fevered atmosphere of the mysterious waiting room back in the hospital.

## PETER DROMGOOLE AGAIN

*(Continued from page one)*

out of the vale below. All through the months of spring, Dromgoole and his sweetheart lived in the sunshine of love's young dream.

Meanwhile, jealousy was turning to hatred in the breast of one of the rejected suitors. The mood of this young man grew steadily blacker, until it needed only the excuse of a fancied insult from Dromgoole to cause him to flare up and demand satisfaction on the field of honor. Dromgoole readily accepted, and plans were immediately made for the fighting of a pistol duel. Seconds were named, a case of Derringers was obtained, the clearing at Piney Prospect was chosen as the scene of combat, and the time was set at midnight of the full moon. All this was done with the utmost secrecy, as discovery would have meant expulsion from the University.

On the appointed night the four students walked out to Piney Prospect together. One of the seconds stepped off the distance, the duelists were posted, the signal to fire was given. Either the challenger was quicker, or Dromgoole's aim was bad, for with his adversary unscathed, the Virginian received a ball squarely in the chest.

The immediately-penitent trio did what they could to stanch the flow of blood and ease the vanquished of his pain, but the poor fellow was beyond human aid. Realizing that his end was near, he sought to absolve his slayer of blame, gasped a few words about his mother, his sweetheart, and said that it was hard to die when life and hopes were young. He soon expired, and with great trepidation the three decided to bury him on the spot and keep his death forever a secret. As soon as one of them had made a trip to the village for digging tools, a grave was hollowed out beneath the stone, Dromgoole was buried, and all traces of the night's work were obliterated.

To complete the melodramatic tragedy, the story goes on to say that Dromgoole's sweetheart was dismayed at his subsequent unexplained absence, that she went each day to wait for him at their old meeting places, and that in a few months she was wasted to a shadow; so that when the story of her lover's death finally became known, she quietly passed away, murmuring, "I must go to him; he is sad alone."

Besides figuring in the plots of two novels written in North Carolina, Fuller's *Sea Gift* and John W. Moore's *The Heirs of St. Kilda*, this tale has been the subject of many articles appearing since 1833 in the University's publications and in daily papers in the South. Most of these, attempting either to conform or refute the legend as it is told in Chapel Hill, seek to offer an explanation of what actually became of Dromgoole.

One of the most succinct of these discussions was written for the CAROLINA MAGAZINE by Kemp Plummer Battle, president of the University from 1876 to 1890. Dr. Battle speaks of Dromgoole as being a member of a well-known Virginia family, and states that when rumors of the fatal encounter went out, an uncle of the boy came to Chapel Hill, spent a fortnight in investigation, discovered no traces of a dead body or a fresh grave in the surrounding woods, and went home believing that there had been no duel. A letter of the Virginian's roommate at the University is quoted as saying that Dromgoole was a silent, moody youth, inclined to wildness, and that he had few associates. "It is my opinion," concludes Dr. Battle, "that Dromgoole, as did many wild spirits in those days, went southwards, and died, or was killed by one of the bloodthirsty robbers or gamblers who infested the Mississippi Valley."

Bruce Cotton, a kinsman of the Dromgoole family, gives us another viewpoint of the mystery. In an excellent article in the November, 1924 CAROLINA MAGAZINE, Mr. Cotton says that when he entered the University of North Carolina in 1891 he was almost immediately taken to Piney Prospect by his friends, and that the story of the duel and burial were told to him.

"Now, this story," writes Mr. Cotton, "was not new to me. My mother is directly descended from the grandfather of Peter Dromgoole, knew the later generations of Dromgoole well, and I had heard her relate how Peter disappeared from college and the story of the duel.

"As a boy it interested me deeply as a family mystery, and I often fancied Cousin Peter still alive somewhere, and I pictured his return some day with riches and gifts for the children—brimming with fascinating tales of mysterious life and things far away.

"Recently I became curious to know something about my Dromgoole ancestors and, among other steps taken to accomplish this object, I visited the old Dromgoole homestead in Brunswick County, Virginia. The old house, built in 1790, is still standing, and there I found a large accumulation of family papers, dating from 1775, which I secured and brought away with me."

Among these documents Mr. Cotton discovered several letters sent home by Peter Dromgoole while he was at the University of North Carolina during January, February, March, and April, 1833; and from their tone and content, one may, without reading between the lines, gather that Dromgoole's unsatisfactory school record had caused a break between his father and him. The last one, mailed immediately preceding Dromgoole's disappearance, is a respectful and well-written farewell epistle in which the boy tells his father that he is about to leave Chapel Hill, and that the folks at home will never see him again. Here is its closing paragraph:

"Let me entreat you my dear parents to be reconciled, for I have taken the old maxim that all things happen for the best. Let me ask you to keep this script as the thanks of an undutiful son who has disregarded the precepts which have been so often reiterated in his ears. Should I arrive at my destined point, I expect to write to you all. So farewell and may the mercy of God protect you, be with you, and comfort you forever, and I hope that you will pray for me.

"Your affectionate but undutiful son,

Peter P. Dromgoole."

With these words, the eighteen-year-old boy steps into an oblivion that has not ended with the century.

It would seem that with this the Dromgoole family would have had enough of Chapel Hill, especially since one of Peter's uncles, the very one who came to investigate the story of the duel, had, some years previously, been expelled from the University. Evidently, however, the hoodoo word of jinx was not in the Dromgoole vocabulary, for in 1841 Peter's younger brother matriculated at North Carolina, while there distinguished himself as a student and a debater, and graduated with honors in 1845. But this young man ended the family's story at the University. He was very nearly the last of the Dromgooles, for with the death of his two childless sons the name became extinct.

Today, as one stands beside Dromgoole Rock and looks past the castle out over the lonely, wooded slopes that go down to the equally lonely and wooded plain, he cannot but wonder whether the bones of the duelist lie somewhere near at hand. Or, if the boy left the University alive, why did he never write? There were letters from friends who had heard rumors of his whereabouts, and letters from strangers who claimed to have talked with him, but not one word from Peter Dromgoole. So his mystery reaches its one hundredth anniversary unsolved, and his legend continues to be a part of that wistful charm that broods forever over the ancient little college town of Chapel Hill.

## ON THE LAP OF THE GODS

*(Continued from page one)*

touch the average folk-play for theatrical integrity.

An outsider, coming into our midst with a certain amount of good critical judgment, is likely to be highly impressed with the quality of these original plays. If he happens to be cosmopolitan in his outlook, he will probably like the folk-play best of all. He will in all probability be just a bit fed up on the silken, soft and most uncertain playwriting of the Barry school, and possibly somewhat bored with the guts-and-sex species of drama. He will rejoice at the honest solidity of the iron stove and wooden safe which are the inevitable background of our snuff-spitting, gun-toting folk tragedies. And he will get a huge æsthetic kick from the crudity of dramatic structure, which so admirably befits the life it represents.

Some native North Carolinians resent the folk-play because this crudity makes them self-conscious. They would have our young Shakespeares grow Shavian beards, or develop Kaufmanian smirks. They fail to see the virtues of the folk-play—its freshness, its splendid simplicity, its clarity of character. Others dislike the folk-play because it is usually drab and dismal, and with them I sympathize. A sense of dramatic humor on the part of our young folk-dramatists would save the day. If they could only grasp the gusto of native humor, the healthful smack of provincial jocularity, they would soon realize the richness of natural comedy. They could do for our provincial birthright what the Irish comedic writers have done for theirs.

Untold dramatic possibilities lie in the lives of our negroes, but again, our writers are too young to be expected to fathom the depths of a culture almost as primitive and pantheistic as it was in Africa. Perhaps it will have to wait for a negro dramatist, now that Paul Green has moved to Hollywood.

We can't hope to develop great plays. But no other place offers so free an opportunity to beginning playwrights as we do. Here anyone with a sincere desire can make a try at the ancient and difficult art of writing a play. Sooner or later these young men and women will begin to understand a few of the verities which remain the same in the volatile and changeable world of the theatre, and that is no small step to take. We can start the talented ones on a long and interesting journey. We can broaden the understanding and heighten the discrimination of the untalented ones. The rest is on the lap of the gods.

Yours ever,

HARRY.

MAY 1 - 1933


# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

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## *The Wanderer Stops at Chapel Hill*

*By* John F. Alexander

As the attitude of the Jew everywhere that of the Jewish student at the University is variably depending on the individual and the conditions that surround and influence him. There is a wide divergence in the manner and degree of reaction to the atmosphere of Chapel Hill which makes any observations on this rather delicate subject, of necessity, general and open to difference of opinion.

To begin with there lies latent or active in every Jew the consciousness of a difference that sets him apart from his fellow. He is denied certain opportunities and privileges for no other reasons than those of race and religion. He may be indistinguishable from the Anglo-Saxon, possessed of high courtesy, standards, and breeding. But he is a Jew and *ipso facto* set apart. This may or may not be justifiiable but it is the most vital factor in the relation of the Jew to the campus. It means that every intelligent Jew is perforce permanently conscious of a barrier between him and his fellow students.

It is not the purpose of this article to decry this race consciousness bred of century old hates, persecutions, and misunderstandings. The lament of the Jew has been too long wailed into Gentile ears which are growing tired of his complaints. It is the purpose of this article to evaluate dispassionately and unemotionally the relation existing between the two groups on this campus.

In such an evaluation there is one phenomena which has been of sufficient importance in shaping the present condition as to merit particular attention. The last few years have seen an influx in considerable numbers of Jewish students from the north. Many of these men reared in homes steeped in old world customs and mannerisms possess characteristics that to the North Carolinian are strange and often repugnant. To these add the traits that the southerner dislikes in the Yankee and one has a combination that is a difficult thing with which to deal. A re-birth of dislike for the Jew engendered by the immigration from the north has aroused also the bitter resentment of the southern Jew whose fast improving status on the campus received a real and lasting injury from the new flare up of anti-Semitic sentiment.

Regarding first the field of education one finds that the Jewish student on the whole probably excells. This advantage has been born of the unusual difficulty that confronts the Jew in his struggle to satisfy the more stringent exactments made upon him. Then too a large percentage of the Jewish student body come here from the rather better high schools of the north and coming here because of low tuition are often receiving a college education attended by great sacrifice on the part of

*(Continued on page six)*

One April Evening

## *Our Leading Voices*

*By* Bradford White

A new edition of Harriet Monroe's *Anthrology* has prompted the critics to ask if American poetry is getting anywhere. For the output since the death of William Vaughan Moody we have formed many names. It has been variously called The New Poetry, The New Movement, The Poetry of Today, The Poetry of Revolt—all of which implies that we have a product different from any which preceded it. Editors, such as Miss Monroe, have long looked askance at "thees" and "thous," at tresses for hair, orb for eye, and limb for leg; and verse which employs these terms does not get into their magazines. The critics however will not be put off by a show of new clothes. They insist that many of our major poets are Romanticists, differing only in degree from Wordsworth and Keats, that the new poetry is not new in ideas but has only discarded the poetical language of the nineteenth century. Especially hard on the moderns is Mr. Leonard Brown. As he makes his case we see Benet, Lindsay, Robinson, Sandburg, Masters, Jeffers, and Millay go by the boards because philosophically they are only carrying forward an old tradition and "cannot speak for our times." As the comparison between Wordsworth and the moderns continues we confess that we see the similarity of the outlook on nature, the same preoccupation with the individual and the belief that in a purposeful universe the individual may forget his own frustration in service to his fellowman. Even those, Mr. Brown intimates, who appear most disillusioned, give their utterance a melodramatic, unrealistic tinge. To them there is still something heroic in man's stand against an unreasonable universe. This is romanticism. Yet after discarding our bestsellers, Benet, Robinson, Masters, and Millay, we find three poets who the

*(Continued on page seven)*

## *Lady Novelists and England*

*By* Nelson Lansdale

Once you stop to consider it, there is a remarkably large number of English ladies of good birth and breeding, not to mention considerable literary talent, who are wasting their time writing typical English novels. I am assuming that ladies of the intelligence and literary ability of Victoria Sackville-West, Rosamond Lehmann, Sylvia Thompson, Margret Kennedy and Shelia Kaye-Smith are possessed with a desire to write important, and not typical, modern novels. I do not think all of them are capable of it, and certainly none of them have.

They have a formula from which it is a breach of literary etiquette to depart. It is as follows: a houseparty at which the daring Lady Jasmin Juniper causes trouble; a literary evening in London, with caustic comments on the English intelligentsia there assembled; two conservative Englishmen who read the *Times* at breakfast; at least one annoyingly perfect butler; an innocent and deplorably healthy English country girl of good family; a young radical, intellectual, or poet; an American, preferably male and wealthy; and an astonishing number of young English people who play tennis and cricket continually in unreasonaoly clean white flannels.

To the conditions named, as background, and with the characters indicated as atmosphere, they add several exotic or highly individual characters, and produce what is all too frequently hailed as one of the most important modern novels in recent years.

They are not important modern novels, because they have no interpretation beyond their own immediate environment. A standard reason is found for the characters not behaving like ordinary human beings—they are tempermental, artistic, thwarted in love or tired of it all.

In reproducing the background of the *Forsyte, Saga* they are imitating the late Mr. Galsworthy, but what they forget is that in the *Saga* and the *Comedy* Galsworthy has given us a picture of England today and a social history of England for the past hundred years or more through the eyes of Soames Forsyte, who is nothing if he is not typical of the average, well-educated Englishman.

They give us Soames Forsyte reading the *Times* for atmosphere, and proceed to warp the history of England from the time of the Conquest by letting it be seen through the superficial eyes of the lovely Lady Jasmins and the dashing Herbert Pendletons.

Lady Jasmin and Herbert Pendleton are delightful enough to read about, but as for importance in fiction, any of the characters from P. G. Woodehouse are their equals. Lady Jasmin and Herbert Pendleton are to American readers what the characters in the plays of Phillip Barry are to American play-goers—delightfully wealthy people who do

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# The Carolina Magazine

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SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1933


## EXPERIMENTAL PLAYS

*By* ROBERT W. BARNETT

We find arising the question of what purpose the experimental play serves—exactly what is the purpose of these programs. It is the rare Experimental Play which rises above experimentalism even in the process of its own action. Lines are garbled, entrances and exits mis-timed, and whole pages of development casually overlooked. Authors sit backstage in agonized tension. Actors and actresses go through their parts perfunctorily, many times waving their scrips before them. Prompters shout their assistance and actors misunderstand them. Audiences sit squirming in embarrassment, too *sympathetic* to be able to react normally. In the welcome moment of darkness after the curtain has fallen the scattered audience claps desultorily to relieve their taut anxiety.

This is all too bad because it shows that there has not been any effort to evaluate these Experimental Plays for what they really are. Every writer is aware of the discrepancy between his *idea* and his written word. With the playwright there is always the possible further discrepancy of written word to the spoken and acted word.

No play can be judged out of hand as a "good play" before it has been produced. Plays difficult to read become powerful on the boards. Other plays that provide entertainment on the printed page appear sticky, verbose under the proscenium. Illustrating this point: the writer once objected strenuously to O'Neil's beginning lines in "Desire Under the Elms" only to find that his professor having seen the play, considered them among O'Neils most beautifully conceived. The play should be written for the stage. It is not enough that the idea be adequately presented. It is not enough that lines be grammatical or musical. There must be a rationalization of the idea with the mechanics of the stage.

If the Experimental Production accomplishes no more than quickening the sense of the playwright to the possibilities and limitations of the actual stage, it has done enough. Audiences have become accustomed to expect more than they should. To them the stage presentation of a play presupposes a certain confidence in the artistic worth of his product on the part of the writer. Whereas nothing is really further from the truth. The average playwright is more than ready to admit that his work is probably adolescent, shaggy, and roughly patterned. He is producing his work to see why it is as bad as it is. And audiences are inclined to show the bad taste of chiming in with the authors and reemphasizing the existence of mediocrities and deficiencies which no one but a gurgling idiot could fail to overlook. There is a real need for "creative criticism," an attitude of mind which will help the playwright to find his forte and exploit it, to capitalize upon the small and precious portions of genius he may claim.

## Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

Stick your head into a lion's mouth and write a book about it—that's what Clyde Beatty did. Only he lived to tell of it. The famous animal trainer gives the low-down on such pets as lions, tigers, and wild boars in *The Big Cage* which is a three-ring circus for thrills and surprises. Besides a careful description of the technique of training a lion to eat off your hand and the recounting of several close shaves from death, Beatty states animal-training is mostly a matter of bluff, that a lion would very likely chew up a tiger in a pitched battle, and that the black leopard is the hardest beast to train.

* * *

Biography, after a hiatus in popularity, is back with much of its former vigor. Marquis James, Pulitzer Prize winner of a few years back, has just offered up another portrait of Andrew Jackson in *The Border Captain*. He pictures the strong-arm president of the last century as the supreme expression of American individualism, yet he introduces a new concept of Jackson as a true aristocrat.

Aristocracy also figures in Stefan Zweig's *Marie Antoinette*. In studying the thoughtless pleasure-loving queen, the German biographer concludes that she represents the last symbol of the born aristocrat who placed honor to her caste above all else.

* * *

The gentleman in the White House and the gentleman out of the same domicile have gone for writing in a big way. F. D. has jumped to the best-seller class with *Looking Forward* which would give an intimate description of the much-discussed "New Deal." On the other hand, President-deject Hoover plans to publish a number of speeches delivered in private before the National Press Club under the inviting title, *Hoover After Dinner*. .

* * *

Evelyn Scott, whom many critics would rush forward to defend as the most significant woman novelist of the time, completes her epic trilogy of American life with the novel *Eva Gay*. Her latest voluminous work is a thorough survey of national culture under the influence of foreign ideas and methods. The complete social structure of America from 1914 to date is interpreted in terms of a Kentucky girl and the two men she loved.

* * *

*Number Thirty-Six* is Gerald Johnson's personal account of village life in South Carolina. Formerly connected with this University, and now on the Baltimore *Sun*, he analyzes in complete fashion the struggle between agrarian and industrial interests in the South. Number Thirty-Six is the express train which thunders through the little town as its main excitement until labor troubles, similar to the Gastonia episode, disturb the calm.

* * *

Among other things, the U.S.S.R. is the world's largest publishing house. In an article in the London *Bookman*, Sidney Webb, pioneer Socialist, writes of the amazing magnitude of the Soviet publishing activities. The government which is the sole publisher in the country, brings out some 50,000 new books a year numbering 9,000,000 copies and printed in fifty different languages. With these books and countless pamphlets, magazines, circulars, etc., the Soviets report excellent business.

Webb also retails an interesting side-light on Stalin, who follows the publishing with keen interest. Commenting on the dramatic criticism of young writers, the Iron Man remarked, "Your Communism may be all right—but your drama is rotten—read your Shakespeare."

## EDITORIAL NOTES

John F. Alexander, who has written The Wanderer Stops at Chapel Hill, does not make the claim of objectivity in his treatment of his subject. Alexander is a member of a Jewish fraternity, is from New York City, but is rooted by family connections to the south. Alexander's article is simply a personal expression of a personal point of view. Whether his point of view may be regarded as representative cannot, of course, be arbitrarily determined.

* * *

Two woodcuts appear in this issue of the Carolina Magazine. The Magazine takes this opportunity to acknowledge the intelligent and energetic cooperation of Jack Dendy adding a new note of color and originality to the appearance of its pages.

* * *

It is customary for retiring editors to tearfully wave a handkerchief already soaked in brine to their readers. What this touching procedure signifies is questionable. Could it be the reaction after a year of emotional tension? Could it be the sudden realization that the pay checks won't be handed to them any longer? Could it be that they become acutely aware of their less than satisfactory careers?

This editor retires with a deep sense of personal satisfaction drawn from a year of intimate and pleasant companionship with a small group of serious and moderately gifted young writers. But he retires, at once, with an equally deep sense of professional dissatisfaction. The Magazine has become progressively more respectable. The respectability has come accompanied with the penalty of frequent banality in its contents. The Magazine has attempted to find a balance and variety in the literary diet it offers its readers. The Magazine has wanted to offer pleasant writing as well as thought-provoking writing, it has wanted to draw from the rich resources of local interest as well as the illimitable field of fancy and imagination. The Magazine has tried to emphasize equally the importance of style and substance. Of these aims we cannot now determine how successful we have been in their fulfillment. We can only say that we have fallen far short of our hopes.

If the Magazine can keep a certain continuity in their effort and enthusiasm the University of North Carolina may expect sometime to have an interesting and significant student publication.

# Three Immoral Daughters and . . .

*By* VERNON WARD

Mr. Jake wrapped his arms round his belly and lifted it up off his legs; he jostled it up and down two or three times and belched with satisfaction. He leaned far back into his pillowed chair, turned his eyes toward the green ceiling, stretched his legs far apart, and let his feet fall heavily upon the gray floor. He lifted his hand slowly to his face for the joint purpose of driving a fly from his cheek and of wiping the sweat from the top of his head. A cackling automobile made him lower his eyelid so that he saw his nose looming like a rocky mountain before his eyes. But a jelly-like mound of fat jostling along the sidewalk made him lift his head ever so imperceptibly. He watched that jostling fat. He pretended to have his eyes closed. They *were* nearly closed.

It was Linnabel. He had seen her many times walk by his house. He had seen her as a little girl run unknowingly by on the way to school. He had seen her as a slim woman strut before his eyes. He saw her now, a great mass of fluttering buff flesh under a flimsy dress, white beside her 'high-yaller' skin. She was there before his eyes, walking by, and now it was not unknowingly. She was big Linnabel, in a big dress, under a big hat, with a big smile on her face; and at her feet ran a dirty little poodle. Mr. Jake saw Linnabel's great buttocks pass out of sight down the street.

But Mr. Jake could not forget. He thought of black Aunt Mary and the little shack under the silver-needled pines. He thought of himself as a strapping youth running about on his father's farm. He thought of that day when he went to the shack and to Aunt Mary, as his brothers had done, and as his brothers had told him to do. Aunt Mary had smiled a thin smile, had told him to come back at night. And that night, in the bed with Aunt Mary and her bed full of babies, white and black, the young Jake, Aunt Mary . . . Linnabel.

Mr. Jake did not have to jostle his belly now; for his belly jostled for him, and a thick-lipped smile wrinkled his red face. He heard Fanny. He heard her ask, "What you shakin' for now?" So he turned his head still farther back and smiled again, this time into the pleasant face of his juicy wife. "I don't know," he mouthed, and his lips did not move. "Well, I brought you the paper," and she walked lazily back into the house.

So Mr. Jake covered his face with the paper, and he thought of the young Jake and the big-framed skinny Fanny . . . Aunt Mary . . . Linnabel. No. His wedding night. He liked to think he had got Hattie and Gertie his wedding night; for he liked his wedding night best of all, and he liked to think it was such excessive pleasure that had got him twins.

Annie had come later, when Fanny was fat; so Annie had been a big baby and had grown into a big girl. And he had never cared much about Annie, though Annie was the only one who didn't know about Linnabel and had always seemed to think more of him than Hattie or Gertie. He loved Annie well enough though, at that.

Mr. Jake heard Dink's Oakland drive up before the house. But he didn't bother to take the paper from off his face; for he could see out from under it; and Dink and Hattie, and Louis and Gertie would not know that he saw. He enjoyed seeing his beautiful daughters wrapped up in their fellows' arms in the brightness of the mid-afternoon, before the world, unashamed and happy. He had many times pictured the couples together at night, parked beneath the trees. The thought made his belly jostle, and he liked for his belly to jostle.

Of course, there was the time that he got out of bed and made the boys go home at ten o'clock. But then the fellows had got the car, and they had taken to coming home after ten; so, rather than to have any trouble, he had got Fanny to tell the girls all about how to keep from having babies and that sort of thing, and let 'em go. Dink and Louis were strong, healthy fellows anyway and didn't have enough money to get married. Of course, the town didn't think much of him and his daughters, but he didn't care, and they didn't either.

Mr. Jake felt Annie sitting on his soft legs. He laughed as she rubbed his belly. He was glad she lifted up the paper to kiss his unshaven face. So there was a fellow who wanted to take her to the dance, the doctor's son. Well, the doctor's son ought to have sense enough to know. And so Mr. Jake got another kiss, and his belly jostled as he thought Annie was going to be like the other two. He thought he liked Annie a little better now that she was going the way of the others. Three immoral daughters. Three immoral daughters, and . .

Mr. Jake saw a jelly-like mound of fat jostling along the sidewalk. He saw big Linnabel and her little poodle. He heard Dink and Hattie, Louis and Gertie, laughing. He saw Linnabel's great buttocks pass out of sight down the street. His belly jostled. Mr. Jake saw a yellow leaf fall from off the maple. 'Well,' he thought, 'it's almost fall.'

# Willow Weep for Me

*By* CARL G. THOMPSON, JR.

Black, thick, ominous clouds moved sluggishly, low over the distant hills looming high above the gray waters of the lake whose smooth surface rose and fell slightly as if guided by an unseen magnet. At the head of the lake the hills were higher. Like the back of a whale the range sloped toward the north and vanished into a fertile plain surrounding the outlet. Among the hills and over the flatlands, the clouds were gathering slowly together, occasionally crashing against one another as they joined in formation for their march down and across the lake.

So distinctly did these gray masses appear as solid matter that their reflection on the grave waters gave the illusion that the lake was rising to meet its companion in the heavens.

Damp earth still steamed from the heat of a suddenly vanished sun. Moist heavy air pressed around me, hot and muggy, as I stood on the west bank of the lake, stood motionless, tense for a moment, bound by the awesome spectacle of the approaching storm. Slowly the spell left me and my body relaxed into a rounded mass. Unable to resist the cool, tempting moss at my feet, under an old scarred willow, I stretched my body—tired from the weariness of a hot world-day—and lowered my eyelids until fascinated, I could only watch the regular approach of the cloud army.

The unusual silence was menacing. A hushed lull in the voices of nature was disturbing. Startled by an instinctive sensing of another presence, I leapt to my feet and faced a strange mystic figure. And saw—

He was an old man. He was an old Indian. He was bronze and he was hoary. His face was wrinkled with age and from care; for his troubled eyes revealed obviously that he was restless, worried, tired, sad.

I tried uneasily to shift my glance but was unable to take my eyes from his. Entranced I looked at him; absently he stared at me—or was it through me?

I ventured—hesitantly, "You—you want something?"

A shadow flicked through his dark eyes—which turned to the sullen lake washing against the bank, lapping hungrily at the soil—which flashed across the waters to the hills partially hidden behind a solemn wreath of gray fog—which shifted to survey the low, fertile plain, with fields of growing grain—which finally gazed unwaveringly into my own.

Silence and suspense filled me with fear. Would he never speak? Then—

An expansive sweep of his arm from west to east included the delta lowlands of the outlet, the hilly, wooded stretch along the shores, and the mountainous wilderness of the inlet. All the surrounding territory was included in that gesture. He said:

"All this, and for miles around, belonged to me—me and my people. It was the heritage of our forefathers. We were happy here. Generations were born here, enjoyed pleasures, fought battles, sought livelihood, and buried their dead."

Those could not be tears in his hard eyes; that could not be a choke in his throaty voice, which was low, full, and solemn and which carried easily to my ears, yet seemed to come from a great distance, through a terrific noise. Amazed at his voice, held immobile by his eyes, I was unable to speak. I waited, wonderingly.

"Uh! once all this was ours. There were battles with other tribes, but always we, a small but powerful group, killed our enemies. But then," with extreme bitterness in his voice, "then white man came. White man with sticks of lightning and bolts of thunder. And with ungodly weapons, with firewater and evil ways, he swindled us of all property, all lands."

He paused. Sadly he gazed around us, remembering the always beautiful past. Then apparently remembering also the future, he continued:

"All they stole from us, and we, wise ones of the tribe, what could we do after warning our foolish brethren? We tried to save our grounds, but the less wise and more drunken sold, sold, sold. Soon all was gone." His voice rose; his eyes dilated. "Then our medicine man, our magic man, our prophet, lay the curse upon you and your kind, a curse which has been real and a curse which will be everlasting. 'Every year,' he said, 'from descendants of the evil-doers there will be taken three young males—each year three will be taken.' "

Again he paused. The pupils of his eyes contracted, and I shrank from them, afraid of his words, afraid of his curse.

"Our hunting grounds they stole, our planting grounds they stole, our lake they stole." His eyes grew harder. "This lake," he gazed over it, his eyes seeing what mine could not, "this lake, once

*(Continued on page seven)*

# *And a Child Shall Not Lead Them*

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

Children have had an annoying way of thrusting themselves into the arts. Some excited impressario is always bobbing up with an infant prodigy who can surpass Hoffman at the keyboard, Heifitz on the strings, DaVinci at the easel, or Shelley with the pen. As the bored critics and avid public have discovered time and again, these miraculous sons and daughters fade in short order. Those of authentic genius excepted, the wonder children have proved little more than foils for grasping producers or further means toward the vicious end of parent pride. Their contribution to the advancement of art has been as valueless as their after-lives.

Worst offender of all, however, is the child-actor. He has long been pitied and coddled because his art has denied him the privilege of enjoying the most delightful years of his life. Earnest societies have protested the maltreatment of cinema children and their lack of proper schooling. Scholarly drones have accused art of depriving them of their normal development.

The truth is these statements make all the more painful the recognition that the child actors themselves have been nasty nuisances on the stage and screen. Countless otherwise acceptable productions have been hopelessly botched by their presence. The stage has virtually swept the boards clear of them, but the motion pictures continue to offer those appealing scenes in which little Dick unites either his divorced parents or two bashful lovers, depending on representatives of the crowd to murmur "Now, ain't that cute," or "I wisht I had a kid like that." The producers have contributed to the stupidity of their presentations with nauseating performances by children who ought to be soundly spanked and sent to bed without their suppers.

Despite the pleasure of the average spectator, these children have fared badly in their acting endeavors. Most of them have worked steadily until the hobbledehoy stage when they passed into temporary oblivion. A few years hence they emerge in adult roles, only to find a public still eager to rock them to sleep on its stupid breast. The testimony of countless child wonders who have done no better in the world than to marry well is ample proof of their later success.

Though these unfortunate creatures inevitably become burdens to themselves, they are hardly less a trial to view in their prime. There is little more ridiculous to be offered by New York or Hollywood than the spectacle of children acting in the company of adults. The facial expressions and mannerisms which some think "sweet" are merely distorted masks of maturity. Their speech is more artificial than that of fifth-rate stock company players. And once they have spoken, one has the feeling that they are apt at any moment to run right off the scene. If the chief interest in observing a play or cinema is to detect the technical efforts of the director, then the child-actor is pre-eminent. Poor as our crop of adult actors is, not one of them smacks so obviously of sweated direction as do their juniors. One can fairly hear a voice droning, "One, raise your arm, two, turn left, etc."

The reason for the forced acting of these children is patent. In playing with adults they are obliged to make a stab at a standard which is wholly out of thir reach. In most cases the child merely apes and parrots his tutors, and the resulting performance is lifeless, painful, and thoroughly inartistic. The tricks of the trade that vivify a characterization are completely lacking and impossible of realization in child acting.

It has been argued that children because of their apparent freedom from inhibitions should prove the most satisfactory of actors. This theory is evidently based on the concept that acting is no more than a photographed state of naturalness. However, as achieved by adult actors, naturalness belongs to the particular part they are playing. Such naturalness has been achieved only after years of interpretation and the experience of a technical background. That which the child actor might present to the camera would be a personal naturalness, in all likelihood wholly out of line with the tenor and spirit of the production. In acting with adults the child is restrained from doing the sole thing which he can do well; being himself. The art of acting is representation not presentation.

It would be all very well if one could make considerate allowances for the inexperience and immaturity of the child actor. Unfortunately, a production is a unit which depends upon general excellence, and the spectacle of an eight-year old attempting the technique is pitiful and irritating. The very nature of acting has forced the child into hopeless technical and emotional competition. He is a fifth-grade school boy doing his best to solve problems in calculus.

What an infernal blight these dear little curly-headed cherubs can be on a fine production was ably demonstrated in both the cinema and stage versions of *Strange Interlude*. The author did not err in ascribing involved thought to Nina's ten-year old son, but he did fail to conceive how ridiculous and unreal his asides would be in comparison to those of the rest of the company. They were not thoughts, merely so many lines during which the youngster remembered he was to remain motionless.

The children's crusade to Hollywood has been especially disastrous and nerve-wrecking. From it have come such choice and fondly-remembered items as Jackie Cooper's unconscious imitation of *Richard Dix* (somewhat of a child-actor himself) in *Big Brother*, the horrible stiffness of those brats in *The Lady Lies*, Marlene Dietrich's little angel in *The Blonde Venus*, who looked as though he wished to scratch her eyes in the stickiest of the mamma-love-baby-scenes, and the sickening nonsense of Mitzi Green trying to pilfer comedy scenes from Wheeler and Woolsey in *Girl Crazy*. In every case, the story was the same. The child had no chance against the trained actor and succeeded only in being an obstruction to the enjoyment and purpose of the film.

The production of the play *Topaze* offers an interesting and revealing light on the status of children in acting. In the first scene of the stage play eleven children were called on to act as schoolboys while Frank Morgan played the schoolmaster. Despite the fact that the children were more accustomed to their specific roles than was Morgan, his artistry in the scene was such that they were completely ignored. And they did work themselves so hard to get attention from the audience!

Some weeks after the opening the producer decided to produce the play acted entirely the children of the cast. The result was as amazing as it was delightful. With the adults removed from the stage, the children shone as thoroughly capable and entertaining performers. Their former awkwardness and inferiority yielded to smoothness and uniformity. Left to themselves, unhampered by the presence of polished mimes, they romped through the play joyously and convincingly. From puppets out-of-place they had been miraculously transformed into actors.

In like manner, certain producers and directors of the screen, who know something more about their art than legs and 1905 jokes, experimented with all child-casts. That the pictures *Skippy*, *Tom Sawyer*, and certain silent numbers of the Our Gang comedies were delightful the outcome is sufficient to justify the attempt of child movies. Obnoxious, precocious bores in the unhealthy company of adults, these children assumed strength and charm in the wholesome atmosphere of a child's world. No longer required to grimace and contort themselves meaninglessly, they had a glorious time playing with one another and effortlessly recaptured for their audiences the lost appeal of childhood.

Removed from the shadow of experience and routine accomplishment, they are able to play their roles in relation to actors of their own stature, to think and act as "kids" rather than putty-paste children of some older members of the cast, and to achieve a simplicity and skill quite unattainable in the presence of their elders.

The contrast between the performances of Jackie Cooper in *Skippy* and *Big Brother* is a conclusive indication as to the most advantageous use of child actors. Let them play house before the camera, let them trot their little selves around the set in perfect accord and understanding with each other, and let them do stories in which their own lives are the chief point of interest. But, hot and trembling at the memory of hundreds of child-infested adult films, keep forever from the scene of their acting mamma, papa, and the rest of the damned family.

# *No More Desire*

*By* ALDEN STAHR

The storm blew up and wet the streets and passed beyond with a deep vibration of thunder like a cat purring against a stethoscope. It was quick. It was fresh. Arvid hung too far out of the window over the murmurous street, watching rubberheeled shoes step flat and carefully on the slick sidewalk, listening to the suck of vacuum tires licking the rain-filmed road. The cars rolled down to the end of the block, turned around and went back. The pedestrians went to the post office, came out and away. All motion was a negation of the motion which had gone before. These avatars of ceaselessness knew no stopping. And the downpushing sun impaled itself on the vent pipe of the Wedgewood Cafeteria, flaring like a sustained explosion of magnesium powder for longer than Arvid could watch, before it bobbed down out of sight. Now only the reflection in an upper window glowed and went like the sudden midnight glare in the eyes of a cat caught crossing the road. People driving west stopped shielding their eyes with their hands. A man whistled, a horn blew, and a dog barked. But no one noticed. Arvid looked at his watch and

then toward the nearing horizon. *Nope*, he thought, *not time yet. Gotta wait.*

Yesterday the skeleton trees had been black and limned against a dead grey sky; it had been drizzling and the sun had been buried in clouds. As Arvid's stomach told him of meal time, so something had told him it was the hour of sundown. He had gone to look with a vain hope of seeing the daily metastasis from day to night, but there had been only the dreary grey and the wet bones of the trees whose green flesh lay rotting brown on the ground beneath. He had pulled down the shade.

He had not waited then. But tonight forgot the night before; so he focused patiently on an object across the street, watching more intently as the light grew less . His face blanked and his eyes smarted from the long unwinking dilation. He stood for ten minutes almost not breathing and then his face relaxed, his eyes shut, and his breath heaved deep and even. Life and death were even now. He knew no further desire. *O God!* he thought. *O God. I seen the street lights go on.*

# P - O - E - T - R - Y

## To a Poet who Smiled

*By* CAROLINE HARPUR

1.

*I offered you all that I held most dear,*
*unlocked to you my treasury of dreams,*
*discovered to your startled eyes the gleams*
*and radiance of their color, gave your ear*
*the splendor of their music, gave your hand*
*their loveliness to touch. With cold disdain*
*you scorned the beauty stored up in my brain*
*and in my heart. I could not understand*
*your cynical and enigmatic smile.*
*I could not see why you tried to impress*
*me with your stupid sensuality,*
*and you a poet!—How could you be*
*so cruel, so unfair? I must confess*
*I hate your little enigmatic smile.*

2.

*I know the reason for your sneering smile.*
*You make your face a shield to hide behind*
*lest any guess the chaos of your mind.*
*It hides your morbid craving to defile*
*the purity of less sophisticate,*
*less subtle intellects. It hides your lust*
*for new full-blooded life. I cannot trust*
*such smiles as yours. And yet I cannot hate*
*you as I did. I know that bitterness,*
*and hopeless disillusion, loneliness,*
*occasional contempt for self, despair,*
*have warped your mental poise. The silent air*
*is shattered by your shallow mocking laugh.—*
*You wanted gold: you have the empty chaff.*

3.

*Poor poet! What a dreary life you lead!*
*The sparkling figments of your hungry mind*
*are hollow shadows blowing in the wind.*
*False gods you have accepted, a false creed*
*believed, and put your trust in these. Sincere*
*and strong as is your faith, it is a waste*
*of your sincerity and strength. You placed your*
*happiness in jeopardy: I fear*
*you did it consciously. But you have paid*
*beyond your debt. I would have given you*
*new courage, new ideals, vitality,*
*to bear you through the bitter mockery*
*that tortures you, to guide you safely through*
*the chilly little hell that you have made.*

4.

*You utter fool! You have a gift of words,*
*of thoughts, of rhymes, all that a poet needs*
*to phrase the truth which he perceives, which leads*
*us silent ones to beauty. Flaming swords*
*to pierce the armor of our consciousness*
*you have, the balm to heal the wounds you make,*
*songs for our joy, and agony to break*
*our hearts. Yet you refuse still to express*
*these things. And we, the inarticulate,*
*are hungry for the food which you deny.*
*You are a miser, not a fool. Our cry of pleading*
*for your best, our love, our hate,*
*can never shake you. Meager scraps alone*
*you give us, as one gives a dog a bone.*

## Morning

*By* ROBERT LEEPER

(Stringfield)

*Once a splinter of sunlight*
*found a crevice to shine through,*
*and speared a line of dust*
*to the cabin wall.*

*And once a sleepy bird outside*
*forgot it was a new day,*
*and finished a song*
*begun at twilight*
*the evening before.*

*Wind came breathing on high silver tubes*
*in the pines.*

*A mountain boy whistled*
*an arpeggio*
*laden with loneliness beyond music.*

*Then the cabin*
*was lingeringly*
*still.*

## Regret

*By* MARY FRANCES PARKER

*One asked me of regret, if I desired*
*To take from out my life one single thing*
*And change it. Why should one tempt me so?*
*There are so many things I'd like to bring*
*If I could have them once again—but no—*
*This is a mere insanity, inspired.*

*Do I regret? Only that things I loved*
*Were too soon gone. My vague rememberings*
*Of running water, and of wind along*
*A dim road's peace; and startled heron's wings;*
*A summer twilight, vague and sweet, a song—*
*All these crept in my heart, and I was moved.*

*All these and more. The pine tree's spicy scent,*
*A sweep of burnished leaves beneath the sun,*
*The silver music of the flashing rain,*
*And the grey cloak of night when day is done.*
*One asked me of regret. I wish again*
*To feel the ecstacy these things have meant.*

## Cabaret

from the German of Hugo Ball

*Translated by* ARON KRICH

*At the request of the Negroes the big hop stopped*
*And Emmy's hellred thigh was complete.*
*On the bed I climb like an Archipenko doll*
*And preach diabolics to a Magnet-Corset.*

*O iceyellow swollen filth!*
*Laugh, Public, at the heroic suicide of the disease!*
*4 fiddlers bow over the red R. R. track breast.*
*God's eye watches over the teardrops.*

*O saddlehorse Franz! Cute bedbug!*
*The world is deaddrunk, glasseyed, epileptic.*
*Trumpetsnorts in violet bass protuberances.*
*Roaring asses Kaiser Bill's hippoptami.*

# Timid that Way

*By* KAY THOMPSON

Ordinarily I'm what most folks would call cautious in some respects, but I choose to call it timidity. For instance, if I felt that it was high time for me to pull some chivalrous deed in front of the apple of my eye and felt that the only thing that would raise me in her estimation would be to stage a display of fisticuffs in protection of her status as a lady because some bird had insulted her, I wouldn't let myself go at just anybody. I'm timid that way. I would pick out the smallest guy in town.

I don't know just what happened to overcome that timidity that fall when we played the University of Georgia in a game of football in Athens. Anyhow I was just as cocky as they make them, and me and that Georgia end had one whale of a scrap. Of course it was all in fun, and it never reached such serious proportions that either of us lost our heads, but he sure did give me a heluva beating which some folks would call just good, clean football.

Coach Collins started me in the game and I was lined up as wing half back when we were shifted right. Just outside of me was the Georgia defensive left end. It was my assignment to try to block him on all off-tackle and kick plays, and so I stepped back and gave him the once over, and, oh boy! was he a tough looking hombre! I had already looked over a program and I knew he weighed a hundred and eighty-seven and his name was Turbeyville, a name which I changed to "Terrible Heel" before the game was thirty seconds old.

On the first play I sallied forth to take him out, and he gave me a jarring blow that sent me so far back into our backfield that Bill Croom almost ran up my spine. On top of that hurt to my self-esteem, he walked back past me on the way to line up and whispered in my ear, "How do you like that, you little blankety blank blank?"

Well, well, well. Was I burning up? But that old timidity held me in check, for I didn't deem it gentlemanlike to give one's host a paste in the snoozer, especially since the host looked as if he could give two in return, so I said to myself, "So that's what he's trying to do. He's trying to get my goat. Well, damn his soul, I'll show him where it's tied by playing his own game."

From then on it was nip and duck, with me doing most of the ducking and him doing most of the nipping. He would say, "Look out, I'm going to run right over top of you this time." And I would say, "O. K., you big sissy, but when you go by, I'll bite a hunk out of the seat of your trousers."

By the end of the quarter he had called me everything in the book, but I had gone him one better, for I had made up some names that couldn't be found in any book. When the second quarter started, I had forgotten all about my timidity, for I was busy nursing a bruised shin that had his cleat marks all over it.

It wasn't surprising to hear grunts, growls, and even yells coming from out of the bottom of a pile-up. One time he'd yell out, "Leggo my ear, you damn mallet head," and in the next pile up I'd just as vehemently demand, "Who the hell do you think you're biting, you bloodthirsty so and so "

It sure is funny how you'll forget all your natural inclinations in a football game, and the more this Turbeyville kicked me around the more inclinations I forgot. Finally I decided that he was too tough a playmate anyhow, and I figured that just anyone on the Georgia team was deserving of some of the rough treatment that "good old Turby" had been dishing out to me all afternoon, and I solemnly pledged that some one would soon rue the day.

At last the opportunity came. Charlie Woollen called me back on an off-tackle play from kick formation. I got the ball from the center and sold out, but that Georgia line swamped me like a tidal wave. We all went down in one swirling pile of flying arms and legs and I was at the bottom of the heap. But, oh boy! Oh joy! There was a loose foot all sprawled up in my face. Aha! Now listen to him yell, thought I to myself, so I reached over and gave it a quick twist. Did it hurt! Why, you could have heard me yell three quarters of a mile. But how was I to know that it was my own foot?

# Romance

*By* CHAL WHITE

George was hoeing corn. He never once lifted his head. He was plainly despondent. Being curious, and knowing that a Negro's trouble usually has its origin in romance, I asked, "How many times have you been married, George?"

"I've been married three times, Cap'n Chaley. Sweet's my third wife."

There was a silence. I knew better than to appear too curious, and had almost given up hope when he continued. From this point on, the show was his . He needed no prompting. Using his hoe for gestures and as a mimic gun, he acted his story as he told it.

"I killed my first wife. I was a lead hand for an old man in Georgia. We had thutty wagons in the field pickin' cotton. A bad nigga come there, and he kept slippin' to the the house and slippin' to the house. I says to myself, 'there somep'n gonna be doin' fo' sondown.' Well, long 'bout three o'clock in the evenin' I told de boys to tell de cap'n I wouldn't be up: I wuz sick and had gone home.

"I slipt up to the house and tip toes around to de back do'. There wasn't nobody there a-tall. The water bucket, hit wuz gone. I rich up and got my breech loader, and I rich up and got my six shooter. Us got us water out of a little spring at the foot of a Georgia pine whut had blowed down. I run down there right soft lack. Here de spring, here de water bucket: dey aint nobody dere. Dere wuz a little blind path whut went out round de spring and over de log. I slipt out dat path wid my shot gun ready, just lak I wuz a huntin' a squirel. I looked up over de log and dere dey wuz. That nigga had a six-shootin' shot-gun leanin' up agin a saplin, so if I come up he could grab it. I unbreached that gun to be *shore* I had a shell in it. I breech it back, I cocked it and say, 'look out'. That nigga jumped up and grabbed his gun and when he did, I shot him. I shot him right in the throat. Then my wife was a runnin' to me and said, 'George, please don't shoot me, I won't never do it again. He 'suaded me."

"I hated to shoot dat nigga. She wuz the prettiest high yaller in Souf Georgia, but I just had to. Course I didn't shoot her wif de shot gun. I just shot her wif de pistol."

## THE WANDERER STOPS AT CHAPEL HILL

*(Continued from page one)*

their families. This is a strong incentive to effort and proficiency. Some believing most other channels more or less closed to them turn to their books as the only outlet for energy and ambition.

In the classroom the advantage of the Jew is met by the resentment of the student occasioned by natural prejudice, jealousy, and to a large extent by the unpleasant tendency of the Jewish student to seek superiority in some way by exhibiting his knowledge to professor and class. Aside from this puerile friction there is a far more serious one in the dislike of some members of the faculty and administration for the Jew.

Often under the fairest grading the Jew will perceive some real of fancied discrimination and attribute it at once to race prejudice . Once confirmed in the belief that he is the victim of such a persecution the Jew reacts by an increased effort to offset the new handicap or lays down with interest deadened by his failure to receive the just rewards of his labor and ability. In cases, and there are some where the prejudice of the professor is unmistakable their names soon become known to the Jewish students who attempt to avoid their courses. Often the greed of the Jew for high grades, his complaints over low ones and his tendency to show off do their share to aggrevate the antipathy of overworked underpaid men with inherent prejudices for which they are not responsible.

In the social world of the University the line of demarcation is most clearly drawn. The Jew is ineligible to any but the three Jewish fraternities. He is excluded from numerous social orders and his way into the honorary ones is very difficult. In most cases he accepts with good grace these restrictions and does not attempt to force entrance into places where he is obviously *persona non grata.* As for friendship with Gentile boys there is a wide divergence. Some of the Jewish boys mingle freely and amicably with the Gentile while others remain isolated in groups exclusively Jewish and have only little contact with the rest of the campus. But whatever the case there is almost without exception the feeling present vague or definite that there exists some barrier between the Jew and perfect equality and friendship with the Christian.

It is partly a feeling of inferiority bred of race hatred and past persecution, partly a vague fear that the Gentile friend is perhaps condescending or patronizing. Often the sympathetic Jew will imagine his Christian friend to be jeopardizing his own status by too familiar relation with him and this interposes a further obstacle to ideal relationship. It is these feelings that must be broken down before the Jew can take his place on the same level as his Christian brother.

In athletics the receives his best chance. It is difficult in many branches of sport for a coach to suppress ability without prejudice being at once obvious and discussed. Furthermore most of the coaches at Carolina are extremely fair and sportsmanlike in their treatment of the Jewish athlete. The boys themselves are ready to give him his chance and where the average student does not admire scholastic superiority he is quick to respect athletic prowess. Hence many Jewish boys have served on Carolina's teams and have met with the friendship and

cooperation of both teammates and coaches. A proportionately large number have been elected to captaincies which is one of the most encouraging evidences of better feeling.

The rather favorable position of the Jew in campus politics is due to the increasing strength of numbers. Tho the highest offices do not fall his share he is nevertheless given ample opportunity to participate in the political life of the campus. In other activities the Jew is very active. He avails himself readily of the opportunity to write for the various publications and in some instances has proven a valuable contributor to the literary life of the campus. As might be expected his services have been of value in the business management of magazines and papers. As to offices on the staffs here again the highest posts are not for him altho some of considerable importance are within his grasp. In the dramatic activities there is no trace of discrimination at all evident.

Thus the position of the Jewish student at Carolina is dependent upon many factors. His section, home, family background, characteristics and appearance are extremly important in determining his relation here. Affiliation with particular Jewish fraternities and financial status are of importance as are of course his intelligence, character, and culture. The extent of his participation in the numerous activities of the campus and the choice of activities are elements to be considered.

The official attitude of the University toward the Jew has always been most favorable and tolerant. There have been individuals in her service who have betrayed this benevolent attitude, others have been manifestly just and fair. The Jew is quick to rspond to tolerance and kindness and many have done their best to show their appreciations for the opportunity offered them here. Others coming in contact with isolated and extreme bigotry and blind to the general atmosphere ascribe the stand of the exception to the majority and feel a restraint and oppression that is largely manufactured by their imagination.

It seems to be true that interrelations are most harmonious and frequent among the upper levels of intelligence and culture in each group. Yet many of the most intelligent Jewish boys are the ones who feel most keenly and resent most bitterly existing restrictions and prejudices. And many of the scions of the so-called best families carefully avoid relationship with the Jewish student. In addition some of the professors assumed to be intelligent are guilty of stupid and unreasonable antipathy.

The lessening of friction between Gentile and Jew is desirable. The Jew has much to offer Carolina and her favorable treatment of him stimulates him to serve and love the University. The Jew must be helped to forget his race consciousness with its complexes and unfortunate compensations. Carolina and the student body have been good to the Jew. There are gates closed to him but he is content that they remain so. Yet there are students to whom a Jew can be neither a gentleman, a sportsman or a friend. And there are Jews on the campus who feel that everyone's hand is against them and that the hatred of professor and student are a millstone about his neck.

It is to the eradication of these false assumptions that both sides must strive. Carolina has gone far ahead of other southern schools but the task is not nearly finished. Mutual endeavor and cooperation can and have produced wonders and may someday result in a perfect and friendly understanding.

It is to that day that the Jew looks forward with eager anticipation hoping for the signal of help and brotherhood from the believers in the kindness, the charity, and the tolerance of Christ.

## LADY NOVELISTS AND ENGLAND

*(Continued from page one)*

charming things in an unusual manner. In other words, they represent the types of person the average man and woman would like to be if they were not hampered by the necessity of earning a living, taking care of the family, or managing the servants successfully. They do not exist, these careless creatures, and it is absurd to pretend that they do. If the world is indeed full of happy people, they are people who have met and conquered care and worry and annoyance, the people who can be happy in spite of the baby or the butler, and not because the baby and the butler have been perfect from the start.

We have reached the point with these admirable ladies at which we can recite whole pages from their novels from memory. The novels are as monotonously repetitious as the cinemas of Will Rogers, and even the unusual people are beginning to become types. They have the same idas, the women look alike, even to being strikingly beautiful in black velvet with the traditional family pearls, and the males have a masculine, dreamy expression, a vague restlessness, and a peculiar masterfulness as lovers, to a man.

The general impression after putting down one of these performances is that you have spent a year or a week-end with some delightfully unreal people. Reading a novel which gives you this impression and nothing more is much less sane and a little more of a waste of time than going to the movies, no matter what happens to be on. There is practically no difference, except that the news reels which precede the picture are faithful photographs of history in the making, and are not warped by somebody's very obvious efforts to be clever about it all.

These well-bred, highly educated English ladies leave us with very little hope for a novel at all worth five hours of anybody's time, and their reception leaves us with much less hope for modern literature, or intelligent criticism of it in America.

## WILLOW WEEP FOR ME

*(Continued from page three)*

it was the pride of my tribe; once we journeyed over it in our light canoes; once we fished in it for food; once it was beautiful, virgin. But now," scornfully, "its waters are used to bathe vile bodies, to quench unquenchable thirsts, to dispose of waste from the wasteful. It is no longer nature. But the lake still belongs to us. Even now it is a part of us; it does not belong to you. It still remembers my tribe, its peaceful days."

And again he paused. His brow furrowed; his dusky color deepened; and when he spoke again, it was with a thundering voice, crashing against my ears.

"Yes, the lake is all that is left of my tribe; it alone avenges the wrong wrought on us." His eyes flashed wildly. I trembled. "Yes, each year it remembers us and our medicine man's curse. Each year three of the whites, three from the families of the usurpers, are drawn into its cold blue depths —revenge, it alone may have."

At the last his voice rose to an exalted tone; then he remained motionless for a moment. Suddenly he turned to me, lowered his voice to a deadly whisper, and fixed his hypnotic gaze to my eyes.

"Each year, three young men who might otherwise become great are taken. And," he chuckled madly, "this year's toll is nearly complete. Two are gone; you know that. Who will be the third? Genundewah is treacherous. I say to you, 'Beware,' for Genundewah is treacherous and does not choose her victims." His voice faded. "I have talked much." His body vanished. "My tribe calls me." His features blur; I cannot see him. "I go to them, my people." Silence for a moment. Then I heard, faintly, "Beware."

Struggling to open my eyes, I could visualize the waters reach up for me, lapping at my feet, wetting my knees, covering my body, choking my throat, my nose, my eyes.

The water in my eyes awakened me. Rain was descending and soon the world would be hidden by the downpour of the thunder shower. I was shaking, yet I was not cold. I could not think, and when I rose to my feet, my head whirled and I shook it to clear my brain.

A queer cloud formation attracted my attention. An old man was in the sky, his head solemnly shaking, giving warning. With a start I recalled my vision, and its realism frightened me.

The wind of the storm blew the long trailing branches of the willow into my face. Its leaves were damp with the tears from the sky, were tapping my cheeks.

The world before me whirled and recoiled from my vision. Seemingly in another world, I could hear nothing but the constant pounding, the monotonous, threatening pounding of the lake against the shores, could see nothing but the old man in the sky—and he shook his head slowly, sadly, warningly.

Tears on my face from the tree: Willow weep for me!

## OUR LEADING VOICES

*(Continued from page one)*

critic thinks can express us. Mr. Brown forthwith offers Conrad Aiken, Archibald MacLeish, and T. S. Eliot.

Tradition assigns the poet a big job. No matter whether his subject is atoms or apples his proper business is to explain man's relation to the universe. Whitman believed the poet should take the place of the priest. Men in general have looked to the poets to be their most sensitive interpreters. Some eras have had more authentic voices than others, but the major poets have been those who provided the best key to the understanding of their age.

Perhaps the word that best expresses our condition today is confusion; confusion in finance, philosophy, and in our attitude towards life. This confusion was the result of the breakdown of certain institutions—which breakdown in turn was caused by the world war. For many people the institution which came out of the conflict most badly crippled was the organized church. The fact that God was made to serve time behind everybody's line was rather upsetting. When the storm came the church had no plan for civilization but was itself overwhelmed by nationalism. In the disillusion that followed, the church was rejected; not only that, but seeing the mess they had made, men lost faith in their intellect as a guide to civilization. More than the Greeks had imagined, mankind was

now the victim of a fatal machine. Life, death, and the individual were without meaning. We could make assertions on science but none on faith. The pettiness of an inevitable day by day existence, the hopelessness of man, crowded in a world of "things," bit deeply into the poet's mind. The thought that would naturally grow out of such a condition is admirably expressed by Eliot, Aiken, and MacLeish. In 1927 Mr. Eliot's Prufrock could say that "life is measured with coffee spoons." There was nothing more weighty to decide than whether one should comb one's hair or eat a peach. Worlds of matter clash about Mr. Aiken's Senlin as he ties his tie, leisurely. He is nothing in the midst of so many suns. An ironic description of the end of the world gives Mr. MacLeish the opportunity of saying that after everything blew up, instead of an angelic chorus making its appearance, "there was nothing, nothing, nothing at all." We need no better utterance than this of the disillusion of the '20's. Why is it that we cannot accept a like philosophy? Why will youth, in particular, reject Mr. Eliot and others as its spokesmen. It is because they *assert*, when science has begun to question again.

Physics is expanding toward the metaphysical. No one is quite sure what the universe is doing and our great scientists have ceased to sign Q. E. D. to any proposition. Many changes have occurred in the conceptions of space. The latest thought to bewilder us is one of an "expanding universe." Discussions and investigations center about the cosmic ray. To Jeans it is the death cry, and to Millikan, the birth cry, of matter. We do not know that the machinery of the universe is positively set for our destruction. The fact that there *are* alternatives has vital consequences. If we can no longer assert about science, which is the basis of our philosophy, what are our grounds for either unconditional despair or optimism? Indeed in our confusion, which Messers Eliot, Aiken, and MacLeish do not share with us, there is hope. What is more important, we cannot take the implication of science, alone. Especially now we must add to this implication what man is doing for himself. Boldly stated, the sociologist, the enlightened statesman, and the humanitarian are going to wrench a plan from the universe, at least, shall we say, out of the man-made chaos. Thus we come to the belief that the poet who, fortified with scientific knowledge, neglects to consider these planners cannot fully express our times. The one, on the other hand, who is able to attain the pure poetry behind science, and who can interpret the effort man is making to find himself, will be the voice youth will follow.

## "Ross"

*By* CLAIBORN CARR

"Here comes Ross now," said Coach Bob. "Isn't that him coming across Emerson field yonder?"

One of the boys was to run in a cross-country contest in the next few minutes and Coach Ranson had told him to get Ross to give him a rubdown. It was getting close to the starting time and so Coach Bob's announcement was a welcome one. We all ran out of the rubbing room in Emerson stadium to a point where we could look across the field.

Sure enough, here came Ross lumbering along just as he always did as if he had nowhere in the world to go and nothing at all to do. We waved to him frantically in hope of speeding his walk. All Ross did was to wave back lazily and keep lumbering along muttering something to himself about how the hell could we expect him to move any faster.

Ross stands about six feet three inches and is one of the blackest niggers I have ever seen. His long arms hang way down about his knees where two huge hands swing lazily. He always wears the same gray combination of old trousers and an old athletic association sweat shirt on which the "C. A. A." is hardly legible. His shoes are worn down football boots sliced here and there on the toes to relieve aching corns and blisters. Ross has been wearing an old gray hat for the three years that I have been here and never does he go without it. Rain-soaked and with no shape whatsoever, that old hat is cherished by him more than anything else.

For twelve years he has worked around Emerson stadium, doing everything from packing the cinder track to rubbing the numerous runners, wrestlers, boxers, pitchers and anybody else with aching muscles. His big hands make him an artist at rubbing, an art he learned from old Doc Lawson.

"Yassuh, Mr. Lawson learned me how to rub 'bout twelve years ago," said Ross. "At that time we just rubbed in old soap 'n hot water. It ain't been long that we's had this 'ere rubbing stuff."

The big nigger is a strong Carolina supporter and always tries to follow the teams on their trips. Last week they took him over to Duke to rub the boxers before the meet. Many of the spectators were dressed in evening clothes, some even had on swallow tail coats and all the fixings. Ross had never seen anything like that and he did not know what to think of it.

"Ain't that somethin' now," he told Morris, another Carolina nigger, "I'd like to tie a knot in that 'un yonder," he added pointing to a tall fellow with long tails on.

After the fights were over and Carolina had lost a close match, Coach Rowe swore that he never intended taking Ross along again as he was a "jonah."

"Nosar, Mr. Rowe, it won't none o' my fault," declared Ross, "it's on account of them men who's a wearing them sparrow-like suits yonder."

Ross knows all the Carolina athletes that have been here since he began work twelve years ago. He likes to sit and talk about the Mr. Carmichaels, the Mr. MacDonalds, the Mr. Morrises, Mr. Bill Blount, Mr. Will Dodderer, Mr. Red Johnson, Mr. Mule Shirley, Mr. Jack Cobb, Mr. Galen Elliott, Mr. Lawrence Watts, and a hundred others who wore Carolina colors with so much success in the past. He likes them all and will not say which one he prefers.

At present, Ross spends most of his time as an assistant to Sergeant Keller in the athletic storeroom. The Sarge keeps pretty close tab on him now and he has a hard time slipping off in the afternoons to catch a little nap as he used to do. He has been under Sarge's care so long now that he has even begun to say, "Nossuh, I ain't got nothing fer ye."

Every athlete in school runs to Ross each time even a slight muscle ailment appears to get a rubdown. Some nights the poor nigger doesn't get away from Emerson until way after seven o'clock, but he never refuses a request for rubbing, no matter how late someone comes in from practice.

Being good-natured and lazy are not Ross' only characteristics. He is one of the most honest niggers I have ever known. Many Carolina athletes are careless and leave their lockers open with money in their pockets along with other valuables. During his long career here, Ross has never been suspected of having taken anything that belonged to any of "the boys."

## Jezebel

*". . . and in the streets of Jezreel*
*Shall dogs eat the flesh of Jesebel"*

*By* THOMAS MCKNIGHT

A greyish cloud was disappearing behind the peaks of Mount Hermon. Peacefully it had floated up from the west, caught the rays of the sun in its web and dashed them into an old rose splendor against the snowbound crags. Life, thought Jezebel, was like that. Peaceful and rose-colored, then scattered and grey, filtering finally into the valley of destiny beyond.

Only Mount Hermon remained. Mount Hermon and the snow. Clean, peaceful, untouched by commerce's besmirching finger, it alone could defy the valley beyond. Jezebel closed her eyes, but the picture would not fade. The unfettered majesty of those peaks filled her with awe, their crested freedom addled her. Freedom was a word for peaks and the Gods, not a language for mortals dwelling far below. Wasn't she, Jezebel the beautiful, Jezebel the beloved, to be sacrificed to the Phoenician gods of commerce?

Her father, the great Ethbaal, ruler of all Phoenicia and King of Tyre, was selling her down the river. She must share the couch of Ahab of Jezreel that yellow corn and fine oils from the valley of Megiddo might find their way to the ships of Tyre. Through her tears Jezebel gazed at her hands and saw nothing. Black eyelashes brushed the tears away and she thought the hands were too yellow. It was the heat. All summer the winds had blown from the west and carried the snow-laden breeze from Mount Hermon into the valley beyond. Soon the winds would blow again from the east and the sun would retreat. Then would her arms resemble the pearls from Allepo and match the soft flesh that lay protected from the sun beneath her silken gown of Tyrian purple. But alas, ere that, she would be the wife of Ahab! Jezebel lay back on the couch and tried to blot the thought from her mind.

There was none other in all Phoenicia half so beautiful. Had not Zaharan, the handsome Prince of Shemesh, told it to her? In charm and flesh none could equal her. Those were the very words he had spoken. A pretty phrase-maker, Prince Zaharan! But nay, he had spoken from the heart. She had seen the hunger in his eyes.

"Ah, Baal Melkart, if Thou hadst only decreed that it be Zaharan!"

Jezebel raised her arms to the golden bull pedestaled on black basalt at the foot of her couch.

"What be my sins, beloved Baal Melkart, that I be thrown to the wolves of commerce, to the dogs of wind and sail, to be devoured in the plains of Megiddo? Wouldst Thou have my beauty as like unto the mud of Shechem, and my passion become the birthplace of Winter Speak, oh God of Tyre, that I may atone for my evil!"

But the God of Tyre was a silent God. Jezebel was pierced by the stillness. There was only the winged bull, and the pedastal of black basalt, and the ceiling, and the outstretched arms of Jezebel.

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# The Carolina Magazine

DAILY TAR HEEL SUPPLEMENT

*Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina*

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## *Wheels Within Wheels*

*By* Walter Rosenthal

FROM the time of Ptolemy it has been generally conceded by scientists that the universe has been built on a circular plan. All the planets and moons and suns are spherical. The course of any of these heavenly bodies through space is determinded by the effect of at least one, and sometimes by as many as seven circular movements, according to modern astronomical discoveries advanced by Dr. Archibald Henderson and others.

A mystical concept of infinity by the 17th century poet, Henry Vaughan, was that of a circle. This is made quite obvious upon consideration. For, what is infinity if not something that never ends? And what corresponds to this more closelv than a circle? The procession of the seasons has been conceived as circular: "Thro' all the circle of the golden year." (Tennyson). The cavalcade of history has also been regarded in like manner.

If we, then, accept this fundamental thesis of the circularity of the universe, of space and time, it becomes apparent that the universe was created with no thought to the subsequent creation of its inhabitants, men. For man is a straight line, obviously not in accordance with his circular habitat.

Mankind as a whole has been conceded to be unhappy on its little sphere. Life here has been described hopefully by past and present men of letters variously as "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury;" "a strange interlude;" a nightmare; a horrid period of wakefulness between two restful sleeps. All of our great philosophical and artistic works have been inspired as escapes from life. All religion has been founded on the same idea.

But there have been happy men. Let us look at them, at their exteriors, not at their brains or viscera; for, as Cowper says, "Happiness depends, as Nature shows." They are not thin, angular, underfed people. No, they are plump, almost to the point of sphericity. Their faces are round, their bellies are round, they spend their lives contemplating their round navels. Falstaff, Santa Claus, and Alexander Woolcott are round and happy. Don Quixote, Voltaire, and Walter Lippman are angular and unhappy. Only lack of space prevents the quoting of hundreds of classic examples. Babies are happy until they lose their hebetic globosity. Acrobats who can touch their heads to their heels are happy while doing so. It may be asked, why are these people happy? The

*(Continued on page eight)*

WAITING

## *Another Prize*

*By* Bradford White

T. S. Stribling in receiving the Pulitzer award for his novel, *The Store*, climaxed a long apprenticeship served in portraying the Southern scene. His best work is included in *Birthright*, *Teeftallow*, *Bright Metal*, and *The Forge*, all of which, whether dealing with the Negro, the people of the Tennessee hill country, or an Alabama family during the Civil War, interpret a phase of Southern life.

This recent acknowledgment of Mr. Stribling's work is important if one is following his growth as a novelist, but the importance does not stop there. Those who have hopefully watched the renascent activity of Southern writers since the World War believe that once again the Pulitzer judges have recognized the existence of rich material in the South and the emergence of writers capable of handling it. Mr. Stribling received an award not for himself alone. He has focused attention on a group of fellow writers, the nature of whose work *The Store* is the best illustration at this time.

Du Bose Heyward, Paul Green, Elizabeth Madox

*(Continued on page four)*

## *It Fell Upon a Friday*

*By* Thomas McKnight

FRANCIS was pounding on Tim's front door. All night he had sat before the fireplace in the cabin and drunk raw corn and watched the fire while the leaping flames reflected the distorted drunken thoughts that rocked his brain. When the fire had gone out he had run away.

Tim opened the door cautiously. He was in pajamas.

"What's the matter, Tanky?"

Francis pushed past him into the living room.

"Get me a drink, Tim." His voice was raucous and cracked.

"What happened to the house party?" Tim was stalling. Francis was already drunk and Tim could see he had been long without sleep.

"In Christ's name, Tim, get me a drink!"

The wild ring in that voice was unmistakable. Tim knew it was folly to antagonize a man in that condition.

"How'd you like some beer with an egg in it?"

"Whiskey," Francis snapped dropping into a chair.

Without another word Tim put a bottle and glass on the table. Francis poured half a glass and drank it in one gulp.

"Won't you have one, Tim?"

"Just a little one, Tanky." Tim covered the bottom of the glass with whiskey and swallowed it slowly. "Don't you think you better get some sleep?"

"Hell no, Tim. You sleep and I'll drink. Division of labor, you know. You believe in the division of labor, don't you, Tim?"

"Sure I do, Tanky. But you need some sleep. Let me drink and you sleep."

"All right, Tim, I'll sleep in your bed." Before Tim could stop him he had opened the bedroom door.

The red headed woman propped up on Tim's pillows blew a cloud of cigarette smoke at the ceiling and smiled. Francis shut the door.

"I'm sorry, Tim."

"That's all right. Sleep here on the sofa."

Tim was a great guy.

Francis fell asleep on the lounge. Tim went into the bedroom.

When Francis awoke the red headed woman sat beside him on the sofa. She was trying to adjust a damp towel around his head. He swung his feet

*(Continued on page four)*

# The Carolina Magazine

*Oldest College Publication in the United States*
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1933


## EDITORIAL

Every day the editor of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE is asked what he intends to make of his publication during the year of his editorship . His friends assure him that he will make an excellent editor. Those who doubt his ability have suspended judgment and are waiting for the appearance of this issue to say, "I told you so."

The new editor has no literary creed. As a writer, he is not yet out of the experimenting stage of his development. As an editor, he knows no law but that of the deadline. As a critic, he is most sensitive to reader-reaction. His work as the editor of a literary publication will be colored by his past experience as a collegiate and semi-professional newspaper man.

However, the editor is not without definite ideas about the purpose of the MAGAZINE and plans for his work as its editor. The MAGAZINE, as he conceives it, is a laboratory for the development and encouragement of young writers. As such, it is open to anyone who is interested in writing as a profession or a pastime. The editor hopes to double the list of contributors. Fair and just consideration by a large and representative editorial board will be given to everything submitted.

Further, the MAGAZINE is intended to entertain and instruct the student body which makes possible its existence. An effort will be made always to include in the MAGAZINE material in which students are interested. Stories and articles about the things which they know best will appear as frequently as possible.

To instruct students is a difficult task, even for professional pedagogues. However, where there is interest the task of the instructor is made easy.

For the campus the CAROLINA MAGAZINE must serve as many types of literary publications serve for the nation as a whole. The MAGAZINE must treat the campus as a nation in miniature. No phase of campus life and the relations of the campus to the world outside should be left untouched. There is room, therefore, in the MAGAZINE for every type of literary production. In fact, variety is wanted by the readers of the campus.

In each issue there will be fiction, poetry, biography, essays, articles and criticism, in varying proportions, flavored occasionally with a piece of drama, some satire and nonsensical humor.

What contributors shall write, the editor will not say, except in rare instances when he makes article-assignments. First of all, MAGAZINE contributors are asked to write about things that they know best. A new viewpoint and freshness in style are always wanted. Beyond that, the editorial policy will consist of as little policy as possible.

Among the particular projects which the editor has in mind are controversial and timely articles on campus subjects, designed to get at the real substance of campus activities and ideas; sketches of campus personalities and brief biographies of former campus figures; humorous and satirical articles on student institutions; a full and complete critical investigation of native drama, art and music; exploitation of the resources of "home town material"; and the production of some significant college fiction.

Two things, then, the editor will try to do: to publish in the MAGAZINE fresh material that will make it interesting and readable and to seek out and encourage every writer on the campus. Beyond that he makes no pretensions to a niche in the Campus Hall of Famous Editors.

## EDITOR'S NOTES

Among the papers which the new editor inherited from the old was a sheaf of "Notes on the CAROLINA MAGAZINE." Those notes, written a year ago when Bob Barnett took over his duties, were a prospectus for the MAGAZINE as he planned to make it. There was one sentence:

"The MAGAZINE has an opportunity now to make itself the mouthpiece of the youth of North Carolina and to take its place in America as an important literary movement."

Attainment of that goal is a task that one editor alone cannot accomplish. With knowledge of that fact, the new editor begins where the recently retired editor left off, looking to the future when the MAGAZINE will attain someday the destiny of all University institutions: to become a mouthpiece for the State and to win a position of national importance.

* * *

"In order to have a good magazine, you must be able to reject at least half of the material you receive," says Dr. George Coffman. Although there were 29 writers at the first meeting of the new MAGAZINE staff, the editor has been able to reject only about one-fourth of the material he has received during the past two weeks. The other three-fourths constitute the contents of this issue. Apologetically, the editor offers that as an excuse for what he believes to be an unsatisfactory beginning of his career as the active head of a publication.

* * *

When a woman told him that she had a son who was an extreme radical, a Harvard law professor replied, "You should thank God for that. If our children were not radical at twenty think how insufferably conservative they would be at forty." It often seems that our elders are too severe on young radicals. As the professor declared, radicalism at twenty is safe conservatism at forty. History demonstrates that to be the method of progress of institutions: yesterday's heresy is today's gospel and tomorrow's fogeyism.

# *The New Editor*

*By* E. C. DANIEL, JR.

The new editor of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE has been described in the "Vanity Fair" issue of the *Buccaneer* as a "man-about-the-campus and litterateur extraordinary . . . a smooth, silent man, and he thinks of the past, dreams of the future."

Frankly, the new editor of the MAGAZINE likes that characterization of himself and regrets that it is not true. If he were not a poseur who, more often than not, forgets his pose, that is the man he would pretend to be. When one can be neither a scholar nor an athlete, being a smooth, silent man-about-the-campus is the next best thing.

A reputation such as the *Buccaneer* gives to the latest of the MAGAZINE editors is one to be coveted. It implies many things: sophistication, worldly wisdom, intellectual attainment, a capacity for deep thought, suavity and even a craftsman's fine skill. But, of these the new editor has none:

*Man-about-the-campus.* What manner of man is this—nobody knows. Most likely, he is a man seen by a great many people, in a great many places, doing a great many things. No doubt, the new editor of the MAGAZINE is seen by a great many people—but few of them know who he is.

As for places, there are only half dozen or so on the campus which he visits: Graham Memorial building, where he shares an office and writes an occasional *Tar Heel* editorial; the "Y" building, where he gets his morning Coca-Cola and says "hello" to Mary Dirnberger and other people; Pritchard-Lloyd's, where he matches for his afternoon dope and bums cigarettes; the Archer House; the Carolina Theatre, to which he used to have a free pass; his fraternity house; the gymnasium and the Tin Can, where he dances when the invitations are free; and Murphey and Alumni buildings, in which his two daily classes meet.

Of things-to-do on the campus, he has done few. His extra-curricular activities have been writing and talking—not enough of the former and too much of the latter. Three times he has gained campus-wide political office, but he objects strenuously to the name of "politician." Only one campus organization, besides his fraternity, has his name on its roll.

*Litterateur extraordinary.* In spite of his now being the editor of a literary journal, the new editor of the MAGAZINE has never made any literary pretensions, unless registration in Phillips Russell's classes can be counted as such. Rather, he has aspired to the title of "journalist" or, more recently, "newspaper man."

"Don't call yourself a journalist," he was once told by George Fort Milton, editor of the Chattanooga *News*. "That is an English term applicable only to writers who wear spats and carry canes." At the very moment when the Tennessee editor said this, he (who had made the mistake of saying he wished to be a professional journalist) was wearing his room-mate's spats. Since that time he has suppressed a tendency to dandyism and refers to his professional ambitions as those of a newspaper man.

*Smooth, silent man.* After four years, the new editor of the MAGAZINE has lost the ill-at-easiness which he brought with him from a small town. He has learned to say "Howdoyoudo," to look bored,

*(Continued on page eight)*

# Graham Memorial Attic

## Dogwood Festival Handicraft Show

*By* HENRY PEARSON

Did you ever go up to an attic and do a little exploring? If not, you've missed something. You blow the dust off old trunks and lift the creaking cover to find old books, lampshades, dishes, vases, utensils, clothes, and a great variety of interesting but odoriferous relics which father or grandfather probably stored there when he was refurnishing his house.

Those who visited the second floor of Graham Memorial during the week-end of the Dogwood Festival discovered a great similarity between the content of this exhibit and that of the attic. Upon the wall were hung ancient quilts, some dating as far back as 1833. In the left corner of the room appeared a hearth with all its decorations, including brooms, tongs, forks, and a hard-looking piece of antique rocking chair. On a cabinet at the left of the fireplace was posed a graceful wrought-iron buffet set of tulip design.

Along the wall with windows was a grand conglomeration of everything from crackly mica lampshades to pewter. The Indian vases had a nice ring if you hit them with a key; otherwise they were uninteresting. Opposite these was a heap of corncob dolls, whole families of them, fit for the cows.

The block printing and photographic display was indeed attractive. Jack Dendy, who makes woodcuts for the MAGAZINE, had representative works on the wall, while Mr. James McLean, of the Art Guild, also had a number of his works exhibited, some of which were neatly turned. A little silhouette with a blue background drew much comment from the observers.

Probably the best display on the floor was that of the woodcarving. It was unique in that the Dogwood *motif* was used almost throughout. Especially fine was the work of the Campbell folk school, which wanted you to buy a graceful goose for a paper weight. Among the ingenious carvings were bellows, walnut boxes, book-ends, and a superb stagecoach.

The pewter gave one the jitters. The table on which it was shown had wingtops that did not fit, one felt that at any moment the nicely set dishes were going to crash to the floor. Pewter has become a rage in the last few years. The antique craze caused the mountain-folk to spend a great deal of time supplying the demand for ancient (?) tableware. In like manner, hooked-rugs have become popular again. They seem more deserving of popularity than pewter, because the rugs actually feel good under foot, while who would eat from a pewter dish.

Resurrected from their attics for the pleasure of the many people who thronged the exhibit room, the unique and ingenious objects served to drive home once more the full excellence and significance of North Carolina handicraft.

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The greatest artist, Ruskin has written, is the one who gives us the greatest number of great ideas. Leaving out the question of greatness, the writer whose work does not incorporate at least one new idea has accomplished nothing but a new word-arrangement.

## Age

*By* ROBERT LEEPER

*In the autumn years,*
*When all of life is old,*
*Leave me a taper against the darkness*
*And embers against the cold.*

*Give me strength to keep*
*My small flame trimmed and bright;*
*Leave me a song against the silence*
*And voices against the night.*

# Book Marks

*By* JOSEPH SUGARMAN

If the critics of the nation have anything to do with it, Gladys Hasty Carroll's *As the Earth Turns* is going to be the outstanding spring novel. In her first essay at fiction, the author chose to picture the full round of a year's life in Maine as influenced and colored by the changing seasons. The New England tradition, rather neglected by writers of late, is blended with the eagerness of farm immigrants to form a sense of attachment to the soil which pervades the entire work. In adition to a topping send-off from the reviewers, young Miss Carroll was honored by having her book selected as the May choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

* * *

Just when the State Department was telling itself how clever it was, along comes Captain von Rinteler to upset its dignity. The Captain was director of the elaborate German spy system during the World War, and in *The Dark Invader* he tells tales about his bombing coastal towns, exploding magazines, intriguing to have Mexico declare war on this country, and his part in the Irish rebellion. Incidentally, the volume castigates former Chancellor of the Reich Von Papen, as one of the most blundering diplomats of all time.

* * *

Two autobiographies of unusual calibre are Norman Douglas' *Looking Back* and Nora Waln's *The House of Exile*. Douglas, author of at least one great novel of the day, *South Wind*, has lived an intensely varied life, ranging from hobnobbing with the literati of London to traversing the wastes of northern China. Across the pages of his memory travel Joseph Conrad, recipes for rare dishes, Frank Harris, insults to important personages, D. H. Lawrences, and the ineffable civilization that is Norman Douglas'.

The lady, on the other hand, writes of the quiet life, a Chinese home, to be specific. Nora Waln was the first white woman admitted to the inner circle of a powerful Chinese family. From her many years of experience there, she has done for the aristocratic Chinese life what Pearl Buck did for the rural life of that people.

* * *

In his poetic drama *Lazarus Laughed* Eugene O'Neil had the Hebrew resurrected for a while, but M. P. Shiel, English novelist, goes him one better now. *This Above All* is a fanciful conception of Lazarus and the girl, Jaius, as immortal beings. After 1900 years of seeking to be with each other, they finally meet in Paris, both as young as in the days when the Son of the Lord walked the earth

*(Continued on page six)*

# North Carolina Artists

## The Hill Music Hall Exhibition

*By* MARY DIRNBERGER

Tendencies from a great many theories and schools find representation in the exhibition of paintings held by the North Carolina Professional Artist's Club in the Hill Music Hall. Yet, not one picture is strong enough to stand alone. Evidently, North Carolina artists are still trying to find themselves, are experimenting with materials, methods and techniques.

*The Old Model* by Clement Strudwick is perhaps the best piece in the exhibit. The study of Mrs. Strudwick can hold its own in any contemporary showing of portraiture. The composition and color are excellently worked out. Of all the exhibiting artists, Mr. Strudwick has the best integration between subject matter and technique. That is, what he has to say and his ability to say it are almost equal. He has a free way of applying paint and there is a sureness and strength about his work which merits attention and praise.

In her portrait of Dr. Horace Williams, Mary deB. Graves has more important things to say than she has ability to say them. But, the distortion of the body, the light, the broadness of the forehead, the hand beside the book, the unmistakable circuit established between book and brain, the all-pervading grey tone, the unimportance of matter, go to make up one of the most interesting paintings in the exhibit.

The work of Mr. Vorhees can not help but engender comment. He thinks in terms of abstraction and design. There is one landscape seen from above that is most pleasing to the eye. It gives one a sense of turning in flight. The *Ships in Full Sail* is very blowsey. One feels that the currents of air actually have color, and it is these which the artist has painted.

The picture of the girl skipping rope doesn't come off so well. So great is her concentration that her whole body is blotted out in the action of skipping. Good! She is skipping very fast and counting breathlessly. But this simple child interested only in her rope-skipping has been handicapped by having been given a head from the cover of *Harper's Bazaar*. The shapes and abstractions used to fill in the corners are just that—space-fillers. They have no discernable relationship to the idea of skipping.

In the portrait of a *Dust Collector*, Mr. Vorhees' unusual way of looking at things and his subject matter are most happily related. This picture is as likeable as any in the exhibit. There is a story behind the painting of *The Punt*. One afternoon while he was sketching at his drawing board, Mr. Vorhees was annoyed by a football game-broadcast. Somehow his irritation with the radio and the principals of abstract design got completely mixed, resulting in an amazing composition, slightly satiric: a pictre that would make a splendid cover for the *Buccaneer*.

One portrait by Mr. McLean is a pale echo of Van Gogh. His landscape has nice distance. *Dancer Resting*, because of the sentimental use of pastel shades, just misses the "pretty-pretty." *The Bread Line* is Mr. McLean's most valuable contribution to the show. It is the one social note present in the exhibit.

The flowers painted by Gene Irwin are admirably

*(Continued on page six)*

## IT FELL UPON A FRIDAY

*(Continued from page one)*

around and sat up. The red headed woman watched him.

He staggered to the table and gulped a drink. The whiskey felt cold in his throat.

"Where's Tim?"

The red headed woman went to the corner cupboard and got a glass.

"He's up the river in his boat." She poured herself a drink.

"Mind if I drink with you?"

"I'd be honored," said Francis.

"You're pretty drunk," said the red headed woman.

"Not any more. I had a nice nap. What time is it?"

"About ten o'clock." She drank her liquor.

"It's Friday, isn't it?'

"All day," she laughed.

"What's the number?"

"What do you mean, 'number'?"

"Like the Fourth of July, you know."

The red headed woman laughed again. A tinny laugh like nickels falling from a slot machine.

"It's the tenth of January."

"Christ a'mighty, that's my birthday."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine. How old are you?"

"Sixteen," smiled the red headed woman.

"Is this your birthday too," asked Francis.

"Sure."

"Isn't that remarkable?" Francis was impressed.

"Isn't it? Lots of funny things happen in January."

"Hadn't we better have a drink?" he asked.

"I guess we had. We don't have a birthday every day."

She poured two drinks.

"Do they call you 'Tanky' because you drink so much?"

"I guess so."

"I wouldn't want to be called a tank."

"Why not?"

"You can fill a tank. I'd rather be a sink."

"All right, I'll call you 'Sinky'."

"That's a swell name," the woman smiled. There was gold in her mouth.

"Oh, dont mention it. Let's have a drink."

"Perhaps we'd better."

"Do you want some breakfast?"

"No, I'd rather talk to you. You're a great talker, Sinky."

"You're a good talker, too, Tanky. I wish you was sober."

"What for?"

"Oh, I don't know. I always wish guys was sober, and then when they get sober they won't speak to me."

"That's too bad, Sinky."

"I don't care, I'm as good as they are."

"You're better than they are, Sinky."

Francis was feeling a great love for Sinky.

"Let's have another drink," said Francis.

"I guess we'd better."

The red headed woman poured two drinks. The bottle was almost empty.

"That's good whiskey. Tim's whiskey is always good."

"Good as any around here" said the woman.

"Don't you live around here, Sinky?"

"No."

"Where do you live?"

The red headed woman hesitated. "Switzerland," she smiled.

"That's a long way to come for a drink."

"You get so you don't mind it."

"I suppose so. Do you speak Swiss?"

"No."

"That's too bad."

"Yes, it bothered me a lot at first," she smiled.

"A fellow gets used to most anything," said Francis.

"Funny, isn't it?"

"It's funny all right. Is the whiskey all gone?"

"Yes."

"Let's get some more."

"There isn't any more. Tim's gone after some. Want some beer?"

"We have to have something. Can't have good conversation without drinks."

The red headed woman opened two bottles of beer.

"Get some big glasses, Tanky."

Francis stumbled across the room and braced himself against the cupboard.

"Did you have a rough crossing?" The red headed woman laughed again.

"Worst of the season." Francis put the beer glasses on the sideboard. The red headed woman put her arms around his neck.

"Sit on the sofa with me," she said.

"Tim's a great guy, isn't he Sinky?"

"Sure he is."

"Been like a father to little Sinky, hasn't he?"

"Ah, he won't be back till noon," suggested the red headed woman.

"Pour the beer, Sinky."

Francis never double-crossed a pal.

When Tim came in Francis was lying face down on the table. The red headed woman was under the table. There were twelve empty beer bottles in the sink.

Tim was a great guy. He grinned.

When Francis awoke the red headed woman was gone.

Tim wanted to take him home. Francis told him to go soak his head, and emptied a half glass of whiskey with shaking fingers.

All restraint was gone, an insane look in his eyes, his speech incoherent. His body seemed to be defying all laws of human endurance. All afternoon he sat over the bottle, staring straight ahead, pouring more and more fuel upon the fire that was consuming his nerves, shaking his mind, wearing down his body. Tim waited stoically for the collapse.

At ten o'clock the long vigil ended. The fingers of Francis lost their grip on the table and he slid silently to the floor. Tim picked him up and adjusted him across a broad shoulder. With his free arm he turned off the lights and opened the door. His face was an impassive mask.

Tim drove slowly through town. The inert body in the back seat of his long touring car was protected from prying eyes by heavy side curtains. At Fifty-six Deering Place he pulled into the drive way.

A tall lad from the apartment helped carry Francis into the building. Two other lads watched in awed silence.

"What should we do with him, Tim?" asked the tall lad.

"Let him sleep. If he wakes before morning, watch him. He'll be out of his head."

"It's damned decent of you, Tim."

"Forget it," said Tim. He drove off.

"Tim's a great guy," said the tall lad.

"He sure is," said the other two.

At midnight Francis reeled into the living room, his face a ghastly white, his eyes burning with insane fever. He was completely out of his head, babbling nonsense. The boys forced him back onto the bed. The tall lad went for the doctor.

"God!" said one of the boys, "did you see his eyes?"

The presence of the doctor brought a semblance of coherence to Francis' mind. He steadied himself to drink the two ounces of paraldehyde that was held to his lips. He raised his arm for the shot that was to put him to sleep.

As the needle buried itself into the flesh, as the morphine met his blood, somewhere in the back of his brain there came the realization that this was the forks of the road. Tomorrow would be a new dawn, a new deal. The morphine was feeling warm to his stomach. Yes, tomorrow would be a new deal . . . *deal* . . . a new deck of cards . . . *cards* . . . new shuffle . . . *shuffle* . . . *buffle* . . . *off* . . . *to* . . . *buffle* . . . *buffle* . . . *o.*

He was asleep.

## ANOTHER PRIZE

*(Continued from page one)*

Roberts and T. S. Stribling have gone deeper than the local color writers of a previous generation. They have profited some by the passage of time, but they have shown courage in handling themes which the South thought forbidden. No one can deny the sociological nature of their material, and the fact they have shown such material can be handled with great artistry has opened up an enormous field to the young writer. Mr. Stribling had something like this in mind when he said, "A writer would have to jumble things up badly to write a really poor novel about the South."

The existence of social strata and things that are happening to them, the Negro, the rise of an industrial South, the small town, the mountain people, the tenant farmer, the untold story of the Cherokee—one hardly knows whether to turn the region over to the novelist or the sociologist for the best results. Yet we can guess that a combination of the two is our ideal. Mr. Stribling was modest when he said it was easy to write a good novel with such material. On the contrary it is difficult; to interpret deeply and to observe keenly always are difficult. But to do it is infinitely worthwhile.

Mr. Stribling in certain sentences of *The Store* achieves what might be the aim of any writer: he catches and presents the tragedy of the Negro in one episode. Toussaint the white son of the octoroon, Gracie Vaiden, is sent to the store for bacon:

"Am I going to stand up for a whole pound, Mammy?"

Gracie became at once uneasy about her restive, unadjustable son.

"No," she cried sharply, then tempered her voice to a persuasive tone: "No Toussaint, don't say anything about the pound . . . If it looks too little you might say, 'I wanted a pound . . .' No, I wouldn't say anything at all about it."

# Brief Biographies: Prophets Without Honor

## *Hinton Rowan Helper*

### North Carolina's Hated Friend

*By* J. F. ALEXANDER

"In 1859, man destitute of principle, driven from a state of which he claims to be a native on account of his rascality, published a book at the instance of the 'Publishing Committee' of the *Black* Republican Party to be used as a campaign document entitled the *Impending Crisis of the South* by Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina" who in the words of the same author, Mr. Wolfe of Virginia "advocated treason, rebellion, civil war, insurrection, murder, arson, rapine, and bloodshed." That is a harsh accusation made against a man who in the light of the present must be judged as sincere, brilliant, and a trifle insane.

In 1857 when the States were seething in the internal agonies that were so soon to disrupt the thread of national life, there appeared a volume which created considerably more stir than did its predecessor, *Uncle Tom's Cabin. The Impending Crisis of the South* was the work of a North Carolinian who piqued that "Yankee wives had written the most popular anti-slavery literature of the day" decided that it was all right "for women to give the fictions of slavery: men should give the facts." This he proceeded to do in some four hundred pages all demonstrating that slavery might be held solely responsible for the relative positions of the North and South, the former high in art, commerce, and agriculture, the latter primitive, debased, destitute and hopeless.

Anyone who reads his book feels that Helper was sincere and that he loved this state. He was a "Tar Heel born," his middle name is derived from the county of his birth. His parents, the Helfers, came here from near Heidleberg in Germany and acquired a farm and a few slaves. They prospered in their small way but death took them when their son was almost in his infancy and he was left without anything in the world but his abilities and his courage which were both ample. Somehow he contrived to graduate from Mocksville Academy and while he achieved no further scholastic training he developed a power of thought and expression second to few of that or this day. Perhaps he contemplated the University but he could not have remained long at Chapel Hill from where a professor had been driven a short time before for questioning the moral and economic wisdom of slavery.

When he was twenty-seven, Helper wrote the book which shook the entire nation and the reverberations of which catapulted him from his native soil. Replete with statistics, reinforced with manifold citations, and couched in language eloquent and often beautiful, the manuscript remained long without a publisher. The printers of the day shrank from antagonizing some hundreds of thousands of readers. Finally it saw print and it was not long before the name of Helper was anathema in Southern circles. To read or discuss the book was worse than a social blunder, for its possession three men were hung in Arkansas. The pious and sedate Reverend Worth was sentenced at Greensboro to thirty-nine lashes, a year in jail and possible death for upholding the position of the author. The governor of North Carolina had a copy which reposed on the mantle of his office and when guests seated themselves before his desk he would courtesly tear a page from the *Impending Crisis* and touching it to the fire, light the visitor's pipe or cigar with it. The real joke of all this nonsense lay in the fact that the book contained numerous errors which might have been refuted. But rather than read and answer to the accusations the Cotton Kingdom chose to bury its head ostrich-like in the ground or shrink in feigned horror from the denunciation of their "peculiar institution."

In the North it was different; thousands upon thousands read and believed. Coming from a North Carolinian and an ex-slave holder it seemed to bear out the trash of Harriet Beecher Stowe and convinced many that slavery was the horrible institution that the rabid, ranting abolitionists said it was. Men in particular were taken by the array of substantial facts and as armed congressmen stalked through the capitol their ears were constantly assailed with bitter defenses and bitter attacks upon the twenty-seven-year-old traitor-patriot and his inflammatory book. The raid of the maniac John Brown capped the climax and lathered the South into a fear and frenzy that consummated itself at Sumter and ebbed away for four bloody years till the last grey ranks spent themselves vainly at Gettysburg.

Forced from the Old North State, Helper sought his fortune with small success in California. Here he married the beautiful and wealthy lady whom he was to drag down with him in the tragedy of his life. His pen did not stay idle. Lincoln appointed him a consul to a South American city and he wrote about that continent and about the Negro. But, this cause for the nation's dissention had passed and his later works never approached the influence or magnitude of his first. He then turned his mind towards the commercial world and soon was involved in a multitude of proposed business deals with unstable Latin American countries. He became entranced with a scheme for a great railroad from Hudson Bay to the Straits of Magellan. It was a wild dream, albeit a great one not unworthy of comparison with the Berlin to Bagdad dream and Helper sacrificed every effort, his small fortune, and his wife's considerable one to make it a reality. As he hastened about the country interviewing congressmen, engineers, capitalists, and

*(Continued on page six)*

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

*J. F. Alexander of Charleston and New York and Walter Terry of New Canaan, Connecticut, have in the biographical sketches on this page given a new viewpoint on two men who were hated by North Carolinians as traitors to the Southern tradition of the Pre-Civil War period. In a phrase, Alexander and Terry have given the "other side of the question." What they have written are merely opinions, stated without prejudice and not in an effort to refute or to defame Southern ideals.*

## *Solomon Pool*

### The Forgotten President

*By* WALTER TERRY

"It should be thoroughly loyalized. Better close it than have it a nursery of treason, to foster and perpetuate feelings of disloyalty. Let the present board of trustees be superseded by a loyal board and the University will then be a blessing instead of a curse." In this paragraph, Solomon Pool, president of the University from 1869 until 1875, strengthens his former accusations that the University was being governed by the aristocracy and by family influence.

Solomon Pool's rise was steady but not spectacular. He was born in Elizabeth City in 1832. He entered the University at seventeen, and graduated four years later. The position of tutor of mathematics was given him at his graduation, and eight years afterwards he was made adjunct professor, which post he kept until 1886, when he entered the state service in the revenue department. In 1869, the state government, controlled by the much-disliked Republican, Holden, offered Pool the position of president of the University of North Carolina, which he accepted.

When he came into the presidency, Pool realized that he was taking on his shoulders a difficult and unremunerative task. Many of his friends advised him not to accept, but he was a loyal alumnus and believed that he could cure the tottering University.

The college grounds were in a hopeless state. Grass was uncut, dormitories and other buildings were deteriorating. There were only fifty students enrolled, compared with over two hundred before the war. Endowments had practically ceased, and the state gave little support. This was the material state of the University at the beginning of Pool's administration. The human side was far worse, for Pool, being a Republican and allied to the Holden clique, was hated by most of the people in the state, who did their best to defame him and to foil all his attempts at restoring the prestige of the University.

According to a character sketch written in *Eminent and Representative Men of the Carolinas*, which appeared in 1892, Pool was said to be a brilliant man, a great educator, a fine and intelligent speaker, and a modern in all his theological tenets. In spite of these characteristics and abilities, the bigoted and hating populace turned their wrath against him, and led by the noble Cornelia Spencer, who later so valiantly tolled the bell that reopened the University, tried by malicious gossip and intrigue to ruin all the plans for the resuscitation of the dying University.

Mrs. Spencer was a clever writer, and through her letters and published pamphlets, she succeeded in inspiring her readers with the hatred that she felt for Pool. Here are some of her own words that express her feelings: "Well, we have had our commencement, and are resting from its pleasing pains and fatigues. There never was such a grand

*(Continued on page seven)*

## Morgiana

(For Jane Knight in *Ali Baba*)

*By* ROBERT LEEPER

*Dance, Eastern maiden,*
*bending music to the cadence*
*of your motion.*

*Dance, Morgiana,*
*while Arabian stars are burning.*

*Let the silver tinsel glitter*
*to your rhythmical swaying,*
*and the ankle-bells jingle*
*to your turning.*

*Pearls at your forehead*
*lilting in time;*
*lace of your headdress*
*wavering white;*
*acacia-bloom veils*
*of your dancing gown playing;*

*Dance, Morgiana,*
*while Eastern stars*
*burn late.*

## HINTON ROWAN HELPER
### North Carolina's Hated Friend

*(Continued from page five)*

business men, poverty crept upon him. His wife lost her sight and forsaking her penniless husband returned to her native Buenos Aires.

One hundred forty-four editions of the *Impending Crisis* alone were published and the profits must have been immense. One day in 1909, however, some strangers found in an obscure Washington lodging house the dignified, tall gray headed corpse of a Southerner dead by his own hand, and the strangers buried him.

North Carolina has hardly done justice to Hinton Helper; even to the average University man his name is strange—he whom our grandfathers hated with a terrible hate, a hate for a man who motivated by a sincere and fearless sense of patriotism suffered exil for the state that he and they both loved. The northern abolitionist attacked slavery because he hated the southern slave owner and professed to love the Negro. Helper attacked slavery because he saw through it the North Carolina and the South he loved reduced to a degraded and inferior position. Slavery was a loss and a hardship and Helper knew it. He tried to save his people and met at their hands the usual fate of would-be-saviors. Had the South appreciated the conditions as did Helper slavery might have been quietly and peacefully disposed of. There would have been no War between the States, no crime of reconstruction from which the South suffers yet.

Thomas Jefferson speaking of slavery said: "Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, that his justice cannot sleep forever." Hinton Rowan Helper too trembled and more than trembling he tried to help. The South and history have inscribed the name of Jefferson high at the head of our roster of national saints. Helper received as his reward hate, vilification and, worse than these, oblivion.

## *Thick*

*By* VERNON WARD

Jarvis wrapped his arms around the bales of hay that Frank lifted off the wagon. He walked with them easily and rapidly to the rear of the hay loft. There he piled them neatly. Again he turned his face to the light and stepped to the door for other bales. Bale after bale he carried to the rear of the hay loft, until the loft was heavy with the weight of them. When there were no longer any bales on the wagon, Jarvis stood in the doorway wiping the sweat off his face and looking at the last light of the sun fading from the bits of cloud that stood still in the sky.

But Frank was anxious to get the mules fed and in the stables; for he was hungry; so Frank spoke huskily, saying, "Come on, Jarvis. 'S gettin' late, 'bout time for supper . . . . What you stan' like that fer? Y' ain't tard?" And Jarvis stood quiet in the doorway up there; so Frank geed the mules and drove them into the barn.

Jarvis heard the chains jangling below and smelled the mire of the lot. He heard milk plinging into an empty bucket somewhere down there. He thought of the small hands closed round the cow's teats, Fanny's hands. He thought of the little wires jogging in her wrists. He thought of her waist that he could encircle with his hands, of her black hair and cloudy green eyes that were not cloudy at night, but fired at the moon like the eyes of a cat. He wondered that Frank and Fanny and the six other skinny ones could come from Ma Perkins, hoggish Ma Perkins. He pictured what Pa Perkins had been like and looked at the slender tombstone under the cedars to the left of the house.

Jarvis lifted his eyes to the star that pricked the twilight. He lifted his arms to the side of the doorway and breathed himself full of the dry warmth of the evening. He lowered his eyes to the squat blackness of the house and looked toward the road beyond, that he could not see. He saw the trees far across the road beyond the fields. He looked into the paleness that was the day dying somewhere else, far beyond the trees, in the hills, far away up in the hills. He thought of the University up in the hills where the day was dying and laughed that he had dreamed of writing poems, and breathed a smart toast to that day when he made up his mind that to live beautifully is far better than to write beautifully. He exhaled his toast in a prayer to the universe, rich with wordless thanks for the day that showed him the way to Ma Perkins' farm, where life was simple and monotonous, thick with work and rest, yellow cow dung and white cotton, a black creek standing below tall cypress trees far back of the barn, the grossness of Frank and the pleasure of Fanny, the insignificance of six skinny ones beside Frank and Fanny, negroes, dust . . . . thick with life. Jarvis breathed deep and smelled the mire of the lot.

Jarvis climbed down from the hay loft and walked carefully through the mire out of the lot, and slowly beneath the sad oaks past the smokehouse, and over the steps into the darkness that was the porch. There he pumped water from deep in the ground, and his heart heard the song of the pump, the squeak, the water flow, the splash into

*(Continued on page eight)*

## Sea-Son

*By* WILLIAM HOWARD WANG

I.

*Thundering sea,*
*Since I must be,*
*Would you had sired me,*
*Savagely fired me,*
*Boldly inspired me,*
*Worthy your son.*

III.

*Surf and foam,*
*That are my home,*
*Were you my mother soft,*
*Borne on your wing aloft,*
*Well had I risen oft,*
*Vanquished by none.*

II.

*Cliff to the lee,*
*Jutting to sea,*
*Had you my brother been,*
*Had I your heart within,*
*Jousted the world of men,*
*Had I, and won.*

## BOOK MARKS

*(Continued from page three)*

like a natural man. Lazarus is disguised as Prince Surazal, but since his love is quite proficient at reading backwards, all goes well.

* * *

The movement to teach marriage in universities notwithstanding, a happy marriage seems difficult of realization whether it be in Cambridge, Mass., or Soviet Russia. In the former locale Conrad Aiken, the Georgia poet, offers the unhappy portrait of a Harvard instructor with more complexes than the best of Freud's cases tortured by the problem of infidelity. With that as a point of departure, Aiken's instructor proceeds to swallow in the bitterness, and cruelty of an inexplicable world.

Across the water, Pateleimon Romanof (no kin to the late Tsar) finds conditions little better. *The New Commandment* is a description of the conflict between a woman of the old regime to whom love was paramount and her proletarian lover. Although flattered by the love of a high-born woman, he precipitates the tragedy by attempting to follow the Communist doctrine of faith in the party *uber alles*.

## NORTH CAROLINA ARTISTS

*(Continued from page three)*

suited to serving their turn as decorative pieces.

Unless the catalogue had said so, one would scarcely realize that this is an exhibit of North Carolina artists. The lack of material based on local traditions is noticeable. Mary Tillery, Mabel Pugh and William Pfool are to eb applauded for their defiance of the tradition that only Europe, New England, New York and studio interiors are fit subject for the brush. Miss Tillery had even the courage to include a Coca-Cola sign in her *Street Scene*.

It is to be hoped that with unexplored territory before them and new values in their hands, the artists of this state will find something truly significant to say. In the meantime, it is good to know that they are acquiring the technique with which to say it.

# The Drama Mill

By Don Shoemaker

The Carolina Playmakers are not the only nationally known dramatic institution in Chapel Hill.

When the dramatic instructor in your home town high school plans the production of a class play, more than likely he sends to C. L. Eaddy in Chapel Hill for the script. Mr. Eaddy, a law student in the University, his wife, and a brother J. M. Eaddy (who lives in Florence, S. C.) are the personnel of "Eaddy and Eaddy Producing Company," dispensers of wholesome, mirthful, yet simple and adaptable productions for the high and secondary schools of the nation.

In Chapel Hill you hear very little about Eaddy and Eaddy, unless you are an employee of the local post office, where the Eaddy postage bill usually exceeds twelve hundred dollars in eight months. This merely covers the advertising and mailing of play books. C. L. Eaddy, the literary department of the company, has headquarters in his Chapel Hill home where he turns out three-act plays between law classes. His wife, somewhat of a playwright herself, assists her husband in the literary branch of the firm.

Back in 1925 C L. graduated from Wofford College with some big and original ideas about the drama. What he did not acquire at the South Carolina college under the able tutelage of the well-known Dr. William H. Pugh he picked up as a graduate student in English at the University of North Carolina.

From the traditional shady oaks and ancient halls of the University, Eaddy (C. L.) departed to implant a modicum of English literature into young Tar Heel heads. The sometimes hum drum curriculum of a small high school is occasionally broken by a student fling at the dramatic. The job of staging and producing a senior class play fell to Schoolteacher Eaddy one day some four years ago in his high school. When the advertising literature of several publishing houses yielded naught. Eaddy, like Disraeli (who boasted that he wrote for himself whatever he wanted to read), sat down and wrote a play for the senior class. The folks in the village still talk about that first play.

But that was only the beginning. Soon the Eaddy fingers beat nimbly on the family typewriter again. To his surprise, his plays were liked. Letters poured in for production rights from all sections of the East. So in 1929 the brothers Eaddy established their publishing house, printing original and purchased manuscripts and selling them from Maine to Florida. Now they rave about the Eaddy plays in Seattle and Bangor His plays are produced from Durham to the hamlets of Nevada. Juvenile dramatists in forty-eight states blacken their faces for the darky parts in *Oh, Doctor*, and dozens of others caper about high school stages as "Fritz" or "Uncle Jake," two beloved Eaddy creations.

Old Mother Necessity, when she begat the first Eaddy play in that North Carolina high school, later mothered another offspring, the Eaddy "Theory." In order to write plays, let alone manage a publishing house, a playwright needs a theory. Thus the Eaddys, or C. L. at least, believe that the super-sophisticated, sometimes risque, and usually involved professional production has no place in the

*(Continued on page eight)*

## Perennial

By M. H.

*Outside my casement window*
*The quince tree is in bloom,*
*And daisies white as snow*
*Give blossom in my room.*

*Spring means little now,*
*Winter may come soon.*
*What to me a green bough,*
*Or a thin new moon?*

*This is a cruel reminder—*
*Sun and flowers and rain—*
*That only make me remember*
*He will not come again.*

*But still outside my window*
*The quince tree is in bloom,*
*And daisies white as snow*
*Give blossom in my room.*

## SOLOMON POOL
### The Forgotten President

*(Continued from page five)*

(and to us and our side, delightful) fizzle as commencement has been." Another paragraph: "McIver tells me Pool encourages all hands with great hopes for next session. If no students come then, they will have to give up the University, but he says he won't do that." In *Old Days in Chapel Hill*, the author, Hope Chamberlain says, "The disintegration of the old institution under its management of the time, continued and went apace. Mrs. Spencer watched it relentlessly." It never seemed to occur to Mrs. Spencer that she might aid Pool in restoring the University to its former eminence. She was narrow enough to want her party to succeed, or none at all; and although she never realized it, by working for Pool's downfall, she helped to bring about the complete collapse of the University. Thus, this same woman, who is remembered as being a frantic pleader for the reopening of the University several years later, contributed generously to the causes of its close in 1875.

The president appealed to the alumni for assistance in paying the $60,000 debt. He even offered to resign if his enemies could raise the amount among themselves. On the educational side, Pool and the few professors offered many good courses, and attempted to attract students to the University, but its prestige had fallen so much that most of the possible entrants went North for an education.

For six years Solomon Pool worked to save the University; but the hatred of the people won, and in 1875 he was ordered by court decree to resign. He spent the remainder of his life preaching, much loved and admired by his congregations.

And so we have forgotten Solomon Pool, the man who worked for the glory and rebirth of a great University. And we have remembered Cornelia Spencer, who strove for the downfall of Pool, and with him the University; and who, years later climbed the tottering steps of Old South, and rang violently the bell that she had caused to be silent for many years; thus she became immortal in the great traditions of this University.

And we have forgotten Solomon Pool.

# "It Is Not the Policy . . ."

By Robert Berryman

(*Editor's Note*: *This critique of the Daily Tar Heel is one man's opinion only. It does not necessarily represent the collective ideas of the editorial staff. Controversy on this subject in these columns is invited.*)

Dungan was the Hearst, Rose, the Brisbane, of the *Daily Tar Heel*.

Dungan wanted to stop wars; he wanted to be judge of collegiate newspapers, dictator of world affairs; he wanted to move the world—but, alas, his lever, the *Tar Heel*, was too short for him to do so. He succeeded only in astounding 2 per cent of his audience and in boring the 98 per cent.

Rose's prime aim, apparently, was to put out the paper with nothing in it that would give even Mr. Clark or Mr. Tatum anything to squawk about. He carried this idea even to the point of dodging every subject wherein might be found controversy.

Both Rose and Dungan, of course, received several letters from professors bemoaning the fact that a half bushel or so of misspelled words, split infinitives and the like were found in one paragraph of the *Tar Heel*. But that is all a part of the job. No college editor here has ever been able to put out an issue of the paper that did not contain enough mistakes to provide some English professor with sufficiency of motive for immediate suicide.

These petty complaints were received. However, the one thing that makes me fear for the futures of Dungan, Rose and those who have helped guide the destinies of the *Daily Tar Heel* for the past two years is that, in all that time, no faculty member has made any louder protest than the ones cited above. No one has demanded the suppression of the paper nor the expulsion of its staff.

To those with vision, this appears a very bad sign. When youngsters have no ideas to propound which their professors deem worthy of *suppression*, it may often be found that the reason is that they have no ideas which are worthy of expression. And that is a sad state of affairs, indeed.

At most schools both the professors and the staff of the student newspaper would be hard put to find any activity equal in enjoyment to a continuous wrangling over what and what should not be printed. Of course, a student here and there may be expelled; or, more frequently, a paper may succeed in admonishing a stupid action of the faculty and escaping unscathed. At any rate, there has been a fight and a lot of fun. That this beautiful relationship between newspaper and faculty does not exist here is certainly not to the everlasting glory of Messrs. Dungan, Rose, *et al*. May Mr. Carr, whose policy is yet embryonic, have better success.

Someone may raise his hand at this point to insist that the *Tar Heel* is not trammeled in its ways because of the munificent liberality of the University professors. Well, brother, you are all wrong. All professors, despite beliefs to the contrary, are not liberal-minded. There is, simply, nothing in the *Tar Heel* sufficiently strong to rile them.

And when a college newspaper has nothing in it alive enough to disturb the equanamity of any of the University's cow-fed members of the faculty, it is dead, brother, it is dead!

## THE DRAMA MILL

*(Continued from page seven)*

high school. Too, the stage facilities are usually limited. Toward this type of production the Eaddy concern directs a barrage of clean, wholesome, not too broadly humorous plays, usually the comedy type adaptable to high school production.

Eaddy and Eaddy plays are printed in Chapel Hill's Orange Printshop. Brother J. M. runs the business end of the firm from South Carolina, but the literary and publishing branch of the company is a Chapel Hill institution. *Baby Steps Out*, and *Laugh Clown*, in addition to the aforementioned *Oh, Doctor* are the Eaddy best sellers. *Laugh Clown* has been produced in six hundred schools, which is by way of being a record.

Playwright-lawyer, once School-teacher Eaddy, is not only satisfied in the fame his productions bring him, but also in the fat royalty cheques that flow into the post box every morning. Many are the days when the Eaddy royalties amount to one hundred dollars, and rarely is that self-same post box empty when bespectacled C. L., grey fedora pulled down over his eyes, ascends the post office steps.

Is the Eaddy playwriting ability a gift? I suppose Mrs. C. L. thinks so.. At least the honorariums of the gods fall on a wreathed brow. In January Eaddy wrote two full length plays, completing the geniatic gesture by making the law school honor roll.

## THE NEW EDITOR

*(Continued from page two)*

to say nice things to girls on the dance floor, to spiel off a stock of odd-moments small talk and to keep a crease in his trousers for a week. If that be smoothness . . .

Certainly, he is not silent, unless he can think of nothing to say. Bull sessions are his principal pastime. And the only reason he is ever silent is because, in this erudite community, there are so many, many people who can say more pertinent things than he.

*Thinks of the past, dreams of the future.* He remembers with shame a past of blunders and errors and dreads a future of many more. Behind him he sees wasted hours and lost opportunities. Ahead he is afraid to look. "What a fool I have been," he says, looking back. Of the future he dreams gloriously fantastic schemes that he knows can never come true.

*The new editor*, in other words: wastes numberless hours in fruitless bulling . . . goes to bed after twelve and to class at eleven . . . talks of books he hasn't read . . . reads no books that he should . . . won't go into the graduate school because he is too lazy to write a thesis . . . can't remember names . . . finds people interesting but walks alone . . . never remembers doing any of the things he really wants to do . . .

Is economical but imagines himself scandalously extravagant . . . eats a sandwich every night which he himself invented, made of American cheese, cherry preserves and white bread toasted . . . resolves every third day to take the regular exercise he has missed for three years . . . is always sick, but has never spent the night in the infirmary . . . imagines that he is an excellent judge of feminine beauty . . .

Will talk interminably when he knows that he will fail the next day's class assignment . . . makes the honor roll more or less regularly and never knows how he did it . . . is never satisfied with anything he writes but does nothing to improve his work . . . rarely has a date because he doesn't decide that he wants one until it's too late to telephone . . . doesn't have a "regular girl" and alienated the two or three he has had by gross neglect . . . has the poorest memory for important things on record . . . has to keep lists of things-to-be-done on his mirror . . .

Is always busy but never hurries . . . stays constantly behind with class work . . . possesses the irreducible minimum of will-power . . . keeps the most untidy room in Chapel Hill . . . never practices what he preaches . . . once had a considerable local reputation as a speaker and amateur actor but is now tremblingly afraid of public appearances . . . hides a tenacious inferiority complex behind an assumed braggadacio air of self-confidence . . . would wear flashy clothes if he could afford them . . .

Is forever afraid of making himself ridiculously conspicuous but writes articles like this one.

## WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

*(Continued from page one)*

answer is, because they are conforming as nearly as the human form permits to the universal plan.

Babies are born into the world built on a noticeably globose plan. But with the acquisition of learning, they lose this pleasing rotundity. By the time they have attained their full growth, they are straight, upright sticks. Truly may it be said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." (Pope) For most people retain their inflexible shapes until death ends their unhappy careers. But the wise man sees that, as in all things, one must return to the beginning for happiness, if not perfection. "Ah, happy years! once more who would not be a boy," said Byron, writing about Childe Harold. Thusly, the wise man assiduously sets himself to regaining lost avoirdupois until he is as nearly orbicular as his frame and constitution will permit. He has recognized the intrinsic truth of Nathaniel Cotton's lines:

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies
And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow."

But even the fat man is not constantly happy. For he has elbows and knees that must be bent in angular, nonconformist positions. He has gone as near the beginning of his existence as he humanly can, but that is not far enough. He must proceed, to attain happiness, to the shape, if not the state of his real beginning, the cell.

On the surface, it seems that man will be ever thwarted in his search for happiness. But perhaps his advances in the fields of the physical sciences will make it possible one day for the pressing of a button to set in motion all the machinery necessary for terrestrial existence. Then all human motion will become unnecessary. In future generations what today's scientists regard with dread may happen: man may lose the use and eventually the form of his legs and arms. Then, perhaps, the head will merge with the body. And then man will become spherical. He will conform with the universal plan and eternal happiness will be his.

As Sir Thomas Browne says, "There is music in the beauty, and, the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of any instrument; for there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion, and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres." The music to which he refers is the harmony engendered by the perfect conformity of man to his spherical abode. And this harmony, this music of the spheres, is perfect happiness.

## THICK

*(Continued from page six)*

the tin pan. He nosed his hot face into the cold water and bubbled his breath through. He felt little trickles running down his neck. He lifted his arm and stuck his nose under it, and the sweat smelled salty and good to him. He dried his face on his shirt sleeve. He dragged his sleeves up and pumped water over his forearms. He dried his hands and arms on his overalls. He filled his mouth full of water and spat it through his teeth onto the pump shelf. He smiled for his own pleasure, thinking that his teeth would have flashed at Fanny's eyes, had she been on the porch instead of there in the kitchen.

Supper smelled good, fried ham and coffee. So Jarvis and Frank and the six skinny ones were sitting on the benches at the long table before Fanny and Ma Perkins took the supper off the stove. They looked at the brown plates and thought of the good food that would fill them. Then Fanny set a great dish of ham with gold and brown gravy before their hungry eyes, and Ma Perkins added grits and cornbread and steaming biscuits, while Fanny poured the coffee; so that the sight and the smell were so unbearably good that all stomachs ached and all mouths ran rich, and Jarvis and Frank and the six skinny ones could hardly wait for Ma Perkins to settle creakily into her chair and sigh a complaint at her fatigue and give thanks to God. But when Ma Perkins had breathed her 'amen', there was a general impolite grabbing for the food; though plenty of everything was there to satisfy their desire. Ma Perkins ate very little in spite of her hoggishness; for she was very tired. Fanny did not eat much either; for she was looking at Jarvis. Jarvis was looking at Fanny too; but he ate a great deal.

When the dishes were washed, Jarvis walked with Fanny under the sad oaks and past the barn and along the path through the tobacco fields and into the cypress wood, to the creek. And he lay with Fanny upon the warm grass beside the creek and put his head close to hers and whispered very softly into her ear and was very conscious of her closeness and forgot how small she was. He put his arm round her and looked up into the trees, where he saw the redness of the moon, that would shine for him and her on the way back to the house. He heard an owl far somewhere in the wood and smelled the water of the creek. He talked on softly to her, who lay beside him responding in silence.

When the moon was somewhat higher, Jarvis got up from the ground and helped Fanny up, and they walked back to the house, never turning to look at the dark cypress trees behind them or at the moon over their shoulders.

Jarvis crawled into bed with Frank and one of the skinny ones. He lay deep into the hot mattress, heard the rustle of the straw. He rubbed his leg with his hand, felt a small pimple, squeezed it between his fingers. He thought of the University up in the hills where the day was dead and laughed that he had dreamed of writing poems.

# The Carolina Magazine

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## "Rockets' Red Glare"

*By* Joseph Sugarman

GOD BLESS THE DEPRESSION! Good old depression—it has served admirably as the source of all good and evil for lo these past four years. The crooked banker, the lazy flunker, and the lifetime tramp have fired their disgusting volleys of self-pity from behind the convenient trench of the god-given depression. The whining and bleating emanating from the present crisis have produced a suspicious contempt for anything which boasts of having been born under the rule of the leaders in the depression dance.

Historians of the future, however, may possibly find something over and above the sham and pretense generated by the depression. Divining scholars may poke their noses into dust-ridden files to learn that in "the years of the locust" there flourished at least one constructive, hopeful, honest movement. Some wizened college professor may be obliged to tell his restless students that in 1932 there was enkindled in the United States the desire for decent government. He might go further and reveal that in the same year that ideal seemed possible of realization.

Contemporary events would bear him out. The chivalric spirit of the muckrakers of the first decade of this century, permitted to tarnish and rust while the gold barons and the tin serfs reaped proportionate fortunes, has suddenly appeared once more. This time, however, it is not only the pens of people like Lincoln Steffens and Ida M. Harbell that seek self-respect for the American electorate. There are the hoarse, cracked-voiced, emotionally and physically bruised orators of Union Square, the enraged farmers of the Middle West who could pitch a judge from his bench, the pathetic, victimized bonus-marchers, the citizenry of California indignant at the imprisonment of Tom Mooney, the amazing mass of striking Chicago school teachers, and best of all, the thousands of voters who have recently used their inalienable long-forgotten franchise to rid themselves of lecherous bosses.

The pleas of the playwrights who titled their efforts of a few years ago, *Sweet Land of Liberty*, *Wake Up, America*, and *Hail, Voters* are being answered. The ragged, threadbare music of patriotism is finally cutting the air again. But now it is blended with strains that speak of courage, individuality, and common purpose. Bad music as it is, *The Star-Spangled Banner* can be heard with a certain pride, since, for the first time in decades, it means something more than a mere salute accompanied by a covert tongue in the cheek or a none-too-well restrained sneer.

This new music, these new airs that issue from the pipe organ that is the United States—what are they? Truthfully, they are not new. Back, back into the pages of history one can go to find the sen-

*(Continued on page four)*

"Give me your hands, if we be friends."

## Doomsday

*By* Virgil Jackson Lee, Jr.

IT IS THE YEAR 999 A.D. The day is the thirty-first of December.

In a small, austere, cell-like room in the back part of a great cathedral in London sits a priest. He is gazing steadfastly at the little patch of sky visible through the single window above his head. The sunlight falls upon his set face with an almost caressing touch; his red, chilled hands are clasped tightly together in the act of prayer. His attitude is one of intense supplication. Ever and again his lips move slightly; he breathes heavily as if suffering some physical pain. At length, he sighs deeply, shivers, and relaxes upon his stool.

"Oh why should I be thus," he exclaims, raising his hands to heaven. "Oh God, I have prayed constantly to be relieved of these oppressive doubts—and still they remain, even to the very day of Thy Coming!"

Then with an expression of bewilderment:

"God made me and, being all-knowing, knew that I would come to this dreadful pass; and yet being my physical Creator, He is also the Creator of my doubts."

A long pause.

"Not only that,"—as if arguing with the Divine Power Itself—"if God were all-knowing, all-powerful, He could slay the Devil . . . He doesn't slay him . . . but then . . . certainly . . . we must have 'evil' in order that 'good' may be recognized . . . and yet . . .

For a long time Dunstan, the priest, sits there on

*(Continued on page four)*

## Yellow Sheet

*By* Don Shoemaker

DESPITE THE discomforting drip, drip, drip of sticky tar that dropped from his bare shanks to the soft pine needles at his feet, C.O. shivered. It was cold for a spring Piedmont night.

"You ain't going to git away with any of that stuff in your damned newspaper any more." This from a gaunt figure in a dirty sheet who stood menancingly in front of him. C.O. recognized him as one of his righteous neighbors.

"We're going to give you twenty-four hours to git out of town." His tormentor withdrew the gnarled forefinger he had been shaking from C.O.'s face and, turning on his heel, joined a group of similarly garbed compatriots at the edge of the pines. They receded into the darkness and soon C.O. heard the rasping grind of automobile starters. With a discordant whir four automobiles of vigilantes swung out of the lane. From the rear car a whisp of white cloth fluttered in the breeze.

When the last headlamp had flickered out of view at the end of the lane C.O. sat himself on a stump. He summed up the night's events and endeavored to obliterate the traces of tar. It was cooling rapidly and C.O. dug at it frantically with his fingernails. "Nice folks in this town," he thought. "Wonder if they read their Constitution very carefully, the part about freedom of the press."

Discretion being, as he had read somewhere, the far better part of valor, C.O. arrived quickly at the decision that he had better follow the advice so recently given him in no uncertain terms. Anyway, the *Weekly* had been getting too much under the hide of Newton. His journalistic sins, if such there be, lay heavily upon him. Just because of that story about old Mason's daughter. Better get out of town and start all over somewhere else. At least he could do some more writing for the big magazines.

II

Two years in the city of Maryville, a small coastal town, taught C.O. that its citizens were exceptionally broad-minded. In fact, in the first issue of the new *Weekly*, he gleefully gave publicity to the benefit bridge at which there was a table for unmarried mothers. Maryville was sufficiently urban to swallow his publication, he decided. Maryville even went so far to claim that it was liberal. Even an education at the State University had not killed this in many of its young people.

There was plenty of news for the *Weekly* in its new location. Even the best people grinned sheepishly at some of C.O.'s stories, admitting to one another that "this new fellow certainly has plenty of brass. He'll print most any damn' thing." C.O. had a nose for news, anyway. Nearby beaches and summer resorts in mosquito off-years were habitual havens of intrigue. These, and an occasional liquor

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# The Carolina Magazine

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(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1933


## EDITORIAL

How and where shall young men begin to write? One group of advisers would say begin where you are with what you know. Another group would suggest that young men with ambitions to write should first see something of the world. Each adviser speaks from the success or failure of his own experience. There is no universal formula applicable to all cases.

Emerson was among the first of American masters of letters to teach reliance upon materials immediately surrounding the author. If a writer can say well what he best knows, Emerson contended, he has spoken a universal truth known to all men everywhere. For, every man's immediate environment is a world in miniature.

Recent producers of successful regional literature agree with Emerson. Here in North Carolina, for example, Phillips Russell says that his first success as a writer came when he turned his thoughts from New York back to North Carolina, when he began to write stories of people and places in his native state. Also, Paul Green and Thomas Wolfe started out employing local materials.

On the other hand William McFee, well-known author of sea-roving stories, insists, "If you wish to write so that the world will want to read your work, it is an excellent notion to have a look at the world first." Included in the list of those who have successfully applied this method of beginning to write have been a long list of American literary expatriates, headed perhaps by Ernest Hemingway.

Again, there is no universal formula for a way to begin writing. The best method is to acquire a satisfactory technique, an adequate means of expression, a certain but not inflexible style. Then, with a full mastery of that technique, take materials where they are found. It is usually safe for a writer of mature judgment to write about what he himself finds interesting, whether it be found in his own front yard or in the backyards of the world.

But even that creed is not infallible. There are writers who insist that if a man has something to say he will find a mode of expressing it. Yet, the simple mechanics of constructing sentences, of ordering phrases and words in a readable fashion is something that can be acquired by training and practice. A sense for subjects cannot, however, be taught or learned—at least, not in a formal way. Such a sense is a quality inherent or developed by experience.

So, young men should first learn how to write. After that, they will have no difficulty in finding what and where to write.

## *Money Talks*

The University fraternity is attentive to the hissing insistence of the money factor. The gleaming white columned mansion, fronted by an expanse of close clipped lawn, the porte-cochére, the upholstery, the white baths, and oak floors almost belie worry over the bitter realities of costs. But I have found underlying these appearances an unspoken recognition of realities and a submission to their dictates which produces all the pathos and comedy and irony to be found elsewhere in the social structure.

To many of the uninitiated the college fraternity is a lavish, romantic and mysterious institution. Every autumn finds thirty such institutions on this campus capitalizing upon this fanciful myth of *fraternity* and urging young fellows in long pants to enter into the sweet and deep bonds of membership. The young fellow must possess intelligence, strength, and charm. But more important is the possession of an adequate balance in the home bank and so important is this consideration that more often than not, money, and not intelligence, strength, or charm, becomes the determinative. And the sweet and deep bonds of fraternal loyalty are finally welded, not to soar to heights of nobility in friendship and achievement, but to pay off the house debt. The bonds become sweeter and deeper as the debts become more pressing. And it follows that the bonds become so deep that in a following year we find them described with a new intensity and insistence to other young fellows, an intensity and insistence arising not wholly from idealism and faith in the ineffable purposes of fraternity. And the cycle proceeds.

We find a lad with long, sensitive fingers and a passion for music who arrives at the fraternity house with a violin under his arm. We find a tall, strong boy who writes verses in a little black notebook he carries in his vest. The fraternity presses the musician into political office and the poet into athletics. Why? Can there be a reason for this sacrifice of genius? There is a reason, and it lies in the realization by every fraternity that its continuity and prestige is dependent upon a formula of success. That formula has as its constituents political office, monograms, dance leaders, and an abundance of haphazard Greek letters scattered under the names of their membership in the University annual. This formula is the basis of getting young fellows in the autumn and the young fellows are the source of the income which will pay the obligations of the fraternity establishment.

Within the fraternity we find a boy with extraordinary initiative and drive. Does his ambition arise out of a pure and idealistic desire to achieve distinction in one field or another? Sometimes, yes, but more often he wants to feel that his name is indispensable and that he has acquired that power which comes from perfectly realizing his fraternity's pattern. Then he is in a position to ask for plums and reductions. And if he doesn't get what he wants he writhes and protests and strains those deep sweet bonds of intimacy which, of course, are above all the secret of a fraternity's unity.

It is possible now to conclude that the flimsy pattern of thin idealism, mystery, and intimate, mutual interest which the fraternity claims is poisoned by the impact of harsh reality. Sometimes it is a poison, more often than not, let us add, but there lies in this very situation forces which may give fibre and manhood to an institution which for the last ten years has enjoyed the reputation of gay degeneracy and irresponsible luxury. The insistent hiss of money is bringing the college fraternity man to his senses and is beginning to give him an almost adult perspective and sense of values.

## EDITOR'S NOTES

Beginning next fall, the editor contemplates a series of stories and articles on North Carolina cities, towns and villages. There are interesting facts about Wilmington, New Bern, Edenton, Wilson, Rocky Mount, Raleigh, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Asheville, Bath, Roanoke Rapids, Franklinton, Louisburg, Burlington, Hillsboro, Hamlet, Southern Pines, Salisbury, Boone, Manteo and Murphy as cultural and economic centers that have not been told.

Campus writers who are interested in the "home town" can profitably spend spare hours this summer in gathering material. What are the dominant social forces in Goldsboro? What is good and what is bad about the economic system of Asheboro? How great or how small is the mind of Tarboro's citizenship? These questions and many more can be entertainingly answered by energetic writers.

* * *

Talking to Phillips Russell's class in creative writing last week, the editor learned that most of the students were in agreement with his policy of publishing matter closely related to student interests. In answer to Mr. Russell's question of "Why are the MAGAZINES left lying on dormitory floors," one student explained that the style of writing was not enjoyed by the students. Another said that students were not interested in the subjects chosen by MAGAZINE writers. These criticisms are fair and justly deserved. Too often the MAGAZINE has been written in an obscure style; frequently, whole issues have contained nothing of interest to the average campus resident.

* * *

Another series planned for the coming twelve issues of the MAGAZINE will be four or five stories or articles by prominent University graduates and visitors to Chapel Hill. During the summer letters asking for contributions will be sent to Thomas Wolfe, Gerald Johnson, Paul Green, Charles A. Beard, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Shepperd Strudwick, and others.

* * *

The wood-cut on page one was done by Jack Dendy, who has contributed to the MAGAZINE for a year now. Mr. Dendy's subject is a portion of the set for the Forest Theatre production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*; the caption is taken from the text of the play.

# The State's University

By Mayne Albright

"The average North Carolinian has about as much use for a University as a hog for a hip pocket."

As students of the State's University we cannot take too literally this statement of Gerald Johnson, former professor of journalism here and now a prominent editorial writer for the *Baltimore Sun*. But neither do we like the idea of a University as "a log with a professor on one end and a pupil on the other"—particularly in view of all the log-rolling that goes on within the State's legislative halls.

Every legislative session is a crisis in the life of the University of North Carolina, and at least three months out of the midst of every other school year is spent in unproductive uncertainty as the wheels of education stop until the engineers find out whether or not there will be enough fuel to make them run another year. Look at the newspaper files, the University records, the legislative journals, and calculate if you can the amount of time, effort, and money that has been wasted on the single item of University appropriations.

Not all wasted, of course, for the University and its sister institutions have gradually enlarged their places in the State and in the hearts and minds of the people. Indeed there are those who feel that these biennial struggles are the necessary and proper means of linking the University intimately and inevitably with the commonwealth. But the advantages, if any, are largely on the side of the commonwealth. Progress and development in an educational institution come from attention to academic and institutional problems, and not from lobbying for the means to pay for equipment and instruction.

Let it be said that the cause of the University has been well argued. Every two years friends and alumni rally to present again the cause of education to the Representatives of the people. It is always the same story. First they tell of the glorious history of the University: its constitutional foundation, its humble start, its great development, its noble sons, and its contribution to the life of the State. Attention is then directed to the false economy of tearing down what it has taken years to build up, and it is explained that as we lose funds we lose professors, reputation, students, and almost as much in dollars to other states as is cut out of the appropriation. The work of this professor and of that department will be defended, and the difference in the working day of the teacher and of the laborer will be explained as it was to the last Assembly.

If a State University must be a state-*supported* institution, how then can it avoid these regularly recurring struggles for existence and still obtain enough revenue to carry on its work? How can it share, as it undoubtedly must and probably should, the fortunes of the State without a biennial battle over appropriations?

These questions would be answered at once if the legislature would establish as a principle the University's right to a certain percentage of the State's revenue. Let it be determined what proportion of the State income is to be spent for education, and the total allotted specifically to the various institutions. If this were done, the University would have to reduce expenses when the State in-

*(Continued on page six)*

## Philistine

By Martha Hatton

*Where a single flowering bush shone white*
*In a little garden all wet with rain,*
*And the only sounds were the sounds of night,*
*I learned that love could come again.*

*There is a wisdom found by some,*
*A wisdom I shall never know—*
*That no matter how often love may come,*
*On a tomorrow it must go.*

# Book Marks

By Joseph Sugarman

Anne Boleyn walks again in the Tower of London. At least that is what an anonymous gentleman in England believes. So convinced is he that the ghost of not only the royal Bluebeard's second love but also those of other British celebrities haunt the gaol that he intends to publish a volume establishing proof and fact. Evangeline Adams has not yet been consulted on the outcome.

* * *

Occupying a position in Britain somewhat like that of Walter Lippmann in this country, Sir Norman Angell generally obtains the ear of all society from motorman to prime minister. In his latest observations on the economic world, *From Chaos to Control*, the baronet maintains that debts and reparations be cancelled and that education is the only means of making pointed to man the simple fundamentals of an economic system. Ever choosing the middle path, Sir Norman comments that the scientific spirit today in economics is borrowing with equal abandon from the systems of Marx and Morgan.

* * *

Hammock-reading, oft-times transformed to beach browsing, will be in favor again this summer. After an unusually heavy diet which did not take so well last year, the publishers have returned to the fluffy, fluttering material to lure vacationers. Among the forthcoming items will be Lucian Cary's sequel, *The Duke Comes Back*, a prize-ring opus, *Protecting Margot*, the sixth in the series of Alice Grant Rosman tid-bits that have delighted old ladies in the mountains since 1928, and *Anthony Adverse*, a gigantic biography-novel by Hervey Allen, reported to have been written in an entirely new fashion.

* * *

A. J. Cronin, that Scotch physician who found at the age of thirty that novel-writing paid better than medicine and thus gave to the world *Hatter's Castle*, has recently shipped another book across the sea. This time it is *Grand Canary*, characterized as being completely devoid of the melodrama and tragedy that marked Cronin's first two works. The plot concerns itself with a disgraced doctor who is regenerated by the love of a disillusioned society woman. All this plus many excursions into the science of medicine and a fair share of sophistication takes place on a freighter bound for the Canary Islands.

* * *

Four people who just couldn't see each other's point of view dominate the pages of R. E. Spencer's

*(Continued on page four)*

# Fetters of Tradition

By Nelson Lansdale

*Not To Eat, Not For Love* is a first novel by George Anthony Weller concerning life at Harvard, of which he is a graduate. The title, taken from one of Emerson's diaries, is from a passage in which he describes "four snakes gliding up and down a hollow for no purpose that I could see—not to eat, not for love, but only gliding . . ."

Though life may glide at Harvard, the reader of *Not To Eat, Not For Love* does not glide with it. He floats downstream for a moment, turns and swims upchannel, and launches cross-wise into the current of life at the University. He is given a glimpse of life as it is lived in Cambridge on every social level, and in connection with most of the extra-curricular activities. A love story, tactfully handled, but somehow not compellingly interesting, pops up now and then, as a sort of framework on which the incidents are laid.

The reader who has no ties to bind him to Harvard—no Harvard man on the family tree, not the slightest inclination to go there himself, will find four hundred and twenty-one pages of examination of a unique specimen in the American educational system too many. After a time the book will bore the college reader in other universities because it is not a novel of college life in America, but a novel peculiar to life at Cambridge.

To the Carolina student, the Harvard of *Not To Eat, Not For Love* is a strange place, superconscious of, and suffocated by, its own traditional superiority, snobbish, aloof, cold with a chillness that freezes at a distance of seven hundred miles, inbred, self-propogating, enormously wealthy, devitalizingly indifferent, the cultural centre of cultural New England, the essence of all that is despiciable about mere outward respectability, and all that is worthy of respect in dignity, tradition, culture and knowledge.

The Harvard of *Not To Eat, Not For Love* deserves each of the epithets applied to it in the preceding paragraph, whether the Harvard of reality does or not. Mr. Weller reports a lecture on Harvard by a professor at that institution thus: "By now Harvard seems cold to you. You can be greeted four times by the same man in the Yard and the fifth he will cut you dead. No one cares what you do. You can be more alone here than in a desert. Stay in your room and no one will come to you. Cut all your classes for weeks and until hours or finals come around no notice is taken of your disappearance or possible suicide, and afterward as little as is compatible with decency . . . My undergraduate days were not athletic but I understand you can play beside a man three months, commit every kind of physical outrage upon him, and during the first week afterward you bow to each other, and by the second you have stopped bowing . . ."

Harvard as Mr. Weller paints it, with its tremendous respect for itself and its traditions, may be lighting up the way for the University of North Carolina. For this institution is now on the fence. It cannot decide whether to march, with measured steps, in the footsteps of one hundred and some years of tradition, or to back up a now somewhat undeserved reputation of liberalism. Into which

*(Continued on page seven)*

## "ROCKETS' RED GLARE"

*(Continued from page one)*

timents they express. Clean government, equitable distribution of wealth, care and nurture for the infirm and disabled—surely these are no fresh, unsung principles. Yet, today this nation is responding to them as though they were guiding stars fallen to earth from heaven itself.

James J. Walker, husband of Betty Compton, heard the playing of the new airs and took heed. He was scarcely out of ear-shot of the tremendous crescendo made by the thousands of voters who wrote Joseph V. McKee's name into the ballot in a desperate hope of defeating the old fife-and-drummer Tammany-picked O'Brien.

Across the Hudson River in the growing metropolis of Newark, N. J., city commissioners of the Walker stamp received the jolt of their long unprincipled careers when the voters rose up a few weeks ago to turn them out of office. Four men who had throttled the city for almost twenty years and who had the brass to stand for re-election in the face of ballot-scandals and patent budget-tampering—such a quartet found itself the morning after election in the gutter, where it belonged. During the campaign, for the first time in the history of the city, interested citizens had demanded and received public hearings of the make-up of the municipal budget. Eight miles away Frank Hague, long dictator of Jersey politics, trembled for his security, despite his recent re-election.

Of necessity a literature must accompany a movement such as this, one which could be exampled from all sections of the country. The cry in works such as *We, the People, Gabriel Over the White House, Both Your Houses* is one for decent government originating from and based on the desires of the electorate. As the leader of the starving, inflamed Chicago school-teachers phrased it, these outbursts are not revolutionary, they seek no violent change of government, but they do fight for a chance for life under the principles enunciated by the powdered-wig and silver-buckle statesman of the eighteenth century.

So long as the nation knew where next year's automobile and vacation were coming from, the Walkers and Bill Thompsons had a joyous spree. In fact, most people encouraged them to spend—regardless of whose money was going down the drain. The more money wasted on keeping King George out of Chicago or greeting the first mother to swim the English channel, the better. But when a pack of cigarettes became a luxury and a new dress an event, the once-indifferent public sought to plug up the holes from which gushed their tax money.

It would be paying human nature too great a compliment to hold that the social ideal has of a sudden gripped man with a holy fervor to see justice done. Rather the current trend toward decent government is nothing more than pure selfishness. Just as father spanks Johnny today for losing a nickel whereas he would have given him another half-dollar five years ago, so does the American public begin to set its governmental house in order. It can only be hoped that the permanency of the gains earned today will be commensurate with the intensity of the suffering.

One figure stalks this scene virtually unexplained, the Communist. The accomplishers of the reforms have loudly announced, "We are not Reds, seeking to bring Stalin to Washington." No longer can embarrassed officials dismiss protesting citizens with the contemptuous epithet of "Communist!" The nation has learned not to look on disagreements with the *status quo* as "crazy, radical shouting." The left wing advocates have achieved considerable respect and dignity from the simple fact that they harmonize with the rank-and-file Americans who seek reform.

Extreme radicals insist that the spirit of Communism alone has been powerful enough to effect the change in the American's attitude toward his own government. This is exceedingly doubtful. An empty purse or the extravagances of a city council have more weight than all the ideology and methodology of the emissaries of Moscow.

In like manner, Americans who would rather sell Boston to Canada than hear the name of Karl Marx maintain that decent government will deal radical activities its death blow.

Somehow, though both Communist and Rotarian would howl with resentment, there seems a meeting-ground. The advocates of clean democracy must of necessity adopt the spirit of the more radical objectors to the present foul system. The left-wing sympathizers must equally agree that much of their thunder is being stolen by the movement and that both groups are following the same arrow-head.

As has been suggested by more than one political and economic observer, it may well be that eventually the principles and policies of the left will be gradually and quietly adopted by the instruments of the existing form of government. This nation-wide action of putting in order the political and governmental organization on a respectable basis may be merely the first step toward such a union of right, left, and center. The center has but lately developed, yet it stands forth today as the missing link in the American scene. Given voice, taking action, its continuance may prove the solution so earnestly sought the nation over.

## BOOK MARKS

*(Continued from page three)*

*The Incompetents*. In an involved treatment he tells of a woman who waits to divorce her undesirable husband until her daughter is happily married, only to find that after the marriage the husband manages to make life miserable for the newlyweds. Faced by the problems of maintaining this new union and of not offending the daughter, who genuinely loves her father, the mother sacrifices herself by re-establishing marital relations with her divorced husband.

* * *

Somerset Maugham indulges in high-powered revelation on Arnold Bennett in the preface to *The Old Wives' Tale*, one of the many items in Maugham's cafeteria of literature known as the *Traveller's Library*. Apparently Bennett and Maugham lived in the same house in Paris when the former was collecting material for *The Old Wives' Tale* and the latter was living the life to be recounted in *Of Human Bondage*.

* * *

Maugham says of his late colleague, "Arnold was good company, but I did not much like him. He was too cocksure and bumptious and rather common." He revised this estimate when the two later became famous to characterize Bennett as kind, frank, and endowed with amazing common sense.

## DOOMSDAY

*(Continued from page one)*

the bench, pondering. Presently the sun no longer shines upon him, and he arises and huddles his arms about his body for warmth. Then the cathedral bells begin to sound out upon the frosty air. Dunstan crosses himself, then shudders slightly and slowly leaves the room.

* * *

Dunstan enters the great precincts of the cathedral proper—with its vast, far-flung spaces, sacrificial implements and various form objects. His faith becomes stronger, but he realizes that back of all these "faith stimulants" are his doubts. When the spiritual clamor of all these things have died away the fundamental concerns of truth will beat their way back through his beclouded consciousness. Truth does not shout; it is not clamorous; it is found in the most sequestered of places; it is the still small voice; it is the eternal urge . . . Today at least will end all these doubts, one way or the other. Dunstan sighs again as he mounts the stone steps leading to the altar.

* * *

For hours Dunstan has been giving absolution to hundreds of good souls. They seem such poor, repentent, God-fearing folk that Dunstan marvels at his own courage in giving them the last rites. He, practically a non-believer, giving the most holy prayers and benedictions to these people! He cannot continue!

* * *

Now Dunstan is standing upon a balcony of the cathedral overlooking the great street below. What strange scenes meet his eyes! Here, two men are walking arm in arm; they had formerly been the most bitter enemies. There, an old, old, white-haired innkeeper is handing out food and drink to those who pass his door. Here again, is a rough, battle-scarred veteran of many wars kissing a little child he meets upon the street. Dunstan's eyes become moist. For a time he watches the cattle, dogs and fowl that run wild about the streets—turned free by their masters. Over the tops of the houses Dunstan sees the cemetery; there many people can be seen loosening the ground over the hundreds of graves in order that the resurrection of the dead will be the easier.

The people are now flocking into the cathedral. It overflows, and the late comers cluster over and around the great steps leading to the massive doorway. Far up in the tower of the cathedral a small group of priests sit watching the great hour glass measure out the last minutes of the reign of Sin. Each priest clasps a bell-rope to sound in the Coming of the Lord. Dusk is settling over the land. The Last Day is swiftly drawing to its close. Dunstan's heart begins to thump faster; with faltering steps he turns and slowly leaves the balcony.

* * *

The hours seem like years . . . everyone has been blessed thrice over . . . babes sleep on their mother's breasts . . . a few young children, not realizing the gravity of the time, laugh and play intermittently . . . no one restrains them . . . a bell in the city begins to ring . . . several of the congregation faint, thinking the time has come . . . a tenseness, a cold chill of fear seizes the multitude . . . over in one corner sits an old man—his face is quiet and composed; he is a blind deaf-mute . . .

*(Continued on page six)*

# Track and Field Meet

By BRADFORD WHITE

### The Pole Vault

*Vaulters, where the warm light slides*
*Along the muscles of your thighs,*
*Only a white arc of birds*
*Suddenly zooming to the skies*

*Could tingle our spines as you do now.*
*You have the answer for our lust*
*To reach high heaven at a thrust.*

### Warming Up

*Arching their backs and dancing on their toes*
*The sprinters prance like stallions in the sun.*
*They drum a sharp staccato with their feet,*
*Pulling their knees up higher as they run.*
*Down the dark track a line comes gliding slowly,*
*Then suddenly it breaks as, spurt on spurt,*
*One runner dips and, laughing, leaves the others*
*To catch the pricking shrapnel of the dirt.*

*Who cannot feel that his own blood sings*
*To see these bodies and the heads held high,*
*With the pattern of the track and its white ribbons*
*And the clean shaft of the bell tower on the sky?*

### The Javelin

*Hiss in the wind, splinter of silver*
*Take the long glide.*
*The blue line of your flight on the cloud*
*Is a stab at the side.*

*Cleave the hot wind, spear of ash*
*Nick the bowl of the sun.*
*Only turn to the prosaic dust*
*When you are done.*

## Whimp

By CECIL K. CARMICHAEL

Whimp, the yellow Negro whose tongue-tied speech made him the pet of the place and the envy of all the other Negro workers, stood on the dock counting the chicken feed coins which he had just won in a crap game. Not being adept at arithmetic, he was having a hard struggle and was so engrossed in his task that he did not see Jim, his tormenter, creep up behind him and stand posed for a punch in the side. That was a favorite trick we all played on Whimp. He was so "geechy" that whatever thoughts were in his mind he would yell them out and back away chattering "For Gawd's sake, mister, don't punch me in de side like dat!"

For a minute Jim listened to the labored utterances of Whimp. Then he edged up closer and tapped him in the small of the back. With a cry of terror, Whimp flailed his arms about and dived overboard. The nickels and dimes hardly made a sound when they plunked in the greasy waters of the harbor.

We all laughed. It was funny to see Whimp's hat bobbing out on the ebbing tide. Mr. Mueller, the warehouse boss, came out of the office and asked us what was the matter.

"Whimp just dived overboard," Max informed him, and we all went on laughing.

"Who the hell geeched him?" the boss asked.

"Jim did," someone volunteered. We quieted down. The boss was mad and he had threatened to fire the next one he caught teasing Whimp.

"Did you get him out?"

"No, sir. We figured he'd crawl out."

"Get me that long pole in the warehouse," he ordered. "And hurry." He kicked Jim on the leg and cursed. "I'll see about you, you gashed-face rat." Then he bent over to look under the pier. His pipe fell out of his shirt pocket and he almost lost hold trying to catch it.

"Dive in, Jim, and find him." Jim dived and caught the pole which Mr. Mueller held towards him. "Look at the end of the barge." Jim paddled to it. Suddenly his eyes got big and he turned ash gray.

"Dere he is! Dere he is! Come help me git him!"

We pulled Whimp out. The big hole in the top of his head had already stopped bleeding. Some rust off the beam bolt was stuck in his hair. We laid him on a bale of sacks and covered him with a canvas. Then Johnnie, Whimp's pal, asked each of us for a nickel or a dime. He put them in a little tobacco sack and pushed them under the canvas to Whimp.

## Us Girls

*Carolina, the Happy Hunting Ground, the Promised Land. Where damsels are beauteous for lack of comparison. Where legions of males cry nightly, "Migawd, where can I get a wench tonight?"*

* * *

"What must I wear tonight? Is this dress too long Do these hose match all right? Gosh, I hope he asks me for another date. Would you wear this dress?"

Goes around asking what she must say to him on the date. Comes back and looks words up in the dictionary to find out what he said to her. Recounts it twelve times to her roommate. Won't walk down the street by herself. Has unwelcome dates because she can't think of an excuse in time.

* * *

The sweet old-fashioned simplicity of a tandem bicycle, and the trusting look of a meditative cow. Dear little dresses with ruffled collars and organdie flounces. Gurgled telephone conversations, interspersed with coos. My dears, such talent, and so modest and retiring with it all!

* * *

"I may fuss a lot about having a date, but I never break one." ('My strength is as the strength of ten.') Her look is a moral admonition. She walks chastely, near-sightedly, picking her way carefully through pollution. Her propriety is inviolate, even protected by a sign on her door: "Please knock before entering."

* * *

"Sorry, I've got a date tonight. You know you're the third boy that's called for a date today. Sure, I know who you are. Until next Friday, O.K., Friday night. Who'd you say this was?"

Her boldish baby stare is a challenge to all who are men.

"Let's don't go to Sutton's. All the *sorority* girls go to Pritchard-Lloyd's."

Harry's and Dick's and Tom's fill the air around her. Formula: I had the *best* time today! Met the Cutest Boy! Has a Chrysler roadster, but his parents won't let him bring it to school. He's the Best-looking Thing! I had More Fun!

* * *

Sister C has secret convictions of intellectualism, an air of patient condescension to morons. She is most haughtily cynical when she has a hangover. She has withdrawn herself from circulation, and

*(Continued on page six)*

## Fragment of a Novel

By ROBERT BERRYMAN

Bill's still sleepy arm groped from his side and stilled the rude jangle of the alarm clock before his body was yet awake. His brain yawned, stretched itself a moment, and, with an effort, forced his lid-swollen eyes to open to a squint. "Mumph!" he grunted, and smacked his lips three times to erase the taste of sleep from his tongue. He pushed the sheet from him and sat up.

His roommate, who had not stirred at the clock's shrills, made a fuzzy lump of the sheet clutched about him. Bill looked at the dark corner by the wash-stand to rest his eyes. He ran his tongue about his mouth, cleared his throat, and spat in the wastebasket. Then he creaked to his feet and walked barefooted to the cold water tap.

The morning mists had arisen and the sun was bright. "Not like winter," thought Bill. "Everything's changed in summer school."

Bill wasn't sure whether he could see the village clearer now or whether his recently-changed viewpoint was due to something inside himself. His job in the restaurant took something from him, his drinking took a bit more, and numerous card sessions were helping neither his mental nor physical health. But at any rate, he was seeing the village differently.

When the students left for the summer, and the Hill occupied by graduates, flunkers, and teachers, it was as if huge gobs of obesity had been removed —the naked skeleton remaining provided an unpleasant sight for eyes which at first had accepted the village at its own estimation.

Bill was puzzled when such feelings began to occupy him. He was loathe to believe that, perhaps after all, the barbers and merchants and farmers and candlestick-makers of Chapel Hill were not singularly blessed with distinctions not conferred by God upon their "brethren and sistren" in Charlotte, Durham, Raleigh, and Rocky Mount. Like a baby at Sunday school, he had swallowed whole the doctrine that these inhabitants were unique beings of a unique tradition—and here he was, turning atheistic.

"Chapel Hill might be different from the rest of the world geographically," thought Bill, "but I'm damned if it's any different psychologically. The thing in which it excells is its estimation, smug and conceited, of its superiority. It is unique only in that all of its inhabitants have a perfect faith in its uniqueness."

## To a Young Poet

By MARTHA HATTON

*Something that men could not forget, he was,*
*Slim and young, the kind that ought not die.*
*He was a poem, a prophecy, a prayer,*
*And like a blazing faggot he lighted up our sky.*

*But flesh is only flesh, and often youth must go*
*In spite of beauty back to ordinary sod.*
*We placed within the ground a meteor gone out,*
*And grudgingly we gave his soul to God.*

*Today the green hills tremble with flowering*
*Soon to come and spread like a white flame*
*Over the earth, and over the grave of one*
*Who now is but a strange and unremembered name.*

*And yet though years may wear away the stone*
*That marks his place, and sharp rain*
*Beat upon his head, I say he cannot die—*
*Out of cold dirt and ashes the faggot will blaze again.*

## Peaseblossom

(To Julia Booker in *Midsummer Night's Dream*)

By ROBERT LEEPER

*We will come again at fairytime*
*While a dark wind*
*Whispers in a thousand leaves.*

*We will call dainty forms*
*From the forest*
*To dance in the tempered light.*

*Then our ears will turn*
*From the leaves*
*To a softer strain:*

*There,*
*In the fairy stillness,*
*Peaseblossom will be singing*
*Titania to sleep.*

## YELLOW SHEET

*(Continued from page one)*

raid or a cross-roads criminal abortion trial, the *Weekly* faithfully reported, sparing none of the details and embellishing many of the facts with editorial comment.

Basil, C.O.'s sole male offspring, followed in the footsteps of his daddy. When he was eighteen he began filling a column on the front page with gossip of the drug stores and the corner bowling alley. When beer came back he took delight in printing "We understand that the new 3.2 beer is a distillation from contented horses."

Twice Basil was peppered about the legs by resentful townsfolk armed with shot guns. "Three inches higher and they might have got you," the doctor told Basil when he picked the shot out of his legs, reflecting that it was too bad the dusk had impaired the aim of his assailants.

One day at the beach (evening was falling) a young man said to his lady. "What if that damn Basil could see us now." He saw a shadow on the sand. It was Basil, standing over them with a pad and pencil. He wrote it up in the *Weekly*, including the conversation.

C.O.'s editorial on corn cobs and their uses was

*(Continued on page eight)*

## Dedication

By JOSEPH EISNER

*Bow not to the invisible audience.*
*Remember yet the spoken word,*
*The glad contact of our separate souls,*
*The impressioned thoughts in speech.*
*For I love not the ever-changing,*
*The long flights into darkness,*
*Nor the prolonged silences in you.*
*Rather your grave-eyed, constant way,*
*And the delicate kernel of your timeless self*
*About which my heart revolves*
*in endless adoration.*

## DOOMSDAY

*(Continued from page four)*

Dunstan kneels above the people . . . he is now praying in a low voice . . . he speaks in a mixture of Latin and English . . . his prayers are meaningless to him . . . they are as nothing . . . his mind is clear—the clarity of a mind unafraid . . . his own courage astounds him . . . a low chant rises from the multitude; a thousand faces rise and fall with the chant . . . the noise grows steadily louder . . . it is like the roar of breakers on the shore . . . men and women, mad with fear, shriek and howl . . . the roar becomes deafening . . . suddenly, and yet almost imperceptibly, as if far, far off in the distance, the cathedral bells begin to chime . . . the clamor ceases . . . clang, bong . . . clang bong . . . the intervals seem like years . . . clang, bong . . .

The people remain kneeling, stupified; for an almost interminable time there is utter silence save for the constant tolling of the bells . . . suddenly they stop ringing. Dunstan, as if in a dream, turns to the choir . . . they are as still as death . . .

"Rejoice! Rejoice! The time is not yet come," Dunstan shouts. He tries to shout again but his voice breaks.

The crowd slowly raises its many heads. Again Dunstan turns to the choir.

"Sing!" he hisses in a whisper.

They, as startled by the absence of any sign of the Second Coming as the others, finally begin to sing. They sing badly—their voices are tremulous. Dunstan joins in the singing, and the congregation, gaining confidence slowly, add their voices to the hymn. Many are shivering with emotion and cannot utter a sound. As the tension gives way the fear of the people is turned to rejoicing; they sing lustily, they weep, they shout . . .

Dunstan stands upon the same balcony watching the people below. Over all joy reigns supreme.

"How different they seem," he says to himself. "They act as if the Coming would be a thing of terror instead of a blessing."

## THE STATE'S UNIVERSITY

*(Continued from page three)*

come diminished but no longer would discriminatory economies take their toll, nor temporary conditions threaten to undo in a single biennium the work of half a century. The practical objections to this plan have been met and overcome in states which have tried it. In North Carolina it would enable legislators to concentrate on legislation and educators on education—to the advancement of each.

## God

By W. A. WRIGHT

*Yours is the god of the temple,*
*Cathedral, cloister, and priory,*
*A puppet . . . listless . . . impotent,*
*A wax figure-head of religion.*

*I envy you not . . . but I pity*
*Your sheep-like and straight-laced adherence*
*To rites artificial and mundane,*
*To outworn credos and dogmas.*

*For mine is the God of the forest,*
*The sea, the plain, and the mountain;*
*His breath, the wind in the fir-tree,*
*The breeze 'gainst the cheek of the weary,*
*His wrath, the force of all nature*
*Bent against the offender.*

*You may take your worn-out religions,*
*Your wax figure-heads, and your credos,*
*And I'll be content with the forest—*
*The breeze as it moves in the tree-tops.*

## Picture

By SARA HALL

*Silence lies on her lids,*
*Softens her lips, relaxes her body;*
*To silence at last, at long last,*
*In the haven of sleep, in the warm gray waters of sleep*
*Drifting at anchor.*
*Softly the current curls*
*Faintly pulling*
*Lips to mobility;*
*Indiscernible ripples fuse*
*On the surface of stillness;*
*A flexion of limbs, a half-smile, a whisper,*
*Dreams brushing the fringes of consciousness,*
*Gossamer veil half-withdrawn;*
*Silence, maidenhood framed on a pillow.*

## US GIRLS

*(Continued from page five)*

walks scornfully tilting her chin. Avaunt, ye men, ye yellers out of dormitory windows, ye drug store hangers-around, ye appraisers of female nether limbs!

* * *

From morning to night Sister M. sings off key about her lover this, and her lover that. (We wish she would get one.) She wants to be what she isn't, and doesn't know what to do with what she is. She spends her time preparing for the worst or being wooed vicariously through poetry.

* * *

At breakfast the slightly mildewed ladies who have lost suspense, who no longer look to be surprised, talk unendingly of early English literature. They have formed a Sublimation Club, attending each other to lectures, long walks among the Beauties of Nature, sentimental music, and files of closely written cards. Some of them bounce out into the halls at intervals to tell the younger generation to shut up.

* * *

"I rate, and I know I rate," says her look. She is seen with the Right people in the Right cars at the Right times. What more can be done with life? The maiden is fragile and poised, shellacked with sophistication.

# Broadway Stick-Up

By WALTER ROSENTHAL

Nathan Goldstein shuffled out the front entrance of the Met and turned south on Broadway. He was whistling the Toreador song from *Carmen*.

A beautiful opera, he thought. My God, that's the only thing I've got, an appreciation of beauty. And I had to spend my last buck and a half to get some to appreciate. What'll I eat on tomorrow? I guess I'll walk down to the village and see Sid. People hurried by in the damp rainsmelling air. Blank faces, crowding bodies. If they'd only remembered to teach me how to get on economically as well as aesthetically. Then maybe I'd get somewhere. But what've I got? No money, no home, no clothes, a few friends. Maybe if I could put on a decent front, I could land a job. Maybe if I had a nice grey suit like that one in the window and a nice grey hat and overcoat I could walk in a man's office and ask for something. "Say, Mr. Schmaltz, I'm a wonderful herring salesman. I know herrings inside and out, backwards and forwards."

"Yessir Mr. Goldstein. Just take this desk and $100, $200, $300, per week. Only a starter, of course."

He started to walk on. As he passed the entrance of the shop, he noticed a commotion inside. My God, that's a gun that feller's got. He turned to run, but something struck him very hard in the stomach. He opened his mouth: "Christ, they . . ." He dropped to his knees, hands pressed to belly. Then he fell face downwards on the sidewalk and lay still.

* * *

It's about time to close up shop, the Opera's over, thought Benjamin Green, proprietor of Green's Gent's Furnishings, 1140 Broadway. Had a pretty good day today.

"All right, Joey," he said to his clerk. "You can go now. I'll close up myself."

"Yessir, Mr. Green. Good night."

"Good night."

Mr. Green looked around the shop to see if everything was shipshape for Monday morning. Okeh, he thought, I'll put the dough in the safe. And then home to Becky and a good night's sleep. Thank God for the Goys and their Sunday. Rest is what I need. Good chicken dinner, read the Sunday paper, sleep, and listen to Roxy. Maybe I'll take Becky to the movies tomorrow, if I feel good. Jez, women got it easy. All they gotta do is wait for us to come home and go to the movies.

A customer entered as Mr. Green was about to remove the day's receipts from the drawer of the cash-register.

"Yessir. What can I do for you, sir?"

The man spoke from somewhere between a turned-up over-coat collar and a very low turned-down hat. "Look at some of dem ties," pointing to the showcase where stood the cash register.

Mr. Green bent down and slid open the wooden door of the glass case. As he looked up to ask the man which ones he preferred, he found himself staring into the muzzle of a small automatic revolver that the man was pointing at him inflexibly.

"Hand over the dough."

"Oy," Mr. Green gurgled in his throat. Then

*(Continued on page eight)*

## Mountain Song

*(Stringfield)*

By ROBERT LEEPER

*What mother-voice is this*
*that stills the restless cradle,*
*and calls green twilight*
*into the lamp-glow room?*

*Hear the whippoorwills*
*weaving a cloth of melody*
*across the valley;*
*and the lone cricket*
*in the dooryard singing.*

*Now the stormwind rises in the hollows*
*and sounding thunder*
*stalks the ridges;*
*lightning burns a purple syllable of song*
*into the night.*

*Rain sweeps the trees*
*on the lonely slopes.*

*For a moment,*
*silence.*

*Firesides of the past flicker here,*
*old loves live again,*
*and, strangely vague,*
*a never-dying chivalry rides by*
*on night-grey horses.*

*The generations listen*
*in the lamp-glow room.*

*Softly:*
*what plain-song is this*
*that sleeps*
*in the ear?*

## FETTERS OF TRADITION

*(Continued from page three)*

educational cabbage patch it will jump lies in the laps of the gods.

With respect to liberalism, it may have no choice. If legislators continue to be suspicious of teaching not a third of them have the mentality to grasp, continue to resent the fact that, whether the state is badly off financially or not, students are going to spend their own money any way they damned please, and if they continue to believe that ideas, however rusty, mildewed or motheaten, are dangerous, the University, to keep its doors open at all, will be obliged to add to its catch-phrases of description the tag "once a great liberal institution." Out of necessity, Carolina may point more and more to her priceless tradition.

Even then, the University of North Carolina would be lacking something, in addition to the limitless funds, that Harvard, the conscience of New England, possesses. For New England's aristocracy is not decadent. Its males were not killed off; its private fortunes were not wrecked, its social system was not radically altered; its homes, its culture were not destroyed by a war from which it has never recovered. New England (and, of course, Harvard) has never been swept off its quadruple standard of family, culture, money and sheer intellect.

The message, then, that *Not To Eat, Not For Love* has, by implication, for the University of North Carolina is "Beware of the entangling fetters of your tradition."

# Sky-Hookers

By KARL SPRINKLE

*Avery Hoyt*

I knew it was pretty dangerous work tearing down those rotten old towers, 'specially with a crew of green men, but I thought they could take care of themselves O. K. It doesn't do a boss any good to be having his men hurt on the job 'cause the time will come when he can't get any work out of 'em. They'll be scared of him.

But hell, we got three of the towers down without so much as a broken fingernail, so I reckon the boys were beginning to think they were regular veteran steelworkers, sky-hooks and all. And that afternoon 'specially we'd been getting sort of careless, and playing 'round right much. George let that eight by three slip out of a sorry timber hitch and come crashing down about six feet from me, and the boys up on the tower housing were making a lark of things.

When the gang finally got all the housing torn off the tower I sent Tabor out with a pinchbar to loosen up one of the eight by eight sills. Thomas had never before been out on so little footing, but that afternoon the carelessness had got into him, until he said he would go out with Tabor.

They walked out on the narrow sills and went to work, jacking loose the mortise and tenon joint and throwing the big beam clear of the tower supports. Then they started over to the other side to do the same thing, but Gillian hollered at Thomas and said he would take his place. Thomas said O. K., and came on down the side of the tower and back up where we were sitting in the shade atop the new structure.

Tabor and Gillian weren't long in loosening the beam, but Tabor was just a little ahead of Gillian. His end came off, swung out into the air, and sent Bob's crashing to the ground with Bob astradle it.

I was first to reach Bob and pick him up. He was pretty smashed up, but still living.

*Sidney Thomas*

I was some kind of scared when I walked out on that beam for it was the first time I had been able to get up the nerve to do it. When Tabor handed me a heavy pinchbar I thought it was going to pull me off the beam. I got my nerve back soon, and got over to my corner. Tabor and I had no trouble throwing the sill loose.

But I was some kind of glad when Bob offered to come up and take my place. It wasn't so bad up there when you got used to it, but I was too new at the job to take it easy. I laid my pinchbar across a corner of the sill, and got down to the ground by the time Bob was getting into position. I just did get back up the other tower when I heard Bob yell to Tabor not to go so fast. Then the sill went haywire and I saw Bob hit in a pile of lumber on the ground as I went running down the steps of our tower shouting to the boss to get Bob, that I was going to call the ambulance.

I ran over to the guardhouse and called, and the hospital said the ambulance was parked at the firing point a quarter mile up the beach, so I got some water and hurried back. Big Steve, the nigger, and the rest of the gang had stretched Bob out on a panel board and he was waiting for the water. He was in bad shape.

*(Continued on page eight)*

## BROADWAY STICK-UP

*(Continued from page seven)*

he leaped toward the front of the store, taking care to keep the showcases between himself and the gun. He yelled, "Poleeeece, help, help, help." He felt a bullet whiz past his head through the plate-glass front of his store. Then he heard the man run out of his shop, then another shot. "Oy," said Mr. Green faintly. He felt very weak and tired. He laid himself on the floor and fainted.

* * *

Jake Sclione, otherwise known as Woppy, drained a small glass of whiskey. "Ugh," he said, standing up and shaking his head, "that ain't what I want." He took a small folded paper from his vest and opened it. He took a pinch of white powder from it, held it to his nose, and sniffed.

"Why don' you cut the snow, Jake," whined a blond *en negligee* on the sofa. "You'll go bats some day."

Jake was buttoning his vest, his eyes already beginning to shine.

"Where you goin,' honey?"

"Got a little job on."

"Aw Woppy, I thought you were gonna cut that stuff."

"Hell, there ain't no work. And we gotta live, ain't we?"

He was dressed for the street as he shot the last query out of the corner of his mouth.

"So long," he said.

"So long honey, wish you luck." But he had already closed the door behind him.

Goddam snowbird, she thought. He's li'ble to get caught one of these days and then they'll nab me too. I'm sick of him and his dirty Wop ways, anyway. I think I'll scram while the scramming's good. She walked into the bedroom and began to throw clothes into the suitcase she dragged out of the closet.

Jake ran down the stairs and out into the street, walked one block North to 96th street and turned into a Subway kiosk. On the ride down he felt the dope tingling through his body. "Couldn't do without it, he thought. Nossir, without that little sniff little Jakey'd be through.

He got out at Times Square. No use waiting for a local, he thought, and besides it's only a couple of blocks. He walked upstairs, turned left, and came out on Broadway. It was colder here than it was uptown. He turned up his collar, shoved his hands in his pockets and turned South.

I hope this guy'll have a lot of dough. It ain't much of a risk, these Jews never put up a fight once they see a gun, but I'd like to get some dough for my trouble. He passed the Opera, noticing the silk-hatted and evening-gowned crowd outside. Bunch of mugs, he thought. Waste a whole evening listening to a bunch of fat bastards yodel. Take me, f'r instance, I'd rather have an evening at the Cotton Club than a year in that joint.

Soon he arrived at Green's Gent's Furnishings. He stopped for a moment outside, patting his pocket to see if his gun was there. Then he walked in.

"Look at some of dem ties."

He pulled his gun while Green was bending down. He waited until Green looked up before he said "Hand over the dough." Green jumped toward the front of the shop, yelling for help. What'll I do? thought Woppy, but his finger had pressed the trigger before he had come to any decision. I missed Green, but I got that guy out front. God, I better scram and scram fast.

Oh, they got me. In the leg. "Oh my God, Jesus . . ." and he crumpled forward on his face, dropping his gun.

* * *

Officer O'Riley, number 1064 in the ranks of New York's police, opened the door and walked in. "Why, George," said his wife, "how come you're home so early?"

"Stick-up on my beat," said O'Riley sitting down heavily on the sofa, "I plugged a guy. I didn't feel well, so I came home. The sergeant said I could."

"Tell me about it, darlin'."

"Aw, I'm tired. Do you think it's fun goin' around plugging guys?"

"Aw, come on," said his wife sweetly.

"Well, it wasn't nutten much. I was directin' traffic, the Opera had just let out. I looked over to that little Green's shop and I seen a guy fall on the sidewalk. I rushes over to the kerb and I sees a guy runnin' out of Green's joint wid a gat in his mit. I remembered I hadn't heard a shot so I figgered this guy had a silencer. I reaches under my coat, pulls my heat, and plugs him. He'll probably live, the bastard. But they tell me that the guy he plugged, a guy named Goldberg or somethin,' he'll pro'bly kick off."

## SKY-HOOKERS

*(Continued from page seven)*

I had to call his wife and tell her about the accident.

*George Conley*

I was sitting in the shade and saw it all. God! it happened fast! You'll never catch me on another sky job! I've worked at a lot of things—high tension, hot wire work, and all that—but never have I gone walking on an eight inch beam shoved way up in the air. No sir. And what's more, I don't intend to. Seeing Bob go off like that was enough for me.

*Swanson Tabor*

I heard Bob yell, but it was too late then. I couldn't stop the beam after it was started to swing loose from the joint.

I'm sorry as the devil, of course, but I couldn't help it. Bob probably thought I was a bit careless, but I wasn't. I just couldn't help it to save my life.

I helped carry him to the ambulance, then went on back up the tower. I've seen 'em go off before.

*Bob Gillian*

"Tabor! You're goin' too fast!"

I screamed at him, but it was too late. The beam swung out and pryed mine loose, throwin' me about four feet above it. I came back astride it as it went crashing. I dropped the pinchbar sometime then, I don't remember when, and landed in a big pile of loose lumber at the foot of the tower.

Thomas had water for me when I opened my eyes. It sure was good. I drank a lot of it, then they started carryin' me on a panel board to the firin' point. I remember it was there that I asked Thomas to call my wife.

The next thing I knew, everything was white, and my wife was by the bed. I wanted to stay with her because we had only been married a month, but I couldn't. Something was busted up inside me, and the doctor said I hadn't a chance.

## YELLOW SHEET

*(Continued from page six)*

immensely popular in Maryville. Some of the big newspapers picked it up and no one but the ministerial association took affront. The postal authorities squawked about it a little bit, but C.O. humored an inspector sent down from Philadelphia with two quarts of first class Scotch.

Judge Bailey fined C.O.'s daughter for speeding. C.O. and the Judge had never clicked, so the old man dug up some court records proving that his enemy couldn't account for a sum of $925.16 in fines. Thereafter, in all news stories, social events, or municipal affairs, a mysterious "925.16 Esq." was mentioned wherever he was concerned. When a mill worker was arrested for drunkenness and abusing his wife, C.O. wrote of the trial "925.16, on the bench, had dark circles under his eyes as the result of that beer party over at Morrison's the night before."

It was the *Weekly* that first had the courage to run advertising for a local bucolic emporium. "Corn whiskey, Maryland rye, Piccadily gin and good beer at moderate prices. Stock up for the summer. Hadley Bros., in the rear of 128 W. State St., Maryville." The federals smiled and passed it off as a joke. The vicinity of 128 W. State St. experienced unusually heavy traffic for a week. The liquor came from a big distillery in the swamps. There you could get white corn (if you knew the management) for twenty cents a pint. You provided your own bottle. It was said that you could hear the whistle blow for the midnight shift of workers if the wind was blowing in from the sound the right way.

III

C.O. would run anything in his newspaper. He said he would. One issue of the *Weekly* led to the unfrocking of a local preacher. A scandal behind the scenery at the high school senior class play was given due attention in Basil's column.

But the *Weekly* flourished. C.O. sent his eldest daughter to a New York art school for a year. He visited the city often himself. One summer he paraded the streets of Manhattan in a pair of blue pyjamas. It started the pyjama fad.

Over a hooker of rye in his office one hot summer afternoon C.O. boasted to a friend that he would print *anything*.

The friend came to him a day later and laid twenty-five dollars on his desk. "I've got a story that you won't print," he told him. It had taken him twenty-four hours to get up courage.

"I," said C.O. pounding the desk with his fist, "will print *anything*." He raised the ante twenty-five dollars.

It was covered.

"A prominent girl in this town has been spending week-ends with a salesman in a Wilmington hotel," he said. "I know her name."

C.O. asked him about it.

The *Weekly* carried the story in its next issue:

"There has been considerable comment around town lately about the meetings in a Wilmington hotel between Claud Slade, of the Denby Chemical company, Norfolk, and Elizabeth————, a local girl. The *Weekly* feels that the matter is ended. Shortly after eleven o'clock last night, the editor of this newspaper, who is the father of the girl in question, visited the Wilmington hotel and shot them dead . . ."